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OF
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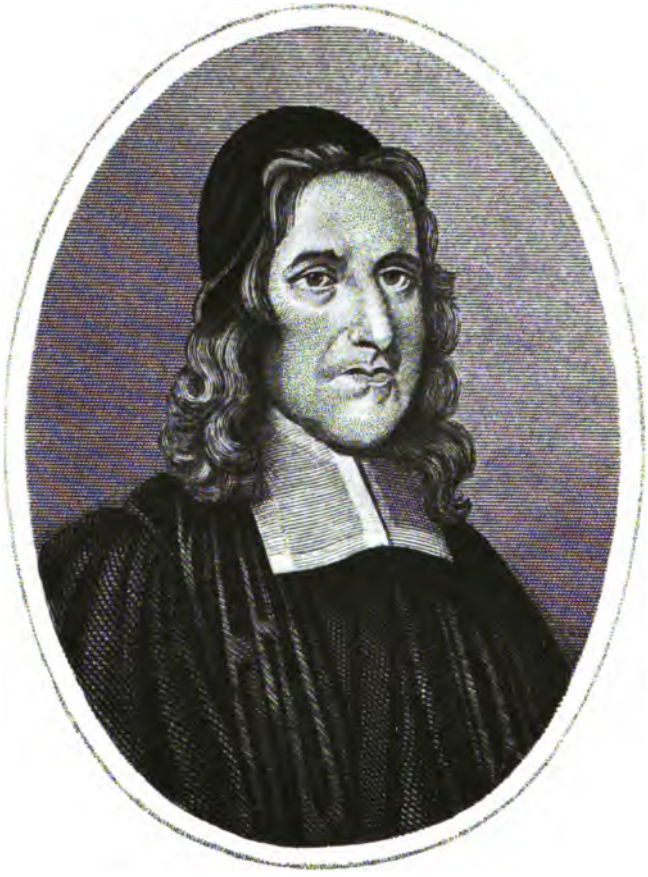

Joseph Beaumont

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OF

JOSEPH BEAUMONT, D.D.

1616–1699

EDITED FROM THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

ELOISE ROBINSON

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THIS edition is issued under the auspices of the department of English Literature, Wellesley College. Gratitude is due to Miss Caroline Hazard, Miss Eunice Cole Smith, Professor George Herbert Palmer, and especially to Miss Helen J. Sanborn, for making the publication possible.

KATHARINE LEE BATES,
General Editor.

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION—	PAGE
I. MANUSCRIPT	xiii
II. LIFE	xvi
III. POETRY	xxviii
SUSPIRIUM	1
REASONABLE MELANCHOLY	4
DEATH	8
LOVES MYSTERIE	11
CIVILL WARR	12
TABULA SECUNDA IN NAUFRAGIO	14
JESUS INTER UBERA MARIA	16
DAVIDS ELEGIE UPON JONATHAN	18
CANTIC. CHAP. 2	19
THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS	20
LOVE	22
LOVE	26
AD S. ANGELUM CUSTODEM	27
THE GNAT	31
THE SLUGGARD	33
BEDTIME	35
DULL DEVOTION	36
THE WATERS OF H. BAPTISME	38
VIRGINITIE	40
AFFLICTION	43
THE TRUE LOVE-KNOTT	45
FASTING	47
THE LITTLE ONES GREATNES	49
THE VOYAGE	51

PAGE

Unreasonable Reason 56
House & Home 60
The Candle 62
The Losse 65
The Houreglasse 67
Melancholie 68
Tobacco 70
Patience 73
The Check 75
Life 76
Natalitium 82
Anniversarium Baptismi 86
The Fashion 88
Love 91
Loves Monarchie 94
The Heart 98
Conscience 101
Will 102
The Net 104
Faith 106
H. Sacrament 109
Loves Adventure 111
A Love bargaine 114
The Death of yᵉ Life of Love 116
The two Fires 119
Novemb. 5. 1644 121
The Diet 123
Censure 126
Wishes 127
S. Andrew 130
S. Thomas 132
S. Johan. ad Port. Latin 133
SS. Innocents Day 134
Epiphanie Oblation 135
The Admirable Conversion of S. Paul 136
Christmasse Day 142
S. Stephen 144
S. John 146

PAGE

WEDNESDAY IN YE HOLY WEEK 149
THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK 151
GOODFRYDAY 153
EASTER 154
SATURDAY IN YE HOLY WEEK 155
NEWYEAR DAY 157
JAN. I. 1643 158
PURIFICATION OF YE B. VIRGIN 160
PURIFICATION OF YE B. VIRGIN 161
S. MATTHIAS 163
ASHWEDNESDAY 165
ANNUNCIATIO B.V. 168
GOOD FRYDAY 171
EASTER 175
S. MARK 177
MAY-DAY 179
S. PHILIP 181
S. JAMES BP. OF JERUSALEM 184
ASCENSION 189
ASCENSION 190
WHITSUNDAY 194
WHITSUNDAY 195
WHITSUNDAY 196
WHITSUNDAY 197
WHITSUNDAY 1644 198
TRINITIE SUNDAY 200
TRINITIE SUNDAY 201
S. PHILIP YE DEACON 204
S. BARNABAS 209
S. JOHN BAPTIST 212
S. PETER 229
S. JAMES YE APOSTLE 233
S. BARTHOLOMEW 235
S. MATTHEW 239
MICHAELMASSE 241
S. LUKE 243
SS. SIMON & JUDE 245
ALL SAINTS 247

PAGE

S. Mary Magdalen's Ointment 250
Lemniscus ad Columnam S. Simeonis Stylitae appensus . 253
S. Gregorie Nazianzen 260
S. Joseph 275
Natalitium: Martj 13, 1645 280
Anniversarium Baptismi 285
A Friend 288
Temporall Success 292
Ἡ Ἀγάπη οὐ ζητεῖ τὰ ἑαυτῆς 296
Humane Revenge 298
Suspirium ad Amorem 301
The Sheepherd 303
Hope 306
Idleness 308
The Complaint 310
The Wound 312
The Cheat 313
The Combat 315
The Pretence 316
The Pilgrim 318
Βιοθάνατος 321
The Crie 322
Whiteness, or Chastitie 324
A Morning Hymn 325
An Evening Hymn 326
Hymnus ad Christum, proxime cooptandi in S. Presbyteratus Ordinem 327
Paulo post Ordinationem 329
Natalitium 331
Anniversarium Baptismi 334
Submission 337
A Preparatory Hymne to the Week of Meditacions upon, & Devout Exercise in the Historie of Christ; composed for my Friend 340
A Conclusorie Hymne to the same Week; & for my friend 343
Content 346
A Secret Sigh 350
The Relapse 352

PAGE

JEALOUSY 354
A DIALOGUE 356
A DIALOGUE 358
ONCE & EVER 361
EPIPHANIE CAROL 362
Γενεθλιακόν 364
ANNIVERS: BAPTISMI 369
EASTER DIALOGE 372
THE SURRENDER 374
UPON MY FATHERS SUDDEN & DANGEROUS SICKNESS . . 376
Γενεθλιακόν 378
ANNIVERSARIUM BAPTISMI 383
Γενεθλιακόν 385
ANNIVERSARIUM BAPTISMI 389
Γενεθλιακόν 392
ANNIVERS: BAPTISMI 396
THE JOURNÈ 398
THE WINTER-SPRING 399
THE GENTLE CHECK 401
THE SENTINEL 403
THE FARM 405
NEWS 407
THE DUELL 409
THE WORLD 411
THE SERVANT 413
GAME 415
ASCENSION 418
FRIENDS 420
THE BANKRUPT 422
DETRACTION 424
VIRTUE 426
THRIFT 428
AVARICE 430
HONOR 432
PHYSIK 434
SELFLOVE 436
PENTECOST 438
WITT 440

PAGE

ENTERTAINMENT 442
RICHES 444
THE ALARM 446
S. BARNABIE 448
THE GARDIN 450
PALMESTRIE 452

NOTES 453

INTRODUCTION

I. MANUSCRIPT

THE unique manuscript of Dr. Joseph Beaumont's minor poems is the property of Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard University. Professor Palmer bought the book in September 1911, from Mr. Bertram Dobell, the London bookseller and publisher, who purchased it at one of the sales of the Sir Thomas Phillipps collection. Beyond that point it seems impossible to trace the manuscript. A thick quarto volume, whose leaves, coloured red on the edges, measure $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, it is covered with calfskin. On the back is printed in gilt, *Poems*, 1643, making it probable that this is not the original binding, but one supplied when it came into the Phillipps collection, or earlier, as the author was then evidently unknown. The closeness of the binding, also, precludes the likelihood that the pages were written after the book was in its present form. The number of leaves is 173, of which four at the beginning and six at the end are blank. The verso of the last leaf and the lower half of the recto are also unwritten. The manuscript is especially well preserved; in only two pages is the margin slit, and nowhere is it much discoloured. The paper itself is stiff, with a hard writing surface, and non-absorbent.

Two different hands appear in the manuscript, that of Beaumont in the body, and a later hand in correction, in all probability that of the editor of the selective 1749 edition, J. G., as it occurs only in poems marked for publication there. Pigot[1] says these initials stand for John Gee, M.A., Master of Peterhouse. In Professor Palmer's copy of the 1749 edition the initials have been so filled out, and the title-page inscribed as

[1] Pigot, Hugh, *Hadleigh, The Town, the Church, and the Great Men*, p. 157.

follows: "John Gee, M.A., Master of Peterhouse and rector of Kelshall in Hertfordshire." Beaumont's is an English hand with Italian intermixture, particularly as regards capitals, and quite legible except in a few of the corrections. At page 235 there comes an abrupt change in the writing, consistently maintained to the end. In the opening stanza of the first poem in which it occurs, Beaumont accounts for the variation thus quaintly:

> Tire'd with my PSYCHE, (for y^e^ Song
> Though wondrous hudled, yet was long.[1]

The difference lies mainly in the formation of some of the letters, notably *t* and *f*, and N, M, F, P. Again, the lines are closer together, averaging fifty to a page, while those in the first part of the book average thirty. The ink is a dark, rich brown, almost black—except in the case of one poem, where it is a light red-brown—and retains a good colour even when thin; that in the earlier pages is lighter and has a greyer tone; the last half is in places written with a finer pen. In most cases the use of *then* for *than* is discontinued, and *because* is written *bycause*; *heart*, *hart*; *if*, *yf*. In general, it is more carelessly done and more difficult to read than the earlier portion.

Throughout, the spelling is uneven, variants of the same word occurring on a single page. The principal peculiarities are the doubling of a final consonant, especially *r*, *l* and *t*, or of a medial *c*, *l* or *t*; the omission of the final *s* in the terminations *ness*, *less*; the substitution of *ie* for *y* at the end of a word; the addition of *e* to many words, almost invariably to *do*, *go*, *lo*, *self*, and those in *m*, *n*, *s*, *l*; the forming of the plural in *es* instead of *s*; the use of *y* for *i* and of *k* for *c*, or of both together; *in* as a prefix for *en*, *ie* for *ei*, and *vice versa*. The apostrophe is usually omitted in the possessive case, and frequently where elision takes place; later, however, the presence of both the *e* and the apostrophe is not rare, i.e. *cure'd*. Beaumont sometimes uses the manuscript ~ for the doubling of *m*, and the ∧ for an *h*; the long *s* is not infrequent, but as its use seems to be a matter of whim, it has not been kept in this text. Beaumont has a device of writing in very large letters, not capitals, words he wishes to make especially prominent. For lack of printing facilities, such words have been incorporated in the text in capitals. Capitalization is frequent, but irregular, mostly in nouns.

[1] See p. 280.

The second hand, that of J. G., is later. The ink is a decided brown in colour, lighter than the ink of the later pages of the manuscript, and richer in tone than that used earlier. This hand is seen in marginal corrections and alterations of the original text. In a number of places, notably in the *P* placed above poems selected for publication, a pencil has been used.

A number of the poems are marked *For a Base and two trebles*, or with similar directions for a musical setting. Attention may be called here to the initials placed above a few poems in the volume. Before the hymn from *Ascension*, and before *The Sheepherd*, we find:

Sett to 5 parts
for voices &
violls. by R. C.

before *Whiteness, or Chastitie*, is:

Set to 4 pts.
by. T. T.

While it is probable that these refer merely to music composed for the pieces by R. C. and T. T., still it is interesting to remember that R. C. and T. T. are the initials of two contemporary poets, one of whom Beaumont certainly knew, and with the other of whom he may well have been acquainted—Richard Crashaw and Thomas Traherne.

The manuscript contains 177 poems; of these thirty were published in the 1749 edition with large omissions, here mentioned in the textual notes. In addition, the 1749 volume contained eleven poems from a second manuscript, written in Beaumont's hand between June and September, 1652.[1] The verses selected by J. G. for publication are fairly representative, although many of the finer pieces are not included. Besides the English poems, he printed seventeen in Latin, to which are appended thirty-two pages of Latin prose, consisting of a dissertation on miracles and extracts from critical notes on Paul's *Epistles*.[2] The poems of the 1749 edition, English and Latin, Grosart has added to the second volume of his reprint of Beaumont's *Psyche*.

[1] This, Gee tells us, was entitled *Cathemerina*; the poems were intended as exercises preparatory to the duties of the day. The fate of this manuscript is not known.

[2] See *Introduction*, p. xviii.

II. LIFE

Joseph Beaumont was born in the town of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, on the 13th of March, 1616. This we learn from the evidence of several of his own poems written in commemoration of that event;[1] from his own poems,[2] too, as well as from the parish register,[3] we know he was baptized on the 21st of the same month. His biographers agree that he was descended from the Grace-dieu and other Leicestershire Beaumonts, though they are unable to trace the links between that branch of the family and the poet.[4] The father of Joseph Beaumont was John Beaumont, a clothier, whom Gee describes as employing "the moderate fortune allotted to him as a younger brother, in the Woollen Manufacture," and further adds:

> He was several times elected into the chief Magistracy of that Town, which character he supported with a proper and becoming dignity; and having lived in good credit and reputation upon an easy fortune, though greatly impaired by his adherence to the Royal Cause, he died in the 69th year of his Age, May the 12th, 1653. From some MSS. now in the editor's hands, he appears to have been a sensible, judicious, and religious man, and competently learned for the station he filled in the world.[5]

The mother of the poet was Sarah Clarke of East Berghdt.[6]

Even in his earliest years Beaumont showed an inclination to letters, so that his father determined to send him to the Hadleigh Grammar School.[7] The Master at that time was William Hawkins, who, having taken holy orders, was "continually sighing for duties more nearly clerical," and who later gave up his office to become curate to the rector of Hadleigh.[8] He was something of a poet; one of his productions, *Apollo Shroving*,

[1] See pp. 82, 280, 331, 364, 378, 385, 392.
[2] See pp. 86, 285, 334, 369, 383, 389, 396.
[3] Pigot, p. 158.
[4] Gee, John, "An Account of the Life and Writings of the Author," in *Original Poems in Latin and English*, by Joseph Beaumont, D.D. Cambridge, 1749, p. 1. Pigot, p. 157. Grosart, Alexander, ed., *The Complete Poems of Dr. Joseph Beaumont*, vol. i., Introd. p. 1. In the register of Burials of Hadleigh, in 1586 occurs the name of *Julian Beaumont, Clothier*, "and it is added in another, though ancient handwriting, 'father of Edward and John of Hadleigh and son of Robert of Bilderston, who came out of Leicestershire.'"
[5] Gee, pp. i-ii.
[6] *East Anglian Notes and Queries*, April, 1860, pp. 73-4.
[7] Gee, p. ii.
[8] Pigot, p. 176.

was written for the boys of the Grammar School, and acted by them on Shrove Tuesday, the 6th of February, 1626. Beaumont took part in the character of Page to Captain Complement; he also spoke the prologue and the epilogue.[1] In 1634 Hawkins published a volume of verses in Latin entitled *Corolla Varia . . . Ecloguae tres Virgilianae declinatae. . . . Nisus verberans et vapulans, decantatus per Musas virgiferas, Juridicas.*[2] To this curious and clever volume Beaumont contributed some commendatory Latin verses.[3]

Thus, under the instruction of Master Hawkins and the "eye of his watchful parent," [4] Beaumont spent his boyhood, reading the "most valuable Authors of Antiquity with taste and digesting them with judgment." [4] Gee tells us he was so fond of Terence, and so "desirous of imitating the elegant turn and sprightliness of that Authors style," that to the end of his life he carried about in his pocket a small edition of the poet.[4]

In November, 1631, a boy of fifteen, Beaumont was sent to Peterhouse, at Cambridge.[5] If we may accept the assertions of Gee, always eulogistic, he soon became extraordinarily proficient in every branch of University learning.

> Thus respected, beloved and carressed, our young student spent his four first years in the University, where he never lost sight of the ends for which he was placed there, the acquirement of knowledge, and the improvement of virtue: he strictly observed the Statutes of the University, and those of his College, he constantly attended at the Chapel hours of Devotion, with meek and unaffected Piety; and his exercises of every kind were performed with so much accuracy and judgment, that they were then heard with the greatest pleasure, and remembered many years after with the highest applause.[6]

Beaumont himself has given us an interesting glimpse of these school and college years in a poem written for his birthday,[7]

[1] Grosart, vol. i. p. lxxxii.
[2] Pigot, p. 178.
[3] For an amusing account of this volume, and a transcript of the verses, see Grosart, vol. ii. p. 235.
[4] Gee, p. iii.
[5] The admission Book of Peterhouse contains the following entry:

Nov. 26. Josephus Beaumont Suffolc
1631. admissus Pensionarius sub custodia
Mri. Horne.

Grosart, p. xii. See also *Poems*, p. 83.
[6] Gee, p. v.
[7] Page 82.

March 16, 1643. He was admitted Bachelor of Arts in 1634; in November, 1636, as a reward for superior merit, he received the first fellowship vacant after he was qualified to hold the position by his B.A., "with the consent and approbation of the whole society."[1] Two years later he proceeded M.A. in company with Richard Crashaw, to whom he pays a tribute in his *Psyche*.[2]

> And by this heart-attracting Pattern *Thou*
> *My only worthy Self* thy Songs didst frame:
> Witness those polish'd *Temple Steps* which now
> Stand as the ladder to thy mounting fame;
> And, spight of all thy Travels, make't appear
> Th'art more in England than when Thou wert here.
>
> More unto others, but not so to me
> Privy of old to all thy secret Worth;
> What half-lost I endure for want of *Thee*,
> The World will read in this mishapen *Birth*.
> Fair had my *Psyche* been, had she at first
> By thy judicious hand been drest and nurst.

The quiet life at Cambridge and the election to the fellowship gave Beaumont the opportunity to pursue a plan of study which he had marked out, that of making himself familiar with the scriptures in Hebrew, and thence examining the state of Christianity from the beginning down to his own time. According to Gee[3] he was well fitted to take up such a task, since he had "exhausted the fountains of Greek and Roman learning," was thoroughly familiar with oratory, poetry in all its forms, and philosophy. Beaumont's second editor, Grosart, however, takes just exception to the high praise which Gee bestows upon the scholarly attainments of the poet, pointing out that his Latin was not of the best in verse or prose, and that the extracts from the dissertations, annotations, and explanations of Scripture published in the 1749 edition are commonplace in content and awkward in expression. As to the critical quality of his thought, even Gee is forced to admit that in the *De Legendis Sanctorum Historiis Dissertatio* he "lays himself open to the charge of more credulity than will be admitted into the system of modern opiniators."[4] Grosart goes so far as to call him an intellectual valetudinarian, while acknowledging that the quantity of his work was enormous.

[1] Gee, p. v.
[2] Canto iv. st. 107-8.
[3] Gee, pp. v-ix.
[4] Gee, p. ix.

It is curious to find Beaumont himself voicing the same opinion.[1]

> My itching mind proudly desir'd to pıie
> Into what ever Learnings Title wore.
> With unfledgd wings I often towred high,
> And snatch'd at things above my pitch, before
> I had sure hold of what beneath did lie.
> Yet on I ventur'd still, & caught at more;
> I caught y^e^ Wind of Words, w^ch^ by a Blast
> Of following Notions soon away were past.

If Beaumont's labours leave something to be desired in the quality of his scholarship, the same cannot be said in regard to the amount. Besides the study of Hebrew[2] and a critical commentary upon the Bible,[2] he made a digest of the lives of the Saints and Martyrs, one for each day—a circumstance to which we no doubt owe many of his poems, and these not the most fortunate.[2] He wrote a dissertation in defence of miracles wrought since the days of the apostles, and made "large and useful" extracts from the early church Fathers. He prepared a treatise descriptive of the calamities of the Roman empire under the sons of Theodosius;[3] in this he drew a parallel to the state of his own country, just then on the verge of civil war. The direction of Beaumont's sympathies may be gathered from the arguments which go to show the fatal end of "factious contentions" and the ultimate success of "Piety and Catholik religion." At this time he had been appointed by the Master of Peterhouse "guardian and director of the manners and learning of the students of that society," an office which he filled with so much discretion that "he led those under him to the practise of every virtue, not so much by friendly and moving admonitions, in which he excelled most men, as by his persuasive and insinuating example, in which he most surely excelled all."[4] According to Gee, it was one of the happiest circumstances of Beaumont's life that not one of the young men of the "best families" who were under his instruction failed to espouse the royal cause. In 1641, when the outbreak of the rebellion brought trouble to more than

[1] Page 84.

[2] See Gee, pp. vi-viii, xiv.

[3] Both Gee (p. xiv) and Pigot (p. 159) claim that this work was published in 1641, containing 401 pages quarto; Grosart, on the other hand, denies its publication (pp. xv-xvi). The book is not mentioned by Wood, Bentham, nor Lowndes.

[4] Gee, p. iii.

one scholar, Beaumont had recourse to religious studies as "being the best entertainment and surest consolation for a dejected mind."[1] In this employment, says Gee, he passed the summer of 1643—the last he was to spend in the University until the Restoration—"writing daily meditations upon the attributes of God."[2]

Yet in all probability his scholastic pursuits were not left wholly undisturbed. We read of how the University had good reason to fear the Roundhead army.[3]

> Some (of the soldiers) that durst discharge a Musket made it their practise to terrifie us, and disturbe our Studies by shooting in at our windows. . . .
>
> Upon these reasons (which no judicious man will esteem otherwise than weighty), we endeavoured to convey away some part of our Plate about the beginning of August, 1642. . . . But within a few days after . . . One Master Cromwell, Burgesse for the Towne of *Cambridge*, and then newly turned a Man of Warre, was sent downe by his Masters . . . to gather what strength he could to stop all passages that no Plate might be sent. But his Designes being frustrated, . . . he hath ever since bent himself against us. In pursuit whereof, before that month was expired downe he comes again in a terrible manner with what Forces he could draw together, and surrounds divers Colledges, while we were at our devotion in our several Chappells, taking away Prisonres, several Doctors of Divinity, Heads of Colledges. . . .
>
> And that the whole Body of the University might fare no better than the Heads, not long after the carrying off of the first three . . . instead of carrying us all off to London Gaoles (thanks to our multitude, not to their mercy), they found a device to convey a prison to us, and under colour of Fortification confin'd us onely in a larger inclosure, not suffering any Scholars to pass out of Towne. . . .
>
> How often have our Colledges been beset and broken open and guards thrust into them sometimes at midnight, while we were asleep in our beds? How often has our Librarie and our Treasurie been ransackt and rifled. . . . How often hath the small pittance of

---

[1] Gee, p. xiv.

[2] Gee, p. xv. Pigot says the book was published. Grosart (note, p. xvi) denies this, but as before fails to cite his authority. Whether printed book or MS., it contained, according to both Gee and Grosart, 205 pages, quarto.

[3] *Querela Cantabrigiensis: / Or / A Remonstrance / By way of Apologie / for the banished Members / of the / late flourishing University / of / Cambridge / By some of the said Sufferers. / Oxford 1646. /*

Commons, which our Founders and Benefactors allotted for our sustenance been taken away off our tables by the wanton Soldiers? . . . For two years they have set themselves upon little else then to seize and take away our goods and furniture belonging in our Chambers, prizing and selling our books at a tenth part of their value. . . . Their malice has extended in quartering multitudes of common soldiers in those glorious and ancient structures . . . by them made mere bawdy-houses and spittles for sick and debauched soldiers, being filled with Queans, Drabs, Fiddlers, & Revels night and day.

But matters were to be yet worse. Gee[1] says:

A fatal turn was given to the King's affairs, by the *Scots* army coming into *England* in the year 1644, and declaring for the parliament at *Westminster*, by which they gained a manifest superiority, they rightly judged that to secure, at least, one of the seats of learning to their interest, would add weight and credit to their party, and that this could be effected by no other method than the application of their superior force; it was therefore one of the first uses they made of their new-gotten power, to send orders to the Earl of Manchester, to whom they had given the command of the associated Counties, to garble and model the University of *Cambridge*, where Mr. *Beaumont's* avowed affection to the king's cause exposed him among the first, to the keenest edge of their resentment.

Following Gee, Grosart places the time of Beaumont's expulsion from Cambridge at 1644, and further quotes a rescript from the register of Peterhouse.[2]

Whereas in pursuite of an ordinance of Parliament for regulating and reforming of the University of Cambridge, I have ejected Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, late fellowes of Peterhouse. And whereas Mr. Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Edward Sammes, have been examined and approved by the assembly of Divines now sitting at Westminster, according to the said ordinance as fitt to be Fellowes. These are therefore to require you, and every of you to receive the said Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Master of Arts; and Edward Sammes Bach^r, as fellowes of your Colledge in room of the said Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, formerly

[1] Gee, pp. xvii-xviii.

[2] Grosart, p. xvi.

ejected, and to give them place according to their seniority in the Universitie, in reference to all those that are or shall hereafter be putt in by me according to the Ordinance of Parliament aforesaid. Giuen under my hand and seale the eleaventh day of June anno 1644.

Manchester.
To the Master, President and Fellowes
Of Peterhouse in Cambridge.

Here we may notice that the fellows are mentioned as "formerly ejected," which merely places the date before June, 1644. Bentham[1] and Dyce[2] give the date of ejection as April 8, 1644, but without stating their authority. Moreover, several poems in the manuscript point to the ejection as taking place as early as before January 1, 1644. An especially strong indication of this is found in the following, written between March 21, 1643, and January 1, 1643 (1644).[3]

What, does thy Study lure thee,[4]
Within it to immure thee,
And stow up thy Provision
Of learned Ammunition?
Alas vaine Project, Plunder
Has broke that Plot in sunder:
Cambridge, thy genuine Mother,
Is force'd to be no other
But step-dame, & reject thee
Though once she did elect Thee.
Tis well, God doth not fashion
By Man's, his Reprobation,
Tis well, thy new & Noble
Society doth double
Thy Comfort: gallant Spirits
(Men of abused Merits)
With Thee are Reprobated.

If we may trust Gee's statement, that these poems were written after the expulsion from Cambridge, when Beaumont had retired to Hadleigh, we may place the ejection even earlier—before

[1] Bentham, James, *The History and Antiquities of the Conventual Church of Ely to 1771*. Norwich, 1812. p. 262.
[2] *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*. London, 1814. Vol. ii. p. 22.
[3] The poems of the manuscript are evidently written in chronological order, beginning some time before March, 1643, and ceasing in June, 1652.
[4] Page 128.

March, 1643. The poems that most clearly bear out this theory are *Tabula Secunda in Naufragio*,[1] *House & Home*,[2] *Patience*,[3] *The Check*.[4] *The Pilgrim*,[5] too, contains significant stanzas, as this:

What though my Books & I be parted?
I know all Freinds at last
The Parting Cup must taste.
And now to me the World's converted
Into one Library where I may read
The mighty Leavs of Providence wide open spred.

Thus we find Beaumont in Hadleigh early in 1643, surrounded by other

gallant Spirits
(Men of abused Merits),

still occupied in religious and literary pursuits. Before June, 1652, he had written the poems here printed; a second book of lyrics entitled *Cathemerina*, and designed as religious preparatory exercises for the duties of the day; a volume of Latin verses; and *Psyche*, a poem in twenty-four cantos, setting forth in allegory the "intercourse between Christ and the Soul." But "poetical excursions were not Mr. Beaumont's studies, but his amusements; not the serious busines of his life, but reliefs from the ennui and irksomeness of being, which in that long divorce from Books, could not but oppress his active and vigorous mind."[6] His real occupation lay in the writing of a "clear account of the book of Ecclesiastes, and large critical notes upon the Pentateuch." Likewise, Gee tells us, he daily performed the service of the liturgy in his father's house, and preached on Sunday.

The latter fact has led Gee, and Grosart, following Gee, to suppose that Beaumont had taken deacon's orders before leaving the University. That this was not the case we may infer from a poem entitled *Hymnus ad Christum, proxime cooptandi in S. Presbyteratus Ordinem*, immediately followed by verses *Paulo post Ordinationem*, bearing the date February 27, 1647, four years after the expulsion from Cambridge.

If Beaumont's poems are any index to his feelings, it is not surprising that he was forced to give place at Cambridge to one more in sympathy with the Puritan cause. He rails against

[1] Page 14. [2] Page 60. [3] Page 73.
[4] Page 75. [5] Page 318. [6] Gee, p. xxiv.

"blackest Parliaments" and the "insolent Vulgar"; the "Presbyterian God,"

demurely drest
In solemn Weeds,

and the "apostate scum of Vassals" who abandon their King; the Roundheads, and their master, the Devil. He heaps scorn upon those "intruding drones," the Puritan successors in the Cambridge fellowships. He sees Britain made the "isle of Monsters," and of rebels who disdain their monarch; he pictures the Commons trampling down will and reason and murdering their

royal Lord
Whose guilt was nothing but his gentle reign.

The wonder is, if he made such opinions known, that he escaped as well as he did.

In fact, Beaumont did not suffer so heavily as some of his contemporaries by the turn affairs had taken. He was fortunately in the patronage of Bishop Wren of Ely, who had been Master of Peterhouse [1] during Beaumont's first years there. Wren was one of the most ardent as well as the most intellectual of the Laudians, and a faithful and powerful friend. In 1642 a Bill was sent up to Commons against him,[2] charging him, in twenty-five articles, with being popishly inclined, a suppressor of preaching, and an extortioner. Some of the gravest accusations were that he preached "in a gown, not a cloke," and read prayers "in a surplice," and set aside Sunday afternoons for exercise. He was committed to the Tower, September 1, 1642, where he remained a prisoner for nearly eighteen years.[3] But during this time he regularly collated to all preferments in his diocese, and Beaumont reaped no small share of the appointments. Between 1643 and 1664 he was given the rectories of Kelshall in Hertfordshire,[4] Elm cum Emneth in the Isle of Ely, Gransden Parva

[1] *Graduati Cantabrigiensis sive Catalogus, ab anno 1659–Oct. 12, 1823.* Collegii Divi Petri Praefecti, 1626, Matthaeus Wren. Episc. Hereford, 1634. Bentham gives the date July 25, 1625.

[2] For the articles see Nalson, *Collections*, vol. ii. p. 397; also Prynne, William, *Canterburies Doom*, pp. 373-7, and *Thomas Widdrington's Speech / on Tuesday / The 20th of July, 1641 / at a Conference betweene / Both Houses, / at the transmission of the impeachment / against Matthew Wren, Doctor in Divinity / late Bishop of Norwich, and now / Bishop of Ely. / London, E.G. for R. Best / 1641. /*

[3] Bentham, pp. 200, 201.

[4] Bentham, pp. 262, 266; and Gee, *passim*.

in Cambridgeshire, of Connington and Teversham in the same county, and of Barley in Hertfordshire. Likewise he held the seventh—later the eighth—canonry and Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Ely,[1] and was domestic chaplain to Bishop Wren.

During this time Beaumont had become acquainted with a Miss Brownrigg, daughter of an eminent merchant of Ipswich in Suffolk, and step-daughter of Bishop Wren. This lady was heiress to a considerable estate; she had been trained by the bishop, her guardian, in all "polite accomplishments as well as religious duty." Gee tells us that "Mr. Beaumont had never flattered himself with the most distant hope of such a wife, with so fair an estate," but one reading certain poems written about this time is inclined to think differently.[2] At all events, the Bishop was well content to have his chaplain for a son-in-law, and Beaumont and Elizabeth Brownrigg were married in 1650; Gee[3] says the wedding ceremony was performed in the chapel at Ely House by Dr. Wren himself, but as the Bishop was at this time in the Tower, this would seem to be a mistake. Beaumont soon retired with his wife to Tatingston, the estate he had acquired with her, where they "enjoyed the pleasures of a social life."[4]

Thus Beaumont spent the ten years that elapsed before the Restoration "in such application to the duties of his profession as the then condition of the times would allow of, and in the constant practise of every virtue becomming a good man and a Christian."[5] At the Restoration Beaumont was appointed one of the chaplains to Charles II.; it appears that he took up his residence at court; Gee would have it that "he was thought worthy of his Majestie's particular notice, and frequently admitted to private conversation with him."[6] However, Beaumont never received any more material evidence of the royal favour than a mandamus to the University to create him Doctor of Divinity in 1660.

Early in 1661 the poet removed to Ely at the special request

[1] Pigot says he was elected to the sixth stall in 1647, but this is a mistake.

[2] See pp. 337, 350, 367, 374, 378, 385.

[3] Gee, p. xxx.

[4] Grosart is wrong in supposing that all of Beaumont's minor poems belong to the time of his residence at Tatingston Place. Grosart infers this from Gee's statement that the *Cathemerina* were written May 17–Sept. 3, 1652. The only poems written after his marriage are those from page 392 to the end, twenty-eight in all.

[5] Gee, p. xxxi.

[6] *Ibid.*

of Bishop Wren. The foggy air of the fens proved fatal to Elizabeth Beaumont's delicate constitution; she died May 31, 1662,[1] and was buried behind the altar at Ely, under a "decent monument" thus inscribed:

Quod mori potuit
Lectissimae, Desideratissimaeque
Conjugis
Elizabethae Bellomontanae
Sub Hoc Marmore Condidit
Moestissimus Maritus
J.B.
Hujus Ecclesiae Canonicus
Maii 31, An. Dom.
1662.

Grosart has quoted in his memorial Introduction[2] the beautiful elegy for Elizabeth Beaumont which appeared in the 1702 edition of *Psyche*.[3] A few stanzas may serve here to suggest the tone of the whole:

Sweet *Soul*, how goodly was the Temple which
Heav'n pleased to make thy earthly Habitation!
Built all of graceful Delicacy, rich
In Symmetry; And of a dangerous fashion
For youthful Eyes, had not the *Saint* within.
Govern'd the Charmes of her inamoring Shrine.

How happily compendious didst Thou make
My study when I was the Lines to draw
Of genuine Beauty! never put to take
Long journies was my fancy; still I saw
At home my Copy, and I knew 'twould be
But *Beauty's* wrong further to seek then *Thee*.

. . . . .

Delight was no such thing to her; if I
Relish'd it not: the Palate of her Pleasure
Carefully watch'd what mine could taste, and by
That standard her content resolv'd to measure.
By this rare art of sweetness did she prove
That though she joy'd, yet *all her Joy was Love*.

So was her Grief: for wrong'd herself she held
If I were sad alone; her share, alas
And more then so, in all my Sorrow's field
She duly reap'd: and here alone she was

[1] Gee, p. xxxiv.
[2] Pages xxiii-xxiv.
[3] Canto xviii. st. 1-56.

Unjust to me. Ah dear injustice, which
Mak'st me complain That I was loved too much!

. . . . .

O how she welcomed her courteous Pain,
And languished with most serene Content!
No Paroxysms could make her most complain,
Nor suffer'd she her Patience to be spent
Before her Life; contriving thus to yield
To her disease, and yet not loose the field.

She dy'd; but to that Life's possession flew
In hopes of which alone before she lived.
Alas, I only perish'd, who in shew
Was left alive; and she who dy'd, survived.
None, none this wofull Riddle feels but I,
Hers was the Death, but mine the Tragedy.

The death of this dearly beloved wife left Beaumont, then a man of forty-five, with the charge of four[1] little children, only one of whom lived to maturity. Shortly before his bereavement, the Mastership of Jesus College had been obtained for him by Dr. Wren.[2] Thither Beaumont now went. Finding the chapel "dilapidated" he set about to repair it at his own expense.[3]

The death of Dr. Hale, Master of Peterhouse, in the year 1663, gave the faithful Bishop Wren a new opportunity of showing his esteem for Beaumont. Not without some juggling on the part of the Bishop,[4] Beaumont was appointed Master on April 24,[5] still holding the various livings that had accrued to him. The following year he entered into a controversy with Dr. Henry More, upon some doctrines advanced in that distinguished divine's *Mystery of Godliness*, which seemed to Beaumont "not only subversive of our excellent constitution both in Church and State, but also productive of many evils in the Christian Religion."[6] The controversy, according to Gee, was handled by him with "so much modesty, learning, wit and judgment, that

[1] Gee says six, but see *Psyche*, xviii. 15-18.

[2] *Graduati Cantabrigiensis.* Beaumont, Josep. Pet. S.T.P. per Literas Regias, 1661; Coll. Jes. Mag., 1662; Coll. Pet. Mag., 1663; Theol. Prof. Reg., 1674.

[3] Pigot prints a MS. belonging to Mr. Read, of Ipswich, showing that "Dr. Balders received of Dr. Beaumont the summ of tenn pounds as a free gift for making ye Organs and repeiring ye Chappell of ye same College. Oct. 29, 1664."

[4] See Grosart, pp. xxvi-xxxi.

[5] See note [2] above.

[6] Gee, p. xxxix.

he received the thanks of the University, and a testimony of the good opinion, which that Body had of the performance, was added to the usual Imprimatur."[1] It was probably at this time that Beaumont drew for the altar of Peterhouse chapel pictures, long since perished, in chalk and charcoal. Carter, the Cambridgeshire historian, thought the Wise Man's Offering on the north side particularly fine.[2]

Gee[3] says it was in 1670 that Beaumont was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. The Cambridge records above quoted show that the office was not given to him until 1674. This chair he filled for twenty-five years, and "applied himself with the utmost punctuality and diligence" to his duties.[4] He read public lectures twice a week, explaining the difficult passages of Paul's *Epistles* (*Romans* and *Colossians*). At his own request these were never published, by which Gee declares that "true religion is deprived of great jewels."[5] We read that he took needy students into his own home, allowing them the use of his library, and entertained many of the noted men who came to Cambridge.

Dr. Beaumont continued to discharge the duties of his office until his eighty-fourth year; he preached before the University on the 5th of November, 1699. When the services were over he was attacked with chills and fever, and died on the 23rd of the same month. He was buried in the college chapel, under a "black marble in the floor";[6] a mural monument, also, was erected to his memory.

III. POETRY

There are comparatively few, aside from literary scholars, to whom the verses of this minor seventeenth-century poet will appeal. He belonged to the little group of men, endowed with a real love of poetry, who departed from the idealism and romance of Spenser, and from the melodious and idyllic songs of the court lyrists, to give voice to the worship and need of God in

[1] For the less favourable view, see Grosart, p. xxxii.
[2] Willmott's *Sacred Poets*, 1st series, p. 339. Pigot, p. 165.
[3] Page xl. [4] *Ibid.*
[5] Gee, p. xli.
[6] John Nichols, *West Goscote Hundred*, vol. iii. pp. 734-5.

the human heart. Of this school was Donne, who had at once an intense enjoyment of the world that now is, and an intense intuition of the world unseen. To this school belonged Crashaw, with his flame and ardour of spiritual life, firing all that he touched with mystic passion; and Herbert, the ascetic, who talked as man never talked before, face to face with God; and Vaughan, occasionally out-Herberting Herbert in curious conceits, but with a love of Nature for her own sake, a poet to whom the world was but a veil of the eternal, of the divine presence felt in even the smallest flower or bird. Here Traherne takes his place, he who had the highest, most ecstatic vision of them all, to whom life was apocalypse.

To this fellowship Beaumont belonged, none the less surely in that he was the least of its singers. It would be hard to find one more truly the child of his age, one whose character was more typically that of the seventeenth-century poet and divine. We have seen how the circumstances of his life in the university, in court, in the church, and his royalist sympathies were such as would bring him into contact with the religious poetry and poets of his day, and cultivate the habit of mind which was characteristic of his contemporaries. The tastes of these poets were scholarly; they enjoyed hours in the library, music, quiet observation of Nature. They preached an apparently tame morality, but one seldom achieved save by those to whom it comes by nature. Poetry was to them a pastime, the occupation for whole days of meditation and reflection—work that was shaped rather from intellectual mood than emotion. Moreover, they consciously turned aside from the writing of sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow to consecrate their poetic gift to holy things. About the time he was seventeen Herbert wrote his well-known dedication of his talent to the Church. Vaughan, in the author's preface to the 1655 edition of *Silex Scintillans*, expressed the same determination:

> That the kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed Wits, is too well known. Many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time in no better employments than a deliberate search, or excogitation of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable desire to be reputed poets. . . .
>
> The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing evil lies wholly in their bosoms who are the gifted persons by a wise exchange of vain and vicious subjects, for divine themes and celestial praise. . . .

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor talent to the Church, under the protection and conduct of her glorious Head, Who, if he will vouchsafe to own it and go along with it, can make it as useful now in the public, as it hath been to me in private.

We find Beaumont writing:[1]

O Mighty *Love*,
Thou Universall Life & Soule
Whose Powers doe move
And reigne alone from Pole to Pole,
Give Me thy Worthlesse Subject leave to sing
My due Allegiance to ye Worlds Sweet King.

Let other Muses
Goe court y^e^ Wanton Mysterie
Of lewd abuses
Into a young spruce Deitie:
Mine does no homage owe, but unto Thee,
Who, whilst ye other's blind, do'st all things see.

What most surely, then, marks Beaumont as belonging to the school of Donne, is the religious temper of his poetry. He sings of the divine as a lover of his mistress; in the words of Herbert, he makes religion "wear Venus' livery." Inheriting the religious bent of the poets of this school, he inevitably inherits also the tincture of quaintness, the infelicity of conceits, that characterized them. Certain stock phrases and common tropes he echoes as regularly as troubadour or trouvère ever echoed the mediaeval conventionalities. Too often he models after his contemporaries in writing hymns on church festivals or incidents of Scripture, hymns to which, in his case, can usually be applied but one epithet—banal. Herbert, perhaps, was the only one of these poets who escaped becoming at times trivial or ludicrous. Beaumont, on the other hand, fell most frequently into the pit. It is not that he was incapable of seeing the beauty around him; in these poems there are many instances of genuine and simply expressed feeling for Nature and for the little happenings of life; neither can we doubt the sincerity of his religious experience; yet in common with the other poets he made these the occasion for subtle mind-play, the starting-point for a

[1] *Loves Monarchie*, p. 94.

multitude of conceits and verbal ingenuities where artifice is undistinguished from reality.

In all this Beaumont belongs to the school of Donne. If we attempt to go further, this question meets us on the threshold: What is the exact relation in which Beaumont stands to his contemporaries; what is the debt he owes to them?

As in *Psyche* Beaumont refers to Crashaw,[1] it is interesting to find in the same poem the following tribute to Herbert.[2] After praising Pindar and Horace he writes:

> (Yet neither of their Empires was so vast
> But they left Herbert, too, full room to reign;
> Who lyriç's pure and pretious metal cast
> In holier moulds, and nobly durst maintain
> Devotion in verse, whilst by the sphears
> He tunes his Lute, and plays to heaven'ly eares.)

It is to the poetry of these two men that we find most resemblances in Beaumont's work. But that there is a further debt is evident at the outset from a comparison of the mere titles of the lyrics. With Traherne, whom possibly he knew through Bishop Wren of Hereford, he has in common the titles of *News*, *The World*, *A Dialogue*. From Donne's *The Flea* he took the idea, if not the exact title, of his curious poem *The Gnat*. Titles identical with Donne's are *The Will*, *Self-Love*, *Jealousy*, *Annunciation*, *Ascension*, *Good Friday*, *A Hymn to Christ*, *Death*. Both Crashaw and Beaumont have poems upon *The Waters of our Lord's Baptisme*, *Easter Day*, *Hope*. Beaumont and Vaughan use *Death*, *Content*, *The Relapse*, *The Check*, *Faith*, *Affliction*, *Easter Day*, *Trinitie Sunday*, *The World*, *Ascension*, *S. Mary Magdalen*. With Herbert he has in common twenty-one titles—*Good Friday*, *H. Baptisme*, *Affliction*, *Love*, *Whitsunday*, *Trinitie Sunday*, *Christmas*, *Dialogue*, *Avarice*, *Conscience*, *Content*, *Death*, *Easter*, *Faith*, *Home*, *Hope*, *Life*, *S. Mary Magdalen*, *Submission*, *Time*, *The World*.

A study of the form of Beaumont's verse also tends to the conclusion that he was familiar with the work of his contemporaries. It is not surprising to find in the mid-seventeenth century a lack of anapaestic and dactylic feet, but we might expect a larger number of trochees. In over three hundred closely

[1] Introduction, p. xviii. [2] Canto iv.

written pages of manuscript there are not more than eleven poems in this meter.[1] Herbert has eleven,[2] Crashaw eight.[3] The "grave Iambic's grace"[4] suited the purpose of these poets. Everywhere Beaumont's rhythm is extremely regular; he vies with Herbert in constancy and exactitude. In neither of these two poets would we find the unevenness that is noticeable in Crashaw's verse, the substitution of an anapaestic for an iambic foot, or an intermixture of iambic and trochaic verses. In all Beaumont's poems I count only two irregular lines, and these vary by accident merely in number of feet. In two instances Beaumont has used verses of six feet; otherwise his longest line has ten syllables, his shortest two. Herbert uses no alexandrine and his shortest verse has two syllables.[5] Beaumont is fond of short lines—fully two-thirds of the poems contain trimeters, dimeters, or monometers; in this he is like Crashaw.

These verses of from one to five feet Beaumont combines in a multitude of ways. Herbert has a hundred and twelve different combinations, some of which Beaumont uses, as well as all of those in Crashaw's longer poems, and invents new ones of his own. Although he likes to exercise his ingenuity in a variety of stanza forms, he falls short of Herbert in that he does not catch for each lyric situation the lyric setting that befits it; his invention is rich but unresponsive to the demands of mood. When his poems are written in the curious figurative shapes that pleased the fancy of the seventeenth-century poets,[6] it is not because that form suited the thought—unless we make the possible exception of *Goodfryday* and *Easter*—it is merely for the artifice itself. More than this we could hardly expect, for Beaumont was not primarily a poet, but a scholar and a divine; he made verses because it gave him pleasure, not because genius compelled. Beaumont does not appreciate the interweaving of Herbert's rhyme, though he sometimes copies Herbert's simpler

[1] *House & Home; Purification of y^e B. Virgin* (1); the hymn from *Trinitie Sunday; Anniversarium Baptismi* (p. 285); *The Sheepherd; The Complaint; The Cheat; Whiteness, or Chastitie; A Morning Hymn; An Evening Hymn; A Love bargaine.* In addition there are occasional stanzas from other poems.

[2] Palmer, George Herbert, *The Life and Works of George Herbert*, vol. i. p. 126.

[3] By count.

[4] See p. 261.

[5] Professor Palmer, vol. i. p. 128, says three, but see *Gratefulness* and *Longing*.

[6] Such as wings, temples, columns, altars, etc.

devices; nor does he use the widely separated rhymes that often give the peculiar shut-in effect of Herbert's verse, nor the recurrent rhyme that accompanies the repetition of thought. Once he does what Crashaw is fond of doing,—writes a stanza of six verses with one rhyme; other stanza forms and rhymes are common to these two friends. Beaumont's rhymes, like those of his contemporaries, are sometimes imperfect; he puts together such words as *friend* and *behind*, *fashion* and *creation*, *share* and *are*, *mysterie* and *high*, *that* and *got*, *now* and *slow*; sequent rhymes that should be contrasted often jar in their similarity; i.e., *goes*, *slow*, *grows*, *now*; *forbear*, *appear*, *share*, *fear*. Beaumont has, too, his favourite rhymes: *pleasure* and *treasure*—occurring eleven times in Herbert[1]—are used by Beaumont as many times on the first thirty-seven pages of the manuscript; *storie* and *glorie*—ten times in Herbert[2]—appear as often on the first thirty-six. Other common rhymes are *descry* and *eye*, *light* and *bright*, *streams* and *beams*, *hearts* and *darts*, *things* and *wings*; all these are used again and again by Crashaw.

There are a dozen devices of style in which Beaumont is near of kin to all the poets of the school of Donne, but nearest to Crashaw. The same sort of compound word—*all-cheering*, *all-obedient*, *well-burning*, *too-willing*, *never-failing*, *virgin-birth*, *self-tormenting*—is to be found in the poems of both. There are the same classical allusions to Jove and Aurora, Neptune and Scylla, Scythia and Lybia and Parnassus, with a host of others; the same puns and conceits; the same constant repetition and antithesis. Plainly akin to Crashaw are such effects as these lines upon the Muses:

> For more of them ne'r dwelt upon
> Learned Parnassus double head
> Then harbour in thy single one;[3]

or in this picture of Mary Magdalen anointing Christ's head:

> The Altar where
> This Offerer
> Doth dedicate her Nard, Gods Temples are.[4]

But Beaumont owes his fellow-poets much more than spiritual quickening. For specific suggestion of word and phrase and

[1] Palmer, vol. i. p. 133.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Page 260.
[4] Page 251.

thought he is indebted to almost all of his contemporaries and predecessors. In the poems of Raleigh, Wotton, Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Milton, Southwell, there are literally scores of parallels to passages in his work. Milton's

> As the gay motes that people the sunbeams [1]

is certainly echoed in

> As Atoms in y^e^ highnoone Ray.[2]

The opening verses of *Reasonable Melancholy* hold a second reminiscence of *Il Penseroso*. Milton has

> Hence, vain deluding Joyes,
> . . . .
> Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys.

Beaumont writes:

> Tell me no more of *Sweets* & *Joyes*;
> . . . .
> Nor flatter poor unworthy *Toyes*.[3]

To the first verses of *L'Allegro* there are two parallels even more convincing.

> *Hence, loathed Melancholy,*
> *Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born*
> In Stygian cave forlorn,
> *'Mongst horrid shapes*, and shrieks, and sights unholy.

In *Melancholie*[4] Beaumont imitates:

> *Out hideous Monster*; in thy Name
> Blacknesse & furie dwell:
> *Home* to thy Native Hell,
> Whose foule Complexion is y^e^ same,
>
> The same with thine: *both Hell &^a^ Thee*
> *Proud furious DISCONTENT*
> *At once begat, &^a^ sent*
> *DARKNESSE your Monstrous Nurse to bee.*

In *Death*:[5]

> What *Furies* hand rak'd up ye monstrous Deep
> Of *shame* and *horrour*, thence to fetch an heap
> *Of shapelesse Shapes*, which join'd in one,
> Make up thy Constitution?
> *Was Night thy Mother*, or was Hell?

---

[1] *Il Penseroso*, l. 9. [2] *Love*, p. 24. [3] Page 4.
[4] Page 68. [5] Page 8.

Turning to Vaughan, we find a distinct likeness between that poet's *Quickness* and Beaumont's *Life*, although Beaumont has expanded Vaughan's poem to three times its length. There is resemblance in thought and spirit between the following extracts from these poems. From Vaughan:

False life! a foil and no more, when
Wilt thou be gone?
Thou foul deception of all men,
That would not have the true come on.

From Beaumont:[1]

Alas poor *Life*, No more will I
Miscall that foule Hypocrisie,
By which Thou stealst y^e^ dainty Face
Of Sweetnes, and
Dost men command
To court & idolize thy borrowed grace.

The same is true of the two poems called *Death*. Likewise the hymn from Beaumont's *Trinitie Sunday* has the form, rhyme words, and the main thought of Vaughan's poem of the same name. It seems quite possible that Beaumont may have taken the idea and the title of *The true Love-knott* from this verse in Vaughan's *The Knot*:

Thou art the true Love's-knot.

There is, too, more than an accidental resemblance between these lines of Vaughan:

Time now
Is old and slow,

and these of Beaumont:[2]

Alas, though *time* be now
Grown old, he's not so slow.

The same likeness appears between these lines from *Isaac's Marriage*:

Thus soar'd thy soul, who, though young, didst inherit
Together with his blood thy father's spirit,

and these from *S. John Baptist*:[3]

His Friends desir'd He might inherit
Both his great Fathers Name & Spirit.

---

[1] Page 76. [2] Page 6. [3] Page 217.

Vaughan writes:

A silent tear can pierce thy throne
When loud joys want a wing;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan
Than any arted string.

Bad as this is, it was not too bad to be imitated by Beaumont as follows:[1]

One Tear
Flows with more Honey far
Then all *Hyblean* Hives; one pious sigh
Breathes sweeter aire
Then all y^e^ faire
Arabia, & can sooner reach the skie.

Although there are numberless instances where Beaumont has appropriated Vaughan's thought and phrasing, perhaps one more will suffice here. In *Regeneration* we find:

And let me die before my death!

Through the exigences of his verse Beaumont makes this, in *Love*:[2]

Help Mee to die,
Lest dangerous Death
Suck up my breath.

From Herbert, Beaumont took two verses almost bodily:

Love is a present for a mighty king,

from *The Church Porch*, appears in the *Losse*[3] as

Might be a present for a Mighty King.

The refrain from *The Sacrifice*,

Was ever grief like mine?

is copied exactly in *Loves Adventure*. In *The Little Ones Greatnes* Beaumont writes:[4]

My palace door was ever narrow:
No Mountains may
Crowd in that way,
Nor at a Needles Eye get thorow.
. . . .
Heavens little Gate is onely fit
Deare Babes, for you;

[1] Page 7. [2] Page 25. [3] Page 65. [4] Pages 49-50.

which is a reminiscence of Herbert's lines in *H. Baptisme*:

Since, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancie
Thou didst lay hold, and antidate
My faith in me.

Again, in *Praise*, Herbert has

. . . poor bees that work all day
Sting my delay
Who have a work as well as they
And much, much more;

which appears thus in *The Sluggard*:[1]

And does y^e^ Day rise more for Birds than Mee
That they should earlyer bee
At work then I,
Who have to flie
Higher then they, & bring
A Morning Sacrifice
Of greater price.

The following couplet is from *Suspirium*:[2]

But straight some worldly Dust flyes up,
And my too-willing eyes doth stop.

Herbert writes in *Ungratefulness*:

. . . til death blow
The dust into our eyes,

and in *Frailtie*:

That which was dust before, doth quickly rise
And prick mine eyes.

Likewise, the first stanza of *Bedtime* echoes the first stanza of Herbert's *Vertue*; and

think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels music,

from *The Church Porch*, is echoed in *Dull Devotion* thus:

And as an Angels voice, y^e^ Bell.[3]

With Crashaw, Beaumont has even more in common. There is Beaumont's[4]

Rise up my Love, my Fairest One
Make no delay;
Now *Winters* utmost Blast hath blown
Himselfe away.

---

[1] Page 34. [2] Page 2. [3] Page 37. [4] Page 19.

The clowdy Curtaines drawn aside
To free ye Light,
No drop is left, pure Heav'n to hide
From Thy full Sight.

The cheerly Earth doth as She may
Reflect Heavns Face,
With flowry Constellations gay
In every place.

Our Birds sit tuning their soft throats
The Angels Quire
To eccho back: The Turtles Notes
W^th^ them conspire.

. . .

All Sweets invite Us to lay downe
Our dull delay
Rise up my Love, my Fairest One
And come away.

Compare with this the following lines from Crashaw's *On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*:

She's call'd again; hark! how th' immortal dove
Sighs to his silver mate: rise up, my love,
Rise up, my fair, my spotless one!
The winter's past, the rain is gone;
The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets, since thou are wanting here.

From this same poem of Crashaw, we have:

All sweetest showers
Of fairest flowers
We'll strew upon it:
Though our sweetness cannot make
It sweeter, they may take
Themselves new sweetnes from it.

In *Jesus inter Ubera Maria*[1] Beaumont imitates thus:

Come strow
Your pious showres
Of Easterne Flowres

. . .

True, He needs no Sweets, say They,
But Sweets have need of Him, to keep them so.

The following epigrammatic verses on death are plainly akin. From Crashaw's *A Song*:

I die even in desire of death;

[1] Page 17.

from Beaumont's *Death*:[1]

In strong desire of one, a thousand Deaths they dy'd.

From Crashaw's *The Recommendation*:

So from his living, and life-giving death,
My dying life may draw a new and never fleeting breath;

from Beaumont's *Loves Adventure*:[2]

And now by *Love's* Life shee doth live,
Which dying He to her did give.

Three stanzas of Beaumont's *Death* are directly drawn from Crashaw's *Office of the Holy Cross* and *Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.* Crashaw uses the following phrase in *To the Noblest and Best of Ladies the Countess of Denbigh*:

And haste to drink the wholesome dart;
That *healing shaft.*

No doubt it was from him Beaumont took this, in *Love*:[3]

Soft as y^e^ Ray
Of this Sweet Day
Are all His healing Shafts where e'r they slay.

Another conceit appears in Crashaw's *On our Crucified Lord, naked and bloody*:

Thee with thyself they have too richly clad
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side.

Beaumont imitates:[4]

Arrayed in scarlet from his owne rich veines.

Crashaw, in *Quem Videstis Pastores*, writes:

It was thy day, sweet, and did rise
Not from the East, but from Thy eyes.

In Beaumont's *Epiphanie Oblation*[5] this appears as:

And our East be thine Eyes Sweet Dawne.

One of Crashaw's *Divine Epigrams* reads as follows:

Each blest drop on each blest limb
Is washed itself, in washing Him.

---

[1] Page 10. [2] Page 112. [3] Page 23. [4] Page 130. [5] Page 135.

In *The Waters of H. Baptisme*[1] we find:

> The Waves came crowding downe apace,
> Each one ambitious for y^e^ grace
> To touch that skin . . .
> . . .
> Thus were They washed, (& not He
> Who came as clean as Puritie).

In addition to such parallels as these there are some verses influenced more subtly, where sound and an occasional word, rather than thought, are echoed. When Beaumont wrote:

> What is House and what is Home,[2]

he may well have been reading Crashaw's

> Farewell House and farewell Home.

In the same manner Beaumont's

> And makes them Mighty *Love's* Burnt-Sacrifice[3]

is influenced by Crashaw's

> His own love's and our sin's great sacrifice.

The same similarity appears in Crashaw's

> . . . bring hither all ye blest
> Arabia, for thy royal phoenix' nest,

and Beaumont's

> . . . Then all ye faire
> *Arabia*, & can sooner reach the skie.

It is impossible here to pursue the investigation to the end, for the parallels in Beaumont's poems to phrases of Herbert, Crashaw, and others are legion.

We have seen Beaumont in his relation to his contemporaries; there remains for us to consider, what is the value of his poetry in itself? Beaumont has not Herbert's gift of touching the externals of religion so appropriately that, as Coleridge once said, "the reader cannot conceive how he could have expressed them otherwise without loss or injury to his meaning." Nor did he, like Herbert, feel the structure of the poem as a whole—the sense of order and coherence. Of course his stanzas have a certain sequence, yet many times his poems seem to have no pre-

[1] Page 38. [2] Page 60. [3] Page 11.

determined beginning, middle, and end. In some poems stanzas might be transposed or omitted without damage to the train of thought. There are, of course, exceptions to this, especially among the shorter lyrics,[1] but as a rule Beaumont's poetic meditations wander wherever fancy or phrase may lead; seldom do they attain to singleness of impression. And because his poems are prone to deal, not with a single mood or experience, but many, they are not, like Herbert's, brief and poignant, but long and rambling. They are not, as Herbert's, the inner communings of a passionate, often rebellious spirit, with a divine love. They aim to describe some event, to explore some problem, to draw a moral from some passing experience. Beaumont was not a Papist but he was a High Churchman, and one who lived in a spiritual world that was in all its detail Romish. Ceremony, church tradition, and ritual meant so much to him that the travail of his own soul seemed fused in or subordinate to the experiences of the saints and martyrs.

Yet he had none of Crashaw's power to make their agonies and ecstasies live. Stripped of the vivid mysticism of Crashaw, and the white heat of passion, his poems on the saints lack symbolism, his pictures of Christ's life on earth are without glow and fervour. Beaumont is too persistently the theologian and controversialist to see beyond the outward convention to the Beatific Vision. Where he is at his best is in poems of his own daily life, of human beauty or love that came near to him, and which he interprets simply and sincerely.

It is here that now and then we come upon the touch of genuine poetry. It may be in the wistful expression of some human failing, some need, some experience that comes close to every life:

> I *think* a thousand thoughts a day,
> Yet think not one: each doth betray
> It selfe, & halfe-made flyes away.[2]

Now it is a quiet gleam of imagination:

> . . . A surer thing is Death
> By far then Sleep: That nightly drowsy Mist,
> Which climbs into thy Braine to give Thee Rest,
> May by y^e^ way obstruct thy feeble Breath.[3]

---

[1] *The Net, The Check, The Sluggard, Bedtime, The Servant, Game*, etc.
[2] *Suspirium.* [3] *Bedtime.*

Or this:

Zeale hath lost its Eyes,
Yet runs as fast
As when y^e^ Northern Blast
Makes its most headlong hast
And knows as little to what end it flies.[1]

Again, the touch of beauty may be evident in some quaint and charming personal feeling, as this, from *Entertainment*:

Be sure, for what's but by the by
Thou mak'st not most adoe.
In thine own Sweetnes I the banquet place:
As for thy Meat, I shall not count it sauce.[2]

In the *Pilgrim* he naïvely questions:

for what, what am
I but a Stranger heer
As all my Fathers were?
Nor would I stay to learn & frame
My Toung or Manners to this Countries guise
Which ne'r will suit with what's in fashion in the Skies.

Perhaps it is apparent in a scholar's gentle love of Nature:

The Gardins quit with me: as yesterday
I walked in that, today that walks in me;
Through all my memorie
It sweetly wanders, & has found a way
To make me honestly possess
What still anothers is.

Or again we feel it in the graciousness and simple piety of a poem like *A Morning Hymn*, or *Once & Ever*, or these stanzas from *Dull Devotion*:

When unto Man I with requests doe goe,
My mind doth with my Tongue bear part,
I serve Him only w^th^ lip-homage, who
Created both my Tongue and Heart.

. . . . .

Fain would I pray my Prayers, & not be
Abroad, when heer I Thee intreat.
Tame my wild Soule, & tie it close to Thee
In whom my Hope & Trust is set.

So shall this place be like its Name to Me,
And as an Angels Voice, ye Bell.
Heer shall I practise my Felicitie
And so in Heavn aforehand dwell.

---

[1] *Civil Warr.* [2] *Entertainment.*

There are not many who will care for pleasure's sake to read all the poems of Beaumont. Yet in our hurried times, these verses, wrought through long hours of leisure by a workman who loved his task, hold the charm of a beautiful epoch and an irrecoverable one. Furthermore, there is value in coming to know one whom even a small meed of fame has kept for us past the years, especially if he be, as Beaumont is, a faithful reflection of the influences and environment which made men like Herbert and Vaughan and Traherne, and the greatest, Milton.

Suspirium

LIFE of my soule, bright *Lord* of *Love*,
When shall I from my selfe remove
To Thee, & to thy *Things above!*

This weary world can nothing show
To court an Heart, & make it grow
In love with any thing below:

So speaks a generous Soule. But I
Faint as I am, & weak doe lie
Striving, alas, to *Think*, & *Crie*.

I *think* a thousand thoughts a day,
Yet think not one: each doth betray
It selfe, & halfe-made flyes away.

I *think* of Heav'n, I *think* of Hell,
Of what both heer & there doth dwell:
Yet what I *think* I cannot tell.

Through all ye World my Mind does run,
And when her foolish Course is done,
She onely is where she begun.

Such Hudling and Perplexity
In my tumultuous Heart there bee,
That seing all, I nothing see.

Sometimes my venturous Thoughts aspire
Upon the wings of brave Desire,
The High *Creator* to admire.

But straight some worldly Dust flyes up,
And my too-willing eyes doth stop,
Before they reach that Glorious Top.

Great *Prince of Peace*, give Thou some rest
To these Commotions of my breast
So shall my Thoughts and I be blest.

Me thinks I feele my pregnant eyes
Oft times with full-tide sorrow rise:
But straight ye living fountaine dies.

So the vaine miste fills all ye skie
Wth hopes of Rain, yet by & by
It leaves it far more hot & dry.

Had any eyes more cause to weep,
Some plea there were for mine to keep
Themselves and all their Tears asleep.

But if more Mire is lodgd in Mee
Then in ye bottom of ye Sea,
Why flow not I, as well as Shee?

Sometimes I feele ye Storme arise
In swelling sighs; yet out it flies,
And drives no Clouds into mine eyes.

All other Blasts can coole ye skie,
With Copious Humidity:
Alas, no winds but mine are drie.

Marble that cold obdurate stone
Abounds with Teares, whilst I have none,
Though of ye same Complexion.

Clowds, though as light as I, & vaine,
When gaping Earth doth crave for raine,
Some welcome drops at least doe strain.

But only I a parched Land,
And thirsty as ye *Lybian* Sand,
Of my owne Springs have no Command.

Broach Thou dear *Lord* my Springs for me,
That all their streames may run to Thee,
And in thy Bottle treasur'd bee.

For Thee I thirst more then for Them,
But if Thou steer'st me through this stream
To Thee ye easier shall I swimm.

Reasonable Melancholy

TELL me no more of *Sweets* & *Joyes*;
Miscall not Things:
Nor flatter poor unworthy Toyes
As they were Kings.
Tis not a pretty Name
That can transforme ye frame
Of Bitternesse, and cheat a sober Tast:
Tis not a smile
That can beguile
Good eyes, & on false Joyes true colours cast.

I saw some jolly Ladds rejoice
The Town was theirs;
Secure & ringing was their noise,
No thought of fears.
At first ye Healths went round
And then their Braines; till drownd
In what they had devour'd, they sunk. Sweet Joy
Said I, w^{ch} thus
Steales Us from Us,
And leaves us nought but Beasts, or worse then they.

Others I spyed at an huge Feast:
The wholl Creation
Was serv'd up ready dished & dress'd
And in ye fashion.
They fell too: & some eat
A fever wth their Meat;

Some great, & some small surfeits. And are those
The Sweets, said I,
Of Luxurie?
Such Dainties might a *Jew* afford his foes.

Clad with ye Night, & black as Shee
Th' Adulterer goes,
To steale those Joyes, w^ch^ monstrous Hee
Doth rather choose,
Then all Heav'ns Sweets. But why
Fears He ye Mornings ey?
Brave Happinesse, at which ye owner is
Asham'd, & tries
How to disguise
It & Himselfe in conscious Covertnes!

All grant that Nuptiall pleasures are
Both sweet & cleane:
But many think ye sauce is far
More soure and keen;
All kind of cares are sed
To grow i th' Nuptiall Bed.
Or if it barren prove, that drie Disease
Has greater Greife,
And lesse Releife
Then all ye thorney Breed of fertilenes.

Gentiler Spirits in Music place
A soveraigne Pleasure;
But yet ye Cords are vext to grace
The nimble Measure.
The sweetest Harmonie
With *Sharps* must temper'd be.
Some Tunes are heavnly; but tis when they meet
A Sacred Thing
Whereon to sing;
And then ye Dittie makes ye Musick sweet.

The world has store of Things, which Shee
Does Pastimes call,
Which though they sweet & tempting be
Yet have their Gall.
Alas, though *time* be now
Grown old, he's not so slow
That we should lend him wings: Doe w^t^ we can
He makes no stay;
Mistaken Play
Passeth not Time away but silly Man.

When in ye brisk and yeouthfull Spring
My curious eye
Walked over every flowry Thing
Sweets to descrie;
A Rose above ye rest
Peep'd up & pleas'd me best;
W^ch^ when I would have crop't, I felt her pricks.
What hopes to meet
W^th^ any Sweet
When to a Rose such thorney anger sticks?

But on her leaves a Bee there sate,
A buisie Bee;
Whose business was to find out what
I could not see.
On her my hand I laid;
But gently, as affraid
To hurt so sweet a Thing: Yet cholerick Shee
Unsheath'd her sting
And murmuring
In stead of honey, poison left in mee.

With that, as wroth as Shee, or more,
Unto her Hive
I flung, resolv'd of all her store
Her to deprive.
Sweet was ye Honey, and
At present did command

My likeing, but soone made me sick. And who
Said I, dares trust
Sweets if we must
In Honey grant such bitternesse to flow?

Defiance, faire impostur'd Names
Of beauteous Cheats,
Welfavour'd Lies, & handsome frames
Of poisn'd Sweets.
Your Bait full fine doth show,
But ye false Hook below
Is bearded with vexation. Who desires
Sweetly to be
Destroyed, He
May burne in your deare Aromatik fires.

It must be so. Could rotten Earth
Spring with sound Joyes,
Faire heav'n & all its Sacred Mirth
Would seeme but Toyes.
Immortall Pleasures may
A soules brave thirst allay,
And those alone; those that are kindled by
The flaming grace
Of Jesu's face,
Which gilds the beauteous Sweets, y^{t} smile on high.

Come hither *Greife*, one draught of Thee
Will last more sweet
Then all false *Joyes* Hypocrisie
Which heer doth greet
Deluded Soules: One Tear
Flows with more Honey far
Then all *Hyblean* Hives; one pious sigh
Breaths sweeter aire
Then all y^{e} faire
Arabia, & can sooner reach the skie.

Death

LOOK not so fierce; thy hands are ty'd, I know,
And must be, till my *Master* lets them goe.
Come let us parl a while, & see
What makes y^e^ world to fly from Thee.
Perhaps ther's some mistake, & They
Should rather run to be thy Prey.
Frowne not in vaine; I long to feele thy sword;
But Thou & I must stay, till *Heavn* does give y^e^ word.

What *Furies* hand rak'd up y^e^ monstrous Deep
Of shame and horrour, thence to fetch an heap
Of shapelesse Shapes, which join'd in one,
Make up thy Constitution?
Was *Night* thy Mother, or was Hell?
Both which in thy black Looks doe dwell.
Or sin more horrid then both They? Sure none
But such an hideous Shee could beare so foule a Sonne.

No sooner borne but strait Thou learnd'st thy Trade,
And 'twas Destruction: All y^e^ World was made
Thine easy Prize; nor didst Thou spare
To take thy gluttonous fill. But where
Is all bestow'd? Thy craving Look
Keeps sad & thinn, as *Famins* Book.
All flesh becomes thy food, yet naked bee
Thine ougly Bones: Ther's nought but hunger grows in Thee.

Great was thine Empire, & thy Conquest great:
The proudest Kings bow'd at thy prouder feet.
With bold Corruption Thou did'st tread
On Glories stoutest, fairest Head.
Thou bad'st thy shamelesse Wormes goe feed
In Princes bosomes, & with speed
Gnaw out y^e^ marks of men, that none might know
What difference Humane Dust from common Earth could show.

Thus did thy domineering Dread surprize
The trembling Earth, w^ch^ scarcely could suffice
To find Thee roome, wherin to lay
The numerous Nations Thou didst slay.
This made Thee bold & venturous grow:
Doe you not remember how
One day you clamberd up a mighty Crosse?
Not all y^e^ Graves you cause, can bury y^t^ Dayes losse.

Another kind of *Adam* on that Tree
Thou found'st, whom thy black Mother, though She be
Stronger then Thou, & subtler too,
Durst never hope to overthrow.
Did He not foile Thee in y^e^ fight,
And of thy sting disarme Thee quite?
Indeed Hee seem'd to yeild; but 'twas to lay
A three-dayes Ambushment, y^e^ surer Thee to slay.

Submitted not his seeming conquer'd hands,
And gently wore thy captivating Bands?
Into thy Prison went Hee not
Whose mighty door w^th^ Seales was shut?
Then deemed'st Thou thy Selfe secure,
And of thy hardy Conquest sure:
When from his Ambush thy supposed Slave
Starts up, & leaves to Thee thine owne more usefull Grave?

And now all y^t^ was Death in Thee is Dead;
This was thy Sting, & this lies buried
In that strong Grave; and there must lie
Till all the rest of Thee doth die.

Look not so grim & fierce; we know
Y' are not our Lord, but Servant now.
Or rather y' are our Freind; doe what you can,
You must be courteous now, ev'n in destroying man.

All you can doe is but to set us free
From what is worse then Death, Lifes Miserie.
Have not brave Troops of *Martyrs* dar'd
You to y^e^ fight? & when you fear'd
They long'd & woo'd, & prayd to bee
Sharers in this Captivitie.
And if their strange Request were still deny'd
In strong desire of one, a thousand Deaths they dy'd.

Sweet *Death*, so let me call Thee now, thy hand
Alone can bring our shipwrack'd Soules to land.
Thou with this stormy life compar'd
More calme, more sweet, more lovely art.
The Graves Thou ope'st are but y^e^ Gates
Of blest, & everlasting Fates;
Through w^ch^ our Dying life doth pass to be
Borne in a surer Birth of Immortalitie.

Loves Mysterie

(For a Base & 2 Trebles.)

THE bright inamour'd *Yeouth* above
I askd, What kind of thing is *Love*?
I askd y^e^ Saints; They could not tell,
Though in their bosomes it doth dwell.
I asked y^e^ lower Angels; They
Liv'd in its Flames, but could not say.
I asked y^e^ Seraphs: These at last confes'd
We cannot tell how *God* should be expres'd.

Can you not tell, whose amorous Eyes
Flame in *Love's* Sweetest Ecstacies?
Can you not tell whose pure thoughts move
On Wings all feathered with *Love*?
Can you not tell who breathe & live
No life but what Great *Love* doth give?
Grant *Love* a *God*: Sweet *Seraphs* who should know
The nature of this Dietie, but you?

And who, bold Mortall, more then Wee
Should know, that *Love's* a *Mysterie*?
Hid under his owne flaming Wing
Lies *Love* a secret open thing.
And there lie Wee, all hid in Light,
Which gives Us, & denies Us Sight.
We see what dazells & inflames our Eyes,
And makes them Mighty *Love's* Burnt-Sacrifice.

Civill Warr

UNTOWARD passions, peace: I'm wearied quite:
I will allow
Only my Anger now,
To lash herselfe, & you:
Rise *Anger*, rise and arme; 'tis time to fight.

Is it not time, now faint ignoble *feare*
By Cowardize
Numbers her Victories;
And ever as She flyes
Leaves conquer'd Mee Captive to helplesse Care?

Is it not time, now *Love*, that Towring Thing,
Forgets to fly
At Objects brave & high,
And heer content to lie
In filthy puddles wets his Noble Wing?

Is it not time, now fond *Greife* wasts my Teares
(And all in vaine)
Not on my soules foule staine,
Which both their Springs might draine
But on some idle disappointed Cares?

Is it not time, when *Zeale* hath lost its Eyes,
Yet runs as fast
As when ye Northern Blast
Makes its most headlong hast
And knows as little to what end it flies?

Is it not time, when Thou thy Selfe art spent,
But not on Mee
Nor on thy Selfe, though wee
Are onely fit to bee
The marks at which thine Arrows should be bent?

'Tis time to fight. But oh! I am betray'd!
These Rebells are
Allready got so far
Into my Heart, no care
Of mine will help: Sweet *Jesu* lend me aid.

Tabula Secunda in Naufragio

POORE Heart, what is this poorer world to Thee?
Thou hast a God: Thy Selfe Thou hast:
Can He & Thou
Not make enough
To slight bad times w^{ch} cannot last
One minute longer then He lets them be.

No wheel of Fate but rowles in his Great Hand
And from His Touch its motion takes.
No Kingdome jars
With ruefull wars
And into helplesse peeces breakes
But when His Justice doth Divide y^{e} Land.

If then it Justice & His Justice be,
Why doe thy silly feares gainsay?
His constant Will
Is Holy still,
And must be done: what fooles are They
Who would not have y^{e} best Necessitie?

Fond Passions, peace: O may that Sacred Pleasure
Be done, though your Undoing stand
Full in its way:
A Soule dares say,
I am no looser by y^{t} hand;
Heavns Will, & not mine owne, is my best Treasure.

Heart, keep Thou That, though thine owne Will be lost,
Least Thou thy selfe becomest so.
Then though Hell rage
On poor Earths stage,
All things shall at thy pleasure goe.
Unlesse Omnipotencie can be crost.

Jesus inter Ubera Maria

Cantcl. 6.

(To a Base and 2 Trebles.)

IN y^e^ coolnesse of y^e^ day
The old Worlds Even, *God* all undrest went downe
Without His Roab, without His Crowne,
Into His private garden, there to lay
On spicey Bed
His Sweeter Head.

There He found two Beds of Spice,
A double Mount of Lillies, in whose Top
Two milkie Fountaines bubled up.
He soon resolv'd: & well I like, He cries,
My table spread
Upon my Bed.

Scarcely had He 'gun to feed,
When troops of *Cherubs* hover'd round about;
And on their golden Wings they brought
All *Edens* flowers. But We cry'd out; No need
Of flowers heere;
Sweet Spirits, forbeare.

True, He needs no Sweets, say They,
But Sweets have need of Him, to keep them so.
Now *Paradise* springs new with you,
Old *Edens* Beautie's all inclin'd this way;
And We are come
To bring them home.

Paradise springs new with you,
Where 'twixt those Beds of Lillies you may see
Of Life y^e^ Everlasting Tree.
Sweet is your reason, then said Wee, come strow
Your pious showres
Of Easterne Flowres.

CHORUS

Winds awake, & with soft Gale
Awake y^e^ Odours of our Garden too;
By w^ch^ your selv's perfumed goe
Through every Quarter of your World, that All
Your sound may heare,
And breathe your Aire.

Davids Elegie upon Jonathan

2 Sam. i. Chap. 26 x.

WHAT Name of Comfort can returne
My Heart to mee!
Deare Freind in Thee
My life is dead, my Joy doth mourne.

O *Jonathan*, my Reverend Mother,
(Though fertile Shee,)
Ne'r blessed Mee
With halfe so sweet & deare a Brother.

Delicious, Freind, wert Thou to Mee;
Engaddies Bed
Did never spread
Perfumes so rich & sweet as Thee.

Thy love to Mee, my *Jonathan*,
(Heart spare to break
Before I speak)
Thy love knew no Comparison.

Weak Woman's Love, esteem'd wth thine,
Though stout before,
Grew faint & poore;
Thy Love, as Thou, was Masculine.

Cantic. Chap. 2. XX^{as} 10-11-12-13.

RISE up, my Love, my Fairest One
Make no delay;
Now *Winters* utmost Blast hath blown
Himselfe away.

The Clowdy Curtaines drawn aside
To free y^{e} light,
No drop is left, pure Heav'n to hide
From Thy full Sight.

The cheerly Earth doth as She may
Reflect Heavns Face,
With flowry Constellations gay
In every place.

Our Birds sit tuning their soft throats
The Angels Quire
To eccho back: The Turtles Notes
With them conspire.

The teeming Fig-tree's new borne Brood
Abroad appeare:
Vines & young Grapes breathe out a good
And wholsome Aire.

All Sweets invite Us to lay downe
Our dull delay
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One
And come away.

Thou shalt call His Name Jesus

S. Luc. i. 31.

(To a Base and 2 Trebles.)

Xs

IS it an Incense Cloud y^{t} breaks,
Or is it Balme y^{e} Angell speaks?

CHORUS

Ne'r did *Arabian* Beds inrich y^{e} Skie
Wth such rich breath, nor Easterne feild
So pure & balmy Odours yeild;
Nor *Paradise* Perfumes ascend so high.

Xs

From his fair lips does Balsame flow,
Or is it Manna that they show?

CHORUS

Such soveraine Balsame n'er drop'd on y^{e} Earth;
The kindest Heav'n ne'r showred downe
So noble Manna on its owne
Deare flock, when Wonders were its usuall Birth.

Xs

What is it then, oh who can tell?
Speak Thou thy selfe, sweet *Gabriell.*

CHORUS

'Tis Heav'n I speake, from whence I hither came
To show how all its sweets doe lie
Couched in one rich Epitomie
Of w^ch^ Great Treasure *Jesus* is y^e^ Name.

Love

SAY what is *Love*
That little Word & mighty Thing;
Which blinder poets as they sing,
Conspire to prove
Blind as ye Night,
And yet as bright
As is the Mornings Face
Wth all her roseall Grace
Or Phoebu's eyes
When first they rise
And powre their flaming gold through all y^{e} skies.

They give him Wings,
Such as their foolish quills can make,
But stain them wth their inke: They talk
Of warlike things,
Of shafts & Bow
But say not now
Their childish Dietie
Should use them, or can see
To shoot, & yet
They fondly set
Pure Sprightfull soules his Mark to practise at.

His Mark indeed
Are onely Soules, & happy they
In being so: His weapons may
Cause them to bleed;

But first his Dart
Pierc'd his owne Heart
And broach'd his dearest veine
To make them wholl againe.
His wound is ope
All theirs to stop;
Nor does He ever meane to close it up.

Soules are His Mark,
And well He sees to hit them too.
Nor is His never-failing Bow
Bent in y^e^ Dark.
All one bright Eye
Is *Love*, & by
The Day y^t^ from it breaks
His noble aime He takes.
Soft as y^e^ Ray
Of this Sweet Day
Are all His healing Shafts where e'r they slay.

Who calls Fire blind?
What slaunder dares accuse y^e^ spark,
And blushes not to call it dark?
What Eye can find
Shades in y^e^ flame?
Who prints y^e^ Name
Of Night upon y^e^ Beame,
W^ch^ from high-Noon doth streame?
The Spark, y^e^ Beame,
The Fire, y^e^ Flame,
Of glorious Love are but a severall Name.

And oh how far
They faile of what they faine would say!
Love is a nobler kind of Ray;
No trembling star
No labouring Fire
W^ch^ doth aspire
Into a wavoring Flame;

No vaine ambitious Beame
Which swells upon
The garish Sunne
Has light enough to make *Love's* shade alone.

Goe but w^th^ Mee
To yonder Hill, where Valiant *Love*
The utmost of His power did prove;
And you shall see
His strength, & how
He us'd his Bow.
Tis worth your sight; Great Kings
Have wishd to see those things.
And wish they may,
But *Love* will stay
His owne time, He's a Greater Prince then they.

And yet He came
Hither at last. Mark that crosse Tree
No other Bow but that brought Hee:
And on y^e^ same
Stretch'd with full strength
Himselfe at length
And shot at Death & Hell.
But since those Monsters fell,
He aims His Darts
At none but Hearts
He heales by wounds, by killing Life imparts.

In His faire Eyes
Millions of little *Loves* doe play,
As Atoms in y^e^ highnoone Ray.
Who can comprise
Those radiant Pleasures
And smiling Treasures
That all in His Sweet Face
Find their delicious place!
Which when Heaven spy'd
Though vilify'd
On Earth, her owne dull Sun She strove to hide.

Sweet Warrior,
Whose soft Artillery does invite
All enemies unto y^e^ fight;
Though their cheife feare
It be, least they
Should win y^e^ Day.
What gaines a soule, when Shee
Yeilds not to Life, & Thee?
When Shee doth choose
Herselfe to loose
Rather then Thou shouldst win Her from her woes!

How dead am I
Sweet Master of Heavns Archerie,
Because I am not slaine by Thee!
Help Mee to die,
Lest dangerous Death
Suck up my breath
Before I live: My Heart
Will need a speciall Dart:
Yet make no stay,
Look but this way,
Thy potent Eyes my Soule will quickly slay.

Love

Exod. 3.

OBSERVE that *Bush*, it was as dry as Thee
Or Mee.
A Simple Shrub it was, & every Blast
That past
Made it her sport; No Bird y^{t} flew y^{t} way
Would stay
Upon so poor a perch; It onely was,
Alas,
Meet food for flames: And flames made their repast
At last
Upon its boughs; but yet no flames of prey
Were they,
No ravenous fire, but innocent & bright
As Light,
When in a Crrystall Mirrour her Sweet Ray
Doth play.
Such are y^{e} Flames of Heavnly *Love*, whose heat
Though great,
Yet in a Mortall Bosome they can dwell
As well
As in y^{e} *Seraphs* Breasts, & harme it not.
In that
And these poor Shrubs of Ours 'tis but y^{e} same
Sweet Flame.
Who but y^{e} Great Creatour flamed there?
And heere
Who burnes but Hee? who but y^{e} God above
Is *Love*?

Ad S. Angelum Custodem

WHO e'r Thou art, oh y^{t} I knew thy Name,
My winged Guardian, as Thou knowest mine;
Faire in my verses would I write y^{e} same,
And what my Name doth want, supply by thine.

Who e'r Thou art, for certaine simple I
Unworthy am to be thy Ward & Care:
Why should Immortall Spirits hither fly
And spend their time on Dust & Ashes heer?

Is it not faire y^{e} Stars dart Us their Light,
To look about Us, & ourselves defend;
But higher Flames, & far more rich & bright
Leaving their Orbs, *Themselves* to Us must lend?

Does Heavn come downe aforehand to be sure
To catch Us up at length, & send us hither
Some of its Natives, whose care may inure
Us to its fashions e'r We climb up thither?

Or come these sweet protectors Us to cover
As We doe journey in this dangerous Way;
Whose courteous Wings over our Heads doe hover
Lest this lifes Tempests blow our Dust away?

Sure for these Reasons, & for more then these,
Which LOVE well wots of: He y^{t} marks their Eyes,
Their Face, their Wings, their yeouthfull vigour; sees
That LOVE their Master is, who them imployes.

O my Deare Freind, Dearest but Him whose love
Befreinded Me with Thee, what shall I say!
W^ch^ way so e'r my labouring thoughts doe move,
Profound amazement standeth in their way.

What shall I say! Hadst Thou no work at home,
Where Nothing dwells, but pure as thine owne eyes;
That Thou shouldst leave them, & thy Selfe, to come
And wait on Me, & my Deformities?

Is not all Heavn, & what makes Heavn to be
The Name of sweetnesse, is not JESU'S Face
More worth y^e^ looking on? Deserves not He
The Service, which on me Thou dost displace?

Or is y^e^ Quire above so meane a Thing,
And Hallelujah grown so dull a Song,
That in mine eare Thou choosest now to sing
And to my Heart-strings tune thy charming toung?

Oh how dost Thou Sweet Spirit, indure in Mee
What I doe blush at? And this is, alas,
My Selfe, ev'n all my Selfe: nought can I see
But one confused & polluted Masse.

Canst Thou attend on Him, whose hatefull Will
Kicks his and thy Creators Laws? Canst Thou
Him with Thy Silver Feathers shelter still
Whose Life prefers those in a Bed below?

Were it thy charge at Edens Gate to stand,
And with a two-edged Flame stop Me from thence;
Well would that Sword become thy Heavnly hand;
So faire a place deserves thy sweet Defence.

But armed w^th^ stouter Flames of patient Love
Thou strivst at that sweet Gate to thrust me in;
That I a Bird of Paradise might prove,
No more a Swarthy Rav'n, tannd black with sin.

Ne'r did ripe Dangers my poore Breath assaile,
But Thou wert ready still to play my part:
Allways for Me did Thy Sweet Wings prevaile
And fannd fresh Comfort on my panting Heart.

Thou wouldst not have me snatcht by *Sudden Death*,
But be allow'd full time to mortifie,
That I might stop, e'r Shee did mine, Sins Breath,
Till I can live Thou wouldst not have Me dye.

When I doe sleep, whither by Day or Night
(For I'm but halfe-awake when I am up:)
And thousand unseen Spirits against Me fight,
Thy stout Protection all their force doth stop.

Forbeare, saist Thou, foule Cowards, to oppose
A little Thing of Dust; or know that I
Am set to keep these Mud walls from their foes;
Have you forgot y^e^ feild We fought on high?

Then breathst Thou vigour through my trembling Breast,
And clap'st thy wings upon my fearfull back;
That so incourag'd I might doe my best
Where nothing, but mine owne Will I can lack.

The more y^e^ Shame: How oft have I betrayd
My Selfe & Thee! & flung away y^e^ sheild
None could have wrested from Mee, till I laid
It downe my Selfe, & was content to yeild.

Couldst Thou be angry, Surely Thou wouldst be
My greatest foe, as being offended most,
Excepting Him, who Guards both Thee & Mee,
Him onely have my Crimes more fowly crost.

For His dear sake be Thou like Him, & spare
Those Provocations, w^ch^ I offer Thee:
Or draw thy Wrath, & strike a wholsome feare
On all these Sins w^ch^ vex both Thee & Mee.

So may thy awfull Presence teach my Heart
Heer to acquaint wth thy pure Company;
And in our Makers Prayses bear her part,
If He so pleases in your Quire on high.

So when y^{e} Trump sounds in my hollow Grave,
To wake this Dust to an Immortall Day,
Thy hands Sweet Help, & conduct may I have
To lift me up, & lead me in y^{e} way.

The Gnat

ONE Night all tyred wth y^{e} weary Day,
And wth my tedious selfe, I went to lay
My fruitlesse Cares
And needlesse feares
Asleep.
The Curtaines of y^{e} Bed, & of mine Eyes
Being drawne, I hop'd no trouble would surprise
That Rest w^{ch} now
Gan on my Brow
To creep.

When loe a little flie, lesse then its Name
(It was a Gnat) with angry Murmur came.
About Shee flew,
And lowder grew
Whilst I
Faine would have scorn'd y^{e} silly Thing, & slept
Out all its Noise; I resolute silence kept,
And laboured so
To overthrow
The Flie.

But still wth sharp Alarms vexatious Shee
Or challenged, or rather mocked Mee.
Angry at last
About I cast
My Hand.

'Twas well Night would not let me blush, nor see
With whom I fought; And yet though feeble Shee
Nor Her nor my
Owne Wrath could I
Command.

Away She flies, & Her owne Triumph sings;
I being left to fight with idler Things,
A feebler pair
My Selfe and Aire.
How true
A worme is Man, whom flies their sport can make!
Poor worme; true Rest in no Bed can he take,
But one of Earth,
Whence He came forth
And grew.

For there None but his silent Sisters be,
Wormes of as true & genuine Earth as He,
Which from y^e^ same
Corruption came:
And there
Though on his Eyes they feed, though on his Heart
They neither vex nor wake Him; every part
Rests in sound sleep,
And out doth keep
All feare.

The Sluggard

THE World awoke, & op'd his flaming Eye,
Which darted through y^e^ skie
The broad daylight;
And at y^e^ sight
The virgin Morne, though Shee
Were up & drest before,
Yet blushed all o're
In Heavnly Modestie,
As if s'had slept too long, & were
Asham'd y^e^ Sun should look on her
Being but newly risen, and arrayd
In a gray Mantel like some homely Maid.

Yet all this while in spight of this Sweet Light,
Mine Eyes huggd Sleep & Night.
I snorting lay,
As if y^e^ Day
Some foure houres off had been:
I who had much to doe,
Further to goe,
And more to loose or winne,
Then had y^e^ Morning, yet let Her
Be up & gone, e'r I did stirr.
Perhaps She blush'd to see how drowsy I
Slep'd out all Shame, whilst Shee had flown so high.

At length y^e^ Sunne growne high enough to look
In at y^e^ window took
His view & spy'd
Out my Bedside.

The Curtaines were of my
Lazie Conspiracie.
But Carefull He
Sent a quick Ray to pry
Into y^e^ Tent of Sloth, & mark
Why in y^e^ Morne it should be dark.
This found me out, & glaring on mine eyes
Stood wondring at Me, why I did not rise.

The sleepy Mists thus chased from my Brow,
I woke, I knew not how:
I cannot say
Whither like y^e^ Day
I blushed in my Rise
Or no; though surely I
Had more cause why;
For as I rubbd mine Eyes
A sudden Consort filld mine eare;
Plaine were y^e^ Notes, but sweet & clear,
The honest Birds up long, long before Mee
Were at their Mattens on a Neighbour Tree.

And does y^e^ Day rise more for Birds then Mee
That they should earlyer bee
At work then I,
Who have to flie
Higher then they, & bring
A Morning-Sacrifice
Of Greater price
Unto my God & King!
Up tardy Heart for Shame; but downe
Lower againe upon thine owne
Imploring Knees; that is y^e^ surest way
To Rise indeed, fairer then did this Day.

Bedtime

AND now y^e^ Day w^ch^ in y^e^ Morne was thine,
Poor Heart, is gone, & can returne no more:
Bury'd in this dark Ev'n it goes before,
And tells Me y^t^ y^e^ next Night may be mine.

Nay why not this? A surer thing is Death
By far then Sleep: That nightly drowsy Mist,
Which climbs into thy Braine to give Thee Rest,
May by y^e^ way obstruct thy feeble Breath.

The Day is gone; & well, if onely gone,
Is it not lost? Cast up thy score, & know.
Ar't so much neerer Heavn, as Thou art to
Thy Death; or did thy Life without Thee run?

Alas it ran, & for me would not stay,
Who waited on my fruitlesse Vanities.
I might have travl'd far since I did rise,
In praying & in studying hard to-day.

Great Lord of Life & Time, reprieve Me still,
Whom My owne Sentence hath condemn'd; That I
May learne to live my Life before I die,
And teach my owne, to follow Thy Sweet Will.

Dull Devotion

ME thought Heavn calld Me, when I heard y^{e} Bell;
And I was ready to obey:
The plain and surest path I knew full well,
It was our Common Chappell way.

God has his probatorie Heavn below,
An easy & familiar Sphear:
An Heavn, whose Gate is broad, y^{t} All might flow
In, & for that above prepare.

Arrived there, although y^{e} outward face
Of what appear'd was plain & milde,
Dreadfull I found y^{e} Mildenesse of y^{e} place
Being wth God & Angels filld.

Falln on my knees, I had no lesse then leave
To supplicate My God & King.
Alas, a thousand wants my Soule did greive,
I had to ask Him many a Thing.

Up went my hands & Eyes: so should my Heart,
And so a little while it did:
But as my craving Tongue performed her part,
I knew not how, my Mind was fled.

I was Departed, & interred lay
Wth in my selfe as in a Grave:
This rotten heap of my owne Dust & Clay
To Me a Tomb, & Carkase gave.

Or like at least some Image of y^e^ Dead
Set there to make his Memorie live.
Starke-cold was My Devotion, & tis said
A Church this onely Life can give.

And is not this a strange Idolatry
To worship God w^th^ Images,
And Puppit-Service; as if Mighty Hee
Were some such heedlesse Thing as These?

Shall Men mock God, & think to move his Love,
And not his furie, when we pray?
What hopes those Words should e'r be heard above,
Which our selves hear not as we say?

When unto Man I with requests doe goe,
My mind doth w^th^ my Tongue beare part.
I serve him onely w^th^ lip-homage, who
Created both my Tongue & Heart.

Forgive Me, Lord; my Prayers w^ch^ are not mine,
That Froth w^ch^ on my lips doth bubble;
That Aire w^ch^ I misuse, that Name of Thine,
W^ch^ I so oft in vain redouble.

Faine would I pray my Prayers, & not be
Abroad, when heer I Thee intreat.
Tame my wild Soule, & tie it close to Thee
In whom my Hope & Trust is set.

So shall this place be like its Name to Me,
And as an Angels Voice, y^e^ Bell.
Heer shall I practise My Felicitie,
And so in Heavn aforehand dwell.

The Waters of H. Baptisme

THE Worlds Great *Lord* as once He stood
Upon y^e^ brim of *Jordans* flood
Observ'd a greater stream of Men
Come flowing in.

Their businesse was, Baptiz'd to be,
And purify'd: But then said Hee,
It much concernes you to be sure
Jordan be pure.

With that Himselfe step'd in like One,
Who seemed but to trye alone,
Whither y^e^ Streames they sought so to
Were clean, or no.

No sooner did old *Jordan* kisse
Those sweet & beauteous feet of His,
But smiling Circles on his face
Took up their place.

And this he thought sufficient Pay
For all His Paines, when He made way,
And, whilst y^e^ Ark took up his road,
Travelld abroad.

The Waves came crowding downe apace,
Each one ambitious for y^e^ grace
To touch that skin, a Purer Thing
Then their owne Spring.

Thus were They washed, (& not He
Who came as clean as Puritie)
And washt in these be every Stream
Of kin to them.

Their pure & most delicious shore,
Where Doves of our poor Clime before
Their pleasure took, could now invite
Heavn to delight.

The everlasting Turtle, though
Pure intellectuall Streames doe flow
Upon ye Firmaments vast Plain,
Could not abstain,

But downe He came, & by ye side
Of this sweet Current He espyde
A worthy Perch, as faire a Thing
As His white Wing.

Heer He his first acquaintance took;
Then flew to ever Spring & Brook,
Fixing on all Baptismall Streames
His best esteem.

Thus by this Spirits Company
These Streames are taught to purifie
Spirituall Things, & cleanse a Soule
Though ne'r so foule.

Nor new Stains, nor yt ancient spot
Which all ye World of Men doth blot
Doe stick so deep & close, but they
Wash them away.

And wash out also that great Score
The Deluge ought ye World before
Those Waters drown'd all Sinfull Men,
These onely Sin.

Virginitie

JEWELL of Jewells, richer far
Then all those pretious Beauties are,
Which to our West
Stream from y^e^ East:
The Way
Of Day,
The Morne though deck'd w^th^ Heavnly Modestie
Blusheth not halfe so gracefully as Shee.

For She it was who did let in
A Brighter, & a Nobler *Sun*,
Then e'r did rise
To Mortall eyes:
A *Sun*
Whom none
Of all y^e^ Heavns could hold; *Gods Son* was Hee
And thine, Immaculate *Virginitie.*

Would any curious Critick know
A thing more white, & chast then snow?
First wash his Eye,
Then let Him prie,
For Shee
Will be
Clowded w^th^ in her veile: Though much more bright
Then Day, She meekly shrowds her selfe in Night.

Lillies are cleanly, white & sweet,
And yet they have but dirty feet;
Their Roots from Earth
Never look forth,
But grow
Below.
Onely this spotlesse Flowre, w^ch^ plants her Root
Deep in y^e^ Heavns, did never fowle her foot.

For there She grew & flourished
Before old *Time* began to bud:
Yea & brought forth
A Stem more worth
Then all
The Ball
Of Heavn & Earth: The *VIRGIN SIRE* alone
Eternally begat his *VIRGIN SONNE.*

The yeouthfull beauteous *Spirits* above
With this fair Flowre fell All in love.
No marrying there
As Wee have here;
But They
All say,
Let dirty wormes below goe wed; whilst Wee
Copie our *VIRGIN MASTERS* Puritie.

Yet by your leave Sweet *Spirits*, now
These wormes have crept far after You.
Great *Gabriell*
Remembers well
What He
Did see
At *Nazareth*, a Virgin Spotlesse Thing,
Purer then was His Archangelick Wing.

Wherfore when He had thither flew
Behind his back his Wings he drew,
And straitway all
His Plumes let fall;

He spyde
The Bride
Of Heavns Great *Dove*: (How pure & chast was Shee,
Which was the *Virgin Spouse of Chastitie*?)

With Reverend Voice & bended knee
Haile, full of Grace, to Her said Hee,
This complement
From Heavn was sent:
No Name
Became
This Soule but That; whose awfull Presence made
Gabriel of Her, as She of Him afraid.

Hee never saw his Brethrns face
Blush wth a more celestiall grace:
And had He spyde
About Her side
Such Things
As Wings,
He would have been familiar, & have said
Good morrow Brother, to this Sacred Maid.

All hail *Great Queen of Chastity*
That Name is due from Us to Thee,
Whose Pattern all
Our World doth call
To come;
And some
Faire Voluntiers have ventur'd on to fight
Under Thy Colours, which are *Lilly-white*.

They have resolv'd to fight wth Thee
The Battells of *VIRGINITIE*;
And to resigne
Their Corps like Thine
Sinceer
And clear
Unto their Maker, from whose Hand We see
All Creatures come in *VIRGIN PURITIE*.

Affliction

WOULD you make your Sweets more Sweet?
Then you must both presse & beat,
Till that distresse
Make them confesse
Their uttmost Secrets in a deep-drawne breath;
Which drives a Clowd of Odours from beneath.

Would you make your idle Vine
Buisie grow, & big with Wine?
Kind Crueltie
The Salve must be.
Call for your hook, & lop y^e^ wanton boughs
By which Shee grows indeed, but fruitlesse grows.

Has y^e^ long neglected Dust
Sheath'd thy glittering Sword in Rust?
You must not spare
Your sharpest care:
Rubbing, & scouring, & such churlish wayes
Must faded Metalls to their splendor raise.

Yf you say, Whats that to Mee?
I'm no Odours, Sword, nor Tree:
Then tell me plain,
Do'st appertain
To Thee to be in thy *Great Masters* sight
(Though on those harsh termes) Fertile, Sweet, & Bright?

If so, in these Copies read
What salve best will suit thy need.
What e'r it be
Heer's none we see
But hard & sharp. Wholsome *Affliction*
Heavn does prescribe for Us, & that alone.

The True Love-Knott

I am my Beloveds, & my Beloved is mine. Cant. 6, 3.
Turne away thine eyes, etc., v. 5.

BUT why
On thy Beloved feeds thine Eye?
Can it not feed on Sweets at home,
But must to Her for dainties come?

Mine Eye
Carry'd in Sweet Captivitie
Is not mine owne: Her conquering Face
Seiz'd on it as She by did passe.

Yet Shee
Complaines as much of Love & Thee,
And sayes She finds Her captiv'd Eyes
Made thy perpetuall Sacrifice:

O LOVE
Mysterious Champion, w^ch^ will prove
Victor on both y^e^ sides, & knows
How to reap Palmes from Overthrows!

These two,
Which in an endlesse Combate throw
Their fiery Darts from eithers Eyes,
At once both win & loose y^e^ prize.

Both yeild,
And boast that they have lost y^e^ feild;
For by that losse they doe obteine
Themselves, & that double againe.

Thus Shee
Layes lawfull claime to Him, & Hee
To Her; thus neither is their owne,
And yet each others Master growne.

Thus Hee
And Shee are clearly lost, to bee
Found in each other where they meet
Themselves, & what they count more sweet.

And thus
Two Rayes of Light all-beauteous
When e'r they meet & court, doe run
Into one Sweet Confusion.

No right
Has this or that into the light
It brought, but each has title to
All that his Brother Ray can show.

Then this
The Spouses Song & Triumph is:
Not Thou, but I and Thou, are Thine,
Not I, but Thou and I are Mine.

Fasting

WHAT though Her face be pale? This onely showes
How She's of kin to Lilie-*Chastitie*:
And still that venerable palenesse flows
With Sprightfull vigor from her sober Eye.
She cares for no more Blood then will suffice
To clothe her Modestie in blushing guise.

What though Her looks leannesse & faintnesse speak?
Tis policy to keep Her strength within.
Let y^e^ plump Gallants mighty Outworks make,
And fortifie their double lined Skin.
She better bears y^e^ Seige, what ever foes
Whither from Earth or Hell themselves oppose.

Lesse are Her Walls, & therfore lesser need
Of Amunition to maintaine y^e^ fight:
But greater far, and subtler is Her heed,
Who stands upon Her Watch both day & night
Whilst those fat Bulwarks first exposed lye
To ease & sleep, then to their Enemy.

Shee is no bigger then Her Selfe; She knows
What ballast fits Her, & layes in no more
Then keeps Her sure & steady as Shee Goes:
Her other Stowage Shee reserves for store
Of Virtues fraught, w^ch^ though y^e^ glorious East
It selfe were hither ship'd, would prove y^e^ best.

I'm not at leisure yet, bold Belly, stay
Sayes She, I must goe feed my hungry Heart:
This most needs meat, for this, if well fed, may
For ever live, whilst Thou but Mortall art.
Yet when y^e^ Sunne is set, & I can see
My Heavn no more, Ile take some care of Thee.

Thus Shee Her dangerous Body doth secure,
Keeping it tame & humble; thus Her mind
Like to its native Heavn, is allway pure
From Clowds & Tempests, w^ch^ y^e^ boistrous Wind
Of puft up Flesh doth raise: No rampant passion
Ruffles Her thoughts, & puts them out of fashion.

Shee allwayes is Her Selfe, active & free,
Absolute Mistress of Her owne calme Breast:
Whilst every part, & every facultie
Knows its owne Dutie, & does like it best,
No sparkle of Rebellion can peep
Where all their proper Orbs & Stations keep.

Then blame Her not, if freely Shee refuse
What learned *Luxurie* has studied out;
And scorne y^e^ fulnesse Shee might justly use,
Those Dainties ever dear, & double bought;
For though unto y^e^ Purse they costly are
Alas, they spend y^e^ Heart much more by far.

Shee knows a Garden where true Dainties grow,
Sweets ever Sweet, ev'n after they are downe:
There would Shee feast, but 'tis not here below
In our dull World that those Delights are sowne.
Blame not Her Abstinence, She is most wise
Keeps Her Stomach fresh for *Paradise.*

The Little Ones Greatnes

Suffer little Children to come unto Mee, & forbid them not,
for of such is y^e^ Kingdome of God.

LET y^e^ Brave Proud, & Mighty Men
Passe on in state
Unto some Gate
Ample enough to let them in.

My palace door was ever narrow:
No Mountains may
Crowd in that way,
Nor at a Needles Eye get thorow.

Heavn needeth no such helps as They:
My Royall Seat
Is high & great
Enough w^th^out poore heaps of Clay.

Without Hydropick Names of Pride,
Without y^e^ gay
Deceits y^t^ play
About fond Kings on every side.

Let all y^e^ bunched Camells goe
With this rich load
To y^e^ Broad Road.
Heavn needs no Treasure from below:

But rather little tender things,
On whom to poure
Its own vast store,
And make of Wormes, celestiall Kings.

Heavns little Gate is onely fit
Deare Babes, for you,
And I, you know,
Am but a Lamb, though King of it.

Come then, meek Brethren, hither come
These armes you see
At present, bee
The Gate by which you must goe home.

There will I meet with you againe,
And mounted on
My gentle Throne
Soft King of Lambs for ever reigne.

The Voyage

COULD I but be
Perpetuallie
The man I was y^e^ other Day:
No Name of fear
How fierce so e'r
Mee from my Selfe could fright away.

No haven, say I,
To Privacy:
When once my labouring Heart gat thither,
My calmed Breast
Floated in Rest,
And feard no furie of fowle weather:

There did I see
All things agree
In y^e^ Sweet Centre of Gods Will;
Where had I cast
My Anchor, fast
And sure had been my Vessell still.

But foolish I
Went by & by
To hoise my tattered Saile againe,
Unrigg'd, unman'd,
I put from land
Into y^e^ Worlds tempestuous Maine.

The flattering Sea
Kept truce w^th^ Mee
A while, & least my Spirits should faile,
Gently behind
Came every Wind
And puff'd me up more then my Saile.

Smoothe was my way,
And I most gay
Went on, top and top-gallant fine:
I swum in pleasure
At ease and leisure,
And never thought the Sea was brine.

Thus did I ride
O'r Time & Tide
Till far ingaged in the Maine,
That libertie
Inclosed Mee
Fast Pris'ner in y^e^ boundlesse Plaine.

When loe a Clowd
Began to crowd
Day out of Heavn, & my poor sight:
I look'd, but I
Could not descry
Ought, but a strange Meridian Night.

Before I would not,
And now I could not
Behold that Heavn, which hid its face
From Me, as I
Before did my
From it, & its all-sweetning grace.

The treacherous Wind
Was soon combind
With y^e^ false waves to mock poor Me,
Tossing Me high,
Ev'n to y^e^ skie,
Which well it knew I could not see.

Then down I fell
As low as Hell;
Alas both bottom lesse were found,
The Sea & my
Vast Miserie,
Where I a thousand times was drown'd.

Still mutinous Passions
In sundry fashions
Toss'd me about from Wave to Wave;
Still anxious Cares
And helpless feares
Perplex'd Alarms & Onsets gave.

Till at y^e^ last
Their furie cast
Me on a Rock & split me quite:
A thousand Men
And yet not one
Was I, a most distracted Wight.

No help alas
For me there was
From those vexatious Vanities
Which fild y^e^ World;
They onely hurl'd
Vain froath & foam into mine eyes.

Trust me no more
For I am poore
Cry'd heavy *Gold*; Much lower I
Shall make you sink;
You must not think
That money true Content will buy.

Then *Pleasure* cries
Turne back thine eyes,
Thy hankering eyes; No help dwells heer:
Although my skin
Be fair, within
Live Anguish, Rottennesse, & fear.

Nay all this *All*,
Which We miscall,
Shrunk to its Nothing, & spake true,
In Mee you must
Not look to trust,
Who am as poor & weak as you.

And must I die
False Freinds, said I
Whilst You look on? This Vessell Heer
Grieves me not much
But oh I grutch
To loose y^e^ Jewell it doth beare:

A richer one
Then ever shone
In Princes Crowne: Far more it cost
Then You, all You
Are worth; & know
It is a Soule: Must That be lost?

Heer did I faint
But my Complaint
Mov'd a good Friend, whose Love did buy
That Gemm for Mee:
Propitious Hee
Pitty'd my helplesse Miserie,

I had done thinking,
And now was sinking,
When loe He brings a peece of Wood:
Hold fast on this,
Said He, it is
Thine Ark against y^e^ worlds vast Flood.

This was y^e^ Tree
Of Life to Mee:
Much like an Anchor was its frame;
A Tree of Rest
All sweet, all blest
A Crosse in Nothing but its Name.

I held it fast
And easily past
The tamed Waves: The boistrous Winde
Now blew away
It selfe, & Day
Ypon ye Smoothed Ocean shinde.

An Heavnly Blast
Made gracious hast,
And filld my Weather-beaten Sail;
The Spirit of Love
Me gently drove
Gainst whom no Ocean may prevaile.

And as ye Land
Grew neer at hand,
Behold, said Hee, ye trustie Shore.
Wouldst Thou be sure
To rest secure?
Venture into ye Main no more:

Or sail wth Mee
In ye Sweet Sea,
Whose everlasting streams doe flow
Above ye Sphears,
Where never fears
Did rise, nor treacherous Tempests blow.

Thus did I come
All shipwrack'd home
Unto my Selfe: & there must dwell
Private and still,
Unlesse I will
Another Voyage make to Hell.

Unreasonable Reason

ALL Christian Soules beware; Hell never went
More politickly clad, Nor wiselyer bent
Her dangerous powers: Active & quick as Thought
Her fair well-spoken Serpents glide about,
And by y^e^ fatall Unsuspected Tree
Of Knowledge still contrive our Miserie;
That Wee more wisely might be fooles, & gain
By Profound Art, a far Profounder Pain
Reason they breath: Such reason as at first
Their Father spake in Paradise; Accurst
And stupid Reason, w^ch^ presumes to trie
Her wretched Strength against y^e^ Majestie
Of Gods eternall Wisdome, God y^e^ Son
Must not exceed Her Comprehension.
Thus is a *Syllogisme* Her God, & Three
Spruce Propositions, Her great *TRINITIE.*
Alas y^e^ Silly World deluded quite
By grosse illiterate Faith, had lost its sight,
And in y^e^ Midst of Blind Devotion
Had hudled up its *Christ* & *God* in one.
Yea *Christ* forgot his word, as loth to keep
From this so gainfull Errour Us his Sheep:
Till Sacred *Arius* fir'd w^th^ zealous love
Did vindicate y^e^ Godhead, & remove
Intruded *Christ.* This this was heavnly He
Whose Wisdome could Reforme y^e^ Dietie.
But stay & view him well: what ailes y^e^ Saint?
Is it y^e^ Aire of *Nice* y^t^ makes Him faint?
Suspects He y^t^ his God cannot requite
His courtesie, & with his Thunder fright
That of y^e^ Councills? Hath his zeale forgot
It selfe? All Hell ev'n now was not so hot

As Hee: What qualm is this, whose power can make
The Mighty Champion of y^e^ Godhead shake?
Alas see how y^e^ helplesse Serpent winds
To scape y^e^ Blow: & yet no shift he finds,
But to disgorge his poyson, & confesse
His feigned zeale was Reall Wickednesse.
Fond Hypocrite! & didst Thou think to play
With dreadfull *Jesus*? Was't enough to say
Hee's y^e^ True God, whilst thy proud heart defies
Thy Tongues Repentance, & as stoutly cries
Against that *Godhead*? No: Hee'l teach thee hence
To know & feel his true Omnipotence.
Goe then y^e^ Worlds foule Excrement; thy home
Is in y^e^ Common Draught: there thy just doom
Will find Thee out. The Churches bowels Thou
With Viperous Teeth hast boldly torne, & now
Thine owne must answer them. Just Vengeance! Thus
Damn'd *Judas* dy'd, and thus dyes *Arius*.
Come now, who will be next, & bravely trie
To teare down *Christ* from his Eternitie?
Who strives to follow these great steps, & prove
How far his Noble Logik is above
His Saviours Godhead? Lo, I see y^e^ Sage,
A reverend Mitre crownes his awfull age:
Forth at his Eyes looks Wisdome, zeale doth flame
In his Designes, *Photinus* is his Name.
And well He quit him too; far ventur'd He
Against y^e^ face of pure Divinity;
And doubtlesse much he might have done, but that
A' thunder-clap from *Sardis* spoiled his plot.
Whence overborne by y^e^ Strong Curse, He fell,
Unhappy Wight aforetime sent to Hell.
Then look we lower; as they older grow
The times may wiser prove, & better know
How to assert poor Truth, that y^e^ big Name
Of Church & Councills may no longer shame
Sinceer Religion, nor bear up so high
Th' Usurping Crest of Catholik Tyrannie.
Our, our sure is y^e^ Age from whose blest Wombe
Both naked Truth, & Her Protector come.

And oh who is it? Who but valiant Hee
Reasons new Master, Wits Epitomie,
The Prince of Syllogismes, y^e^ worthy Heire
Of learned *Arius*, fit to repaire
His failing Brood, Hee, whose more reverend Fame
Can change y^e^ simple Antiochian Name,
And by Arts vast Profoundnes make a Man
Of foolish *Christian*, wise *Socinian*?
Peace then, once more vain Church, peace idle Creed,
Peace doting Fathers, & with reverend heed
Hear what Resolves y^e^ Holy Oracle makes:
Peace all y^e^ World, 'tis great *Socinas* speaks:
And now h'as spoke, what is y^e^ Thing h'as said?
Has but blaspheemd more deeply, & betrayd
His timorous Predecessor: Tender He
Durst never belch forth such broad Impietie.
O how *Socina's* thrift improves y^e^ Stock
That *Arius* left! Tis now a Mighty flock,
And by his prudent Husbandry alone
Is made ten thousand Heresies of one.
Look how y^e^ Traytour steales y^e^ Spirits Sword
And with y^e^ word of God wounds God y^e^ *WORD.*
Thus *Belzebub* of old did with Him fight
Masking with Scripture his Infernall Spight.
And what does all that Scripture make for Thee
Which thou propoundst but in a fallacie?
Thy Major & thy Minor cannot prove
Any such Termes to dwell in God above.
How many Texts proclaime thy trayterous Tongue
All black with Blasphemies, exactly wrung
Out of y^e^ Dregs of Darknes! O how plain
Speak those Great Words, & antidate thy vain
Sophistik Answers, so y^t^ Thou thenceforth
Wert many ages damn'd before thy Birth.
Scorne simple Faith; We like it ne'r y^e^ lesse:
Turks may believe as much as you professe.
Behind Him wretched Viper: Never trie
To tempt y^e^ *Lord thy God* with Sophistrie.
Reason it selfe laughs at thee, & defies
Thy Spurious Art, with Sounder Subtlities.

The Syllogismes a Catholike Hand doth frame
Put all thy juggling Tricks to putid Shame.
The utmost strength of thy profoundest sence
And disingenuous shifts and Impudence;
Whose vain but peevish furie doth confesse,
How strong is Faith, & how weak wickednesse.
May now y^e^ Curses of all Christian Tongues
Fall sure upon thine Head. May what belongs
To thy first Father *Satan* & his Hell,
In thy black Memorie for ever dwell;
May all thy damned Brood where'r it creep
Feel their own Vipers stings, which now they keep
Close in their studies. May Confusions Blast
Dared so long, come thundring downe at last.
May their fowle Names prevent y^e^ Destinie
Of their vile Corps, & rot before they die.
Be hate their Portion: May to Them our Spight
Be like our love to *Christ*, both infinite,
Unlesse they'l not be too wise to imbrace
For horrid Monsters, Truths all-beauteous face.
Be toads more fair; be Adders hisses sweet;
Be Dragons comely; May these rather meet
In my poor Bosome, then my Heart should drink
But y^e^ least Drop of y^e^ *Socinian* sink.
All hail fair *Truth*, whose Senioritie
Stops y^e^ vain Claime of upstart *Heresie*.
Hail Noble *Faith*, may thy Triumphant Throne
Stand sure upon th' Eternall *Corner-stone*.
Hail Holy *Church*, thy reverend Wisdome knows
The countlesse Greatnesse of thy Sacred *Spouse*.
How dear to Thee is His Divinitie!
That Thou holdst sure, That sure upholdeth Thee.
Thou hast y^e^ Keys, lock fast in their dark Cell
Socinas, & all other Gates of Hell.
Crush those fell Powers, which war w^th^ God & Thee,
And in thy Militant State Triumphant bee.
Thou hast y^e^ Keys, Dear Mother open wide
The golden Gates of Heavn, & safely guide
Thy humble Sons, whose HOPE, & wholl DESIRE
Is in thy Blessed Bosome to expire.

House & Home

WHAT is House, & what is Home,
Where with Freedome Thou hast roome,
And Mayst to all Tyrants say,
This you cannot take away?
Tis No Thing with Doors & Walls,
Which at every earthquake falls:
No fair Towers, whose Princely fashion
Is but Plunders invitation:
No stout Marble Structure, where
Walls Eternitie doe dare:
No Brasse Gates, no Bars of Steel,
Though Times Teeth they scorne to feel:
Brasse is not so bold as Pride
If on Powers Wings it ride;
Marbles not so hard as Spight
Armd with lawlesse Strength to fight.
Right, & just Possession, be
Potent Names, when Laws stand free:
But if once that Rampart fall,
Stoutest Theeves inherit all:
To be rich & weak's a Sure
And sufficient forfeiture.
Seek no more abroad say I
House & Home, but turne thine eye
Inward, & observe thy Breast;
There alone dwells solid Rest.
Thats a close immured Tower
Which can mock all hostile Power.

To thy selfe a Tenant be,
And inhabit safe & free.
Say not that this House is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly sober Mind
Heavn it selfe full Room doth find.
The Infinite Creator can
Dwell in it, & may not Man?
Contented heer make thy abode
With thy selfe, & with thy God
Heer, in this sweet Privacie
Maist Thou with thy selfe agree,
And keep House in Peace, though all
The Universes Fabrick fall.
No disaster can distresse Thee:
Nor no furie dispossesse Thee:
Let all war & plunder come,
Still mayst Thou dwell safe at home.
Home is every where to Thee
Who canst thine owne dwelling be.
Yea though ruthlesse Death assaile Thee,
Still thy Lodging will not faile Thee:
Still thy Soule's thine owne, & Shee
To an House remov'd shall be,
An eternall House above
Wall'd, & Roof'd & Pav'd wth Love.
There shall these Mudwalls of thine
Gallantly repair'd outshine
Mortall Starrs: No starrs shall be
In that Heavn, but such as Thee.

The Candle

THE Life and Death I once did mark
Of a wax Candle in y^e^ Dark:
And by its light Me thought I read
Poor Mans short story,
His slender glory
Soon lighted, soon extinguished.

In this blind World, all black as Night,
Is Kindled each Mans native Light;
And Kindled at a Senior Flame
Which if you shall
A Candle call,
You but describe a Parents Name.

When first this infant Light is borne,
How tender is its twinckling Morne!
When every petty, paltrie Wind
Which walks y^t^ way
Makes it his play
To puffe it out, & leave it blind.

As it does stronger grow, it finds
More boistrous stormes, & greater Winds,
And yet y^e^ worst and foulest fear
Doth from within
Its mischeif gin,
When a slie Theefe appeareth there.

But yet of all y^e^ rest, y^e^ cheife
And most pernicious fatall Theefe
Is blazing, droyling *Luxurie*:
Never was Light
So rich & bright
But this could wast it suddenlie.

But still y^e^ Snuffer may, (& this
Nothing but sharp Affliction is)
The wastfull Theefe expell & set
The trimmed Light
In thriving plight,
Right safe and quiet, clean & neat.

If downward then it does propend,
It turnes its owne Theefe, & does spend
It selfe in vaine: Steadfast & even
The Light must be,
Perpetually
Upright & burning towards Heaven.

If it be hurried heer and there,
The troubled Flame cannot forbear
To wast its Stock: that Life is best,
For Man, which may
It selfe injoy
Immured safe in private Rest.

Yet in that Rest y^e^ Candle lives
By preying on it Selfe, & thrives
To its owne ruine: Tis y^e^ same
False Fire from whom
Its Life doth come,
W^ch^ proves at length its Funerall Flame.

And then, how fine so e'r before,
In Faithfull tale It must restore
Its Principles; & so discover
What was before;
Nothing alas, but poor
And sallow Ashes furbish'd over.

Thus All must dye. But yet We see
That In their Deaths they disagree.
Some leave a stink, which breatheth in
Their Memorie;
And these are they
Whose grosse Composure smelt of sin.

Yet Purer Candles leave behind
A pleasing smell, sweet as y^e Wind
Which at y^e Phenix's Funerall Flame
Perfum'd his Breath,
And blew her Death
Through all y^e fairest Mouths of Fame.

But those clear Tapors, w^{ch} we find
Of Virgin wax, leave Them behind
And by Unstained Puritie
Far, far excell
All parallell;
These sweetlyest live, and sweetlyest die.

But These & They die not to be
Bury'd in that blind Destinie.
Heavn for y^e Dying Spark prepares
A better Spheer
Above, & there
Converts y^e Candles into Starrs.

The Losse

O WHO has found!
For I have lost
A thing y^{t} cost
Far more then India's worth, a Thing
Which if sinceer & sound,
Might be a present for a Mighty King.

It was, (had I
An Heart to break,
This Thought would make
The rupture strait; but I have none:)
It was, oh heare my Crie
Deare Freinds, it was my Heart, my Heart is gone.

A Month agoe,
Or therabout
It slipped out
Whilst I went carelesse on my way.
But where it dropt, or how,
Alas regardlesse wretch, I cannot say.

Sometimes mine Eare,
Sometimes mine Eye
Lets her passe by.
Sometimes a Crowd of idle words
Drove without wit or feare
Safe Convoy to a wandring Heart affords.

Sometime my Watch
But loosely set
Doth easily let
Her steale away: whilst idle I
Melt in soft ease, & catch
At gewgaw Nothings as they flutter by.

A thousand wayes
Alas I see
Where nimble Shee
Might make escape: each sin I doe
An open passage layes,
And by that Mouth invites y^e^ soule to goe.

O who has found!
The Thing, alas,
Unworthy was
The taking up: Sweet pleasures say,
When you did Mee surround,
Bore your soft Streame my weaker Heart away?

Say needlesse Cares
Did your wild Number
My Heart incumber,
And made her carelesse of Her selfe,
Whilst vain unmanly feares
Threw her away upon Lifes sordid Pelfe?

How shall I find
My Heart againe,
Who, though most faine
Yet have no Heart to seek that Prize!
Thus one already blind
Desires to seek his Sight, but wants his Eyes.

On Thee alone
Who art *all Eye*
My hopes rely.
If Thou wilt find this Heart for Mee,
Ile give it unto none
Henceforth (& tis a bargaine) but to Thee.

The Houreglasse

ONCE as I in my Study sate & saw
The faithfull Houreglasse wth what speed it ran,
(Much faster then my dull Invention)
Me thought I might from thence some Emblem draw.

I and y^{e} Sand neer kindred had, my Dust
Will proove it so: & for y^{e} tender glasse
My brittle Constitution may passe.
Time measureth my life, & run it must,

But heer's y^{e} difference: That its houre will run,
Whilst my poor Life hath not one minute sure.
The Glasse, if us'd with care, may long indure:
My most uncertaine Life may break alone.

When that is out strait turned up againe
Its Life renewed is, & runs afresh:
But when my Dust is out, this helplesse Flesh
Must in its ruine to Times end remaine.

Yet then at length my Fate shall happier be:
My Dust once turned up from my long Grave,
Runs not by sleight vain houres, but stout & brave
Triumphs o'r Time by sure Eternitie.

Melancholie

OUT hideous Monster; in thy Name
Blacknesse & furie dwell:
Home to thy Native Hell,
Whose foule Complexion is y^e^ same,

The same with thine: both Hell & Thee
Proud furious DISCONTENT
At once begat, & sent
DARKNESSE your Monstrous Nurse to bee.

She taught you both to feed & feast
Upon your Selves. Feed on,
And let poor Man alone;
The worst of food becomes you best.

Your Parallel will truly hold;
Or if some Qualitie
In you doe disagree,
Be that y^e^ *hot Hell*, Thou y^e^ *cold*.

Goe then & temper Her; goe dwell
Secure from feare of Joy:
No Sweets will e'r annoy
Or interrupt y^e^ Pangs of Hell.

Goe: that foule Monstrous leaden load
Which round about Thee twines,
With our Desires combines
And tuggs Thee downe to that steep Road.

No; I must not beleeve Thee: Goe;
That palenesse of thy Look
Indeed I once mistook
For Pieties face, & lov'd it so.

Thy sober garb demure & chast
Seem'd a fair Preparation
For Heavnly Contemplation,
Which all this World away doth cast.

Needs wouldst Thou, grown severe, despise
The Worlds fantastik Joyes,
And let no fading Toyes
Or charme thine Eares, or win thine Eyes.

Alas, poore Feind it will not doe:
I know Thee now to bee
But y^e^ more Devill: Hee
When worst, does in his best Clothes goe;

And those are thy white Looks: begone
And take along w^th^ Thee
Thy wretched Daughters Three,
Doubt, *Fear*, & *Desperation*.

An active cheerly Heart's for Mee;
An Heart of lively Fire,
Flaming with brave Desire
Able to melt thy Lead & Thee.

An Heart of Comfort allways full,
Yet taught to beare her part
In sturdyest Greife; an Heart,
Which can be sober, yet not dull.

Tobacco

INCROACHING Weed; had not thine *India* room
Ample enough for thy bold leaves, but they
Over y^e^ Widest Seas must reach, & come
To taint another world? Where they display
More Conquest gain'd by their own power alone,
Then e'r y^e^ Noble Laurell waited on.

Welcome Thou wert at first, & thought to be
But tame & honest poyson, which good Art
Might mixe into a wholsomenes: but Wee
Mistook thy power, whose cheife & mightiest part
Doth on y^e^ Soule not on y^e^ Body prey
And can heal this, whilst that it doth destroy.

Thou growst in *India* but upon y^e^ ground,
In *England* Thou in Humane Breasts art set.
How will our generous Feilds henceforth confound
Their Masters basenes! What our Earth would not
Vouchsafe to foster, Men receive into
Their hearts, & spend their time to make it grow.

Wert Thou y^e^ Tree of Life, no greater care
Could wait upon Thee: As brave Soules of old
Chips of y^e^ reverend Crosse about them wore,
So we thy Relicks carefully doe fold
And beare them ever with Us, as if Wee
Safe under thy Leaves shade could onely be.

And art Thou not a vapour full as vain
As Man himselfe? O costly smoke, could We
But estimate thy Nothing, we might gain
A Virtue for our Prodigalitie,
And spend in Incense Altars to perfume,
What in thy empty stink We now consume.

That Embleme which is stamp'd so plain in Thee
Might well have frighted Us: A Mouth from whence
Stream Fire & Smoak, must needs a Copie be
Of *Erebus's* black Jawes; yet some pretence
Or others still we have y^e^ Pipe to fill:
Rather then part w^th^ thee wee'l look like Hell.

All Virtues have their Charme & Vices too,
But no inchantment may compare with Thee:
Who ever else without Devoto's goe,
Yet still Thy potent Pipe will followd be.
Incroaching Weed, which growst upon us thus:
First We took Thee, now Thou Takest Us.

About in Pounds & Ounces dost Thou goe,
By which we doe compute thy price & worth.
Was ever *Nothing* sold by weight till now,
Or smoak put in y^e^ Scale? But since thy birth
Our subtile Age a difference hath found
Between an Ounce of Nothing & a Pound.

But stay, I now recant. Poor herb, alas,
Tis Wee incroach & Tyrannize on Thee.
Thou from thine *India* ne'r desirdst to passe,
But captiv'd wert by our own Luxurie.
Who keeps Thee a condemned helplesse Prize,
And makes Thee dayly Her burnt Sacrifice.

I know thou cheer'st y^e^ Spirits, help'st y^e^ Braine,
Repell'st bad Aires, to Students art a Freind,
If us'd w^th^ sober Reason: but our vaine
Humor prevails; Our Selves & Time We spend
We know not why; Such is our Affectation,
Our nose must smoak onely to be in fashion.

A worthy fashion sure; y^e *French*, they say,
Those Universall Fashionmongers scorne
This smoakie humor: And why may not They
Heer too be our Example? Were We borne
To copie all but their Sobrietie?
Not *France's* Followers, but her Apes are Wee.

Unhappy Wee! What Sun of Reformation
Will chase these swarthy Clowds of smoak away,
And cleare our Aire from this black Usurpation,
Which robbs Us of our pure & genuine Day!
That so this Weed may in its proper use
Be Physik, & not Diet in abuse.

Patience

NEW come from Church (a Place where I
Might have been fortifide
All Tempests to abide)
A Storme of News both foule & high
Blew in my Face, & quickly beat Me over
E'r a reflected thought I could recover.

I had forgot this Age of lies,
Wherin Fame's Trumpet now
Yᵗ in yᵉ wars doth blow
Sounds none but usefull victories,
Mystick Defeats not gotten untill they
Outface Us, & our timorous Hopes betray.

Yet what if Fame for once hath given
To her owne Trade yᵉ Lie,
And spoke a Veritie?
What if my Partie now be driven
To flight, & must expect another Day
Wherin to pluck their most deserved Bay?

Must I be Umpire, must yᵉ Fate
Of Mighty Armies be
Waiting on my Decree?
Is Heavns Command growne out of date,
Or does not God much better know then I,
Which Partie ought to reap yᵉ Victorie?

Sure He is Lord of Hosts, & may
Show Conquests where he please:
Perhaps a Thorne agrees
At this time better then a Bay
With those, whom my fond & unfriendly love
Though They grow prowd, would still have Victors prove.

Laurells a glorious Curse may be,
Hells Legions are not
Blessed because they put
Poore Men sometimes to flight. Nay Wee
Though Conquered, by humble Patience may
Snatch Triumphs from their hands, who win y^e^ Day.

Let them Triumph: Still *Truth* & *Right*
Though beaten are y^e^ best.
Should these not be opprest
Sometimes, our just suspition might
Be questioning, whither they be not of kin
To those faire Names, which mask our Enemies Sin.

Patience, *Great Lord*, on us bestow;
Palmes in our value far
Nobler then Laurells are:
So We may have this Prize, doe Thou
Bestow y^e^ Day on whom it pleaseth Thee:
Patience is sure & ample Victorie.

The Check

TROUBLED againe? Why surely Thou
Art more rebellious now
Then those Thou greivest at, whilst thy
Unruly Will full against Gods doth flie.

And foole, what can thy greiving doe?
Will that torment thy foe?
Or what will it advantage Thee,
That Thou a Rebell gratis thus canst bee?

Wer't not more noble to make Thine
Owne will become Divine?
Say freely thus: Gods Will be done,
And then thou makest Thine & His all one.

So shalt Thou vex no more that they
Thine Enemies win y^e^ Day:
But spend thy Greife on thine owne Sin,
Which gave them cause to fight, & strength to win.

Life

ALAS poor *Life*, No more will I
Miscall that foule Hypocrisie,
By which Thou stealst y^e^ dainty Face
Of Sweetnes, and
Dost men command
To court and idolize thy borrowed grace.

The Monstrous Mixtures temperd by
Foule Fiends & Wizzards Industrie
Lesse guilty are of Mischeife, then
Those Looks of thine,
Which undermine
With false inchantments Us beguiled Men.

Thy Treason plainely I descry'd
The other day by y^e^ Beds side
Of a young Friend of mine, which lay,
Deep under thy
Fierce Treachery:
And much I envy'd Thee so sweet a Prey.

Her Virgin Soule soft as her yeares
A correspondent Body weares:
O No; It wore of late, till Thou
Didst it betray,
And foundst a way
To ravish those pure Sweets which there did grow.

She had beheld twelve flowry Springs,
And there a thousand blooming things
Smiling in genuine braverie;
But yet no feild
Profest to yeild
A Bud or Flower so soft, & sweet as Shee.

Yet fairer then her Looks She was
In that internall Comelinesse
Which drest her Soule, & made it rise
Much faster, then
Her yeares did run
Like to some forward Plant of Paradise.

The Odours that She breathed, were
Well-worthy to perfume y^e^ Spheer
Where Angels sing: Upon Her Toung
Did nothing sit,
But what might fit
Their noble Quire, Some Psalme, or Sacred Song.

All *David* was Her owne, writ deep
In her soft Heart, which strove to keep
That rich Inscription faire, each day
For feare of rust
And worldly Dust,
She rubbd it o're, & swept all harme away.

Then on industrious Wings of Love
After y^e^ *Eagles* flight She strove
And soone Shee reach'd no little part
Of that highway,
Nor ment to stay
Till all his Gospell eccho'd in her Heart.

But oh her gallant wings are now
Cut short, & she flags wondrous low.
Found I not Her at highnoone day
In Bed? whence Shee
Was wont to be
Risen before the Mornings earlyest Ray.

I found Her there: If yet 'twere Shee:
For sure Her barbarous Miserie
Had forraged & made such wast
Of all y^e^ Grace
Which deckd her face
That from her owne sweet selfe Shee seemed lost.

Cold Palenes took its gastly seat
On Her Soft Cheeks, (O how unmeet
For such a Guest!) & leaden Night
Gan to surprize
Those fainting Eyes
Which lately sparkled with a Lovely light.

Her Mouth of late y^e^ roseall doore
By which her purer Soule did powre
Its Sweet Effusions, now begun
To testifie
Lifes Vanitie,
And breath'd aforehand flat Corruption.

A fiery fever to beguile
The office of a Funerall Pile
Seiz'd on Her, & had quickly done
Such Mischeife that
Naught scaped, but
An heap of bones wrap'd in a Milkie skin.

Oh why may all sweet Flowrs, but Shee
Prevent this worst of Miserie?
The Lilly & y^e^ Rose when they
Are stricken so,
Have leave to goe
And in their graves their yet whole beauties lay.

But this poore Flowre must live to see
The Death of all her Braverie
And have no breath left to perfume
Some Sacred Dittie:
What mighty Pittie,
That onely Sighs should such deare Blasts consume!

Sad Heavy Sighs, or what is more
Heavy then they, tumultuous store
Of words as light as was y^e^ winde
That blew them out,
As being brought
Forth by an hoodwink'd & abused Minde.

For from y^e^ Fevers raging Flame
Such fumes & troubled Vapours came,
As did obstruct y^e^ way betweene
Her Heart & Braine,
Reason in vaine
Strove to assert her selfe as Fancies Queene.

Wild *Fancie* now y^e^ Reines did guide,
And through ten thousand by-wayes ride,
Where shapeles shapes, & Fantomes strayd,
And all y^e^ way
More light then they
She courted *Shaddows*, & with *Nothings* playd.

And all y^e^ while her restlesse Toung
Like an importunate Clapper rung,
Ecchoing out y^e^ Antik sound,
Which her weak Braine
Could not restraine.
Was e'r so sad a Transformation found!

Is this a Sceen of Life, where Shee
Canno wayes her owne Owner be?
But sees what ever could be said
Lively & quick
E'r She fell sick,
Both in her robbed Soule & Body dead.

Strange Life which makes her onely be
Witnesse to her owne Miserie:
Which doth not stop, but taint her breath:
Which worse then killing,
Is yet unwilling
To grant her but y^e^ Courtesie of Death.

O *Life*, some other Title I
Must print upon thy Treacherie.
Life is a Name pure as y^e^ Day
And sweet as Light,
But Thou like Night
To blackest horrors dost poore Man betray.

All Deaths, but Thou, are short, if wee
Compare their close Epitomie
To thy huge bulke: One Minute can
Their torments measure,
But thine take leisure
To make of Thee Death in expansion.

A Death, which lives to make us die
So oft before our Destinie;
A Death, which hath its yeouth & Age,
And weeks & dayes
And thousand wayes
To make advantage for its lasting Rage.

Out Spurious Thing. A place I know
Where pure & genuine Life doth grow:
A Life, which lives; A Life most true
To its great Name,
Whose noble Flame
Forever burnes, yet keeps forever new.

A life, which unacquainted is
With Paines, & Sighs, & Sicknesses;
A Life, which doth no fever feele
Unlesse it be
The Ardencie
Of Heavnly Love; a Sicknesse, w^ch^ doth heale.

A Life, which w^th^ Eternitie
Doth in its Noble date agree:
A Life, whose foot tramples y^e^ Head
Of all y^t^ wee
Still changing see,
A Life, y^t^ lives when every Death is dead.

A Life that streameth from those Eyes,
Whose beams embellish all y^e^ skies;
The Eyes of Joy, y^e^ Eyes of Love
Thine Eyes Dear Lord
Which doe afford
What ever maketh Heavn to be above.

No hopes have I to live, untill
My Soule in Thee doth take her fill,
And from these Shades of Death doth flie
To meet those Streames
Of Living Beames,
Whose everlasting East is in thine Eye.

DEARE JESU, when, when will it bee!
How long is this short Life to Mee,
Which mocks Me thus! O when shall I
(Peace fond Temptations
Of carnall Passions.)
Have leave to end this living Death, & die!

Faine would I die; but first be dead;
Dead to those Sins, which murdered
Thee on thy Crosse, & which would doe
The like to Me,
Unlesse they be
Well mortify'd before I hence doe goe.

O who can slay all them for Me,
But thy propitious Potencie,
Which hath no other foes, but those!
Tis Sin, & none
But Sin alone
Which warrs with Man, & which doth God oppose.

O then revenge thy Selfe, y^t^ I
May conquer by Communitie
Of Cause with Thee: some Succour give
That I may bee
Set safe & free
From this intestine Warre, & I shall Live.

Natalitium

Martij 13, 1643.

WHAT rash & hasty Things are *yeares*, w^{ch} run
So fast upon their ruine! To arrive
At their owne Races end, is to be gone
Quite into Nothing, never to survive.
Poore I whose Life is much lesse then a Span,
And vainer then a Dream, am yet alive,
Whilst eight & twenty long & tedious *yeares*
Have lost themselves upon y^{e} whirling Spheares.

I'v liv'd thus long said I? Let me unspeak
That Word, more hasty & more rash by far
Then all those posting *yeares*: If I must make
A true confession what my Fortunes are,
I must leave Life to such as Live, and take
With dull unworthy Things my proper Share.
A Thing within tells me theres no denying;
I have these eight & twenty yeares been Dying.

When to this lingring Death I first was borne
All tainted with a deep annealed staine,
Helplesse I lay, & utterly forlorne;
Untill my better *Mother* did Me deigne
Her tender Bosome, & to drowne y^{e} Scorne
With which my loathsome Birth did strive in vaine,
Deep drenched me in a heavnly Fount, whence I
Rose faire as new borne Light from Easterne Skie.

My timely Grave oh could I then have found,
I might have filld with unspotted Dust.
But now I shall pollute whatever ground
Must hide these Corps, o're grown w^th^ sinfull Rust.
Sure my black sea of Crimes long since hath drown'd
Whatever is in Mee, but my bare Trust
In Him, who as He bounds all seas beside,
Lo can He tame my Crimes high swelling Tide.

What Kind of Sceen My Childhood was, nor I
Can rightly judge, nor wiser Heads can say.
Our tender yeares are a young Mysterie,
The doubtfull Twi-light of a future Day:
The Soule seems then scarcely arriv'd so high
As y^e^ Horizon: onely some weak Ray
Steps out before Her, which may serve to be
A Signe & Item of Humanitie.

But y^e^ next Act Spectators well might see
How strange a part my Soule was like to play.
Young Crossnesse when it gets Maturitie
May prove Rebellion: Who grieves to obey
Small, petty Precepts, with lesse ease will be
Pliant to great Commands: Another Day
This Urchin which kicks at his Parents now,
Gods more restrayning Yoak away may throw.

The Rod at home drave Me to school, & that
At School to Study when I thither came.
There like a Slave I wrought, & when I gott
License to play, though at some toilesome game
As from some Gally-chaines, or Dungeons grott
Me thought I rescu'd was: And then y^e^ same
Day, which six houres before was long & slow
Seem'd to get Wings, & much too fast to goe.

Th' importunate Drops at length some impresse made
Upon my stony Intellect, & I
Was put Apprentice to y^e^ Bookish Trade
At full fifteene ith' Universitie.

Where captiv'd in a Gowne, under y^e^ shade
Of thousand leaves I sate, and by
The losse of almost all y^e^ Time since then
Have learned to be y^e^ foolishest of Men.

My itching mind proudly desir'd to prie
Into whatever Learnings Title wore.
With unfledgd Wings I often towred high,
And snatch'd at things above my pitch, before
I had sure hold of what beneath did lie.
Yet on I ventur'd still, & caught at more;
I caught y^e^ Wind of Words, w^ch^ by a Blast
Of following Notions soon away were past.

At length I learn'd, & sure my Tutor was
Th' *ETERNALL WISDOME*, well to rest content
With shallow knowledge of such Objects, as
Can never blesse their Knower: Complement
And Ceremonious Learning I let passe
To guild their Crest, who make Applause their bent
Ambitious onely not to be a foole
In that, w^ch^ Saints and Angells draws to Schoole.

Mee thought I felt some heats of Noble Love,
And saw such glances of my Spouses face,
As rap'd my heart, & set it far above
The Blandishments of any Mortall grace.
But soone grown chill, degenerous did I prove
And lost y^e^ credit of that loftie place.
Thus y^e^ vaine Meteor, though exhaled farr
In hopes of Heavn, proves but a falling Starr.

But yet y^e^ Starrs fall downe but once; whilst my
Repeated falls in number far surpasse
The Starrs all muster'd in y^e^ clearest skie,
And every Fall so bruiseth Me, alas,
That in my Heart you easily may descrie
Ten thousand all-black spots, whose hideous face
Outlooks those few weak sparks w^ch^ did remaine,
And w^th^ a fatall Night my Soule did staine.

This makes my blinded Mind to waver still
In Matters of eternall Consequence;
Which well I find doe far exceed y^e^ skill
Of Sinners to discerne, whose hoodwink'd sense
Gropes but in things, whose grosser bulk can fill
An hand of earth. None but thy influence
Can guide my feet from wandring thus astray,
Who art thy Selfe y^e^ *Candle*, & y^e^ *Way*.

O guide Me thou, Deare *Lord*, who in my Heart
Dost read a simple & unfain'd Desire
To follow Truth & Thee: I would not start
For all this World from either, nor aspire
To any Glory, but y^e^ meanest part
In thy Sweet Love, which will exalt me higher
Then all these lying baits, that us invite
In Dreames & painted Nothings to delight.

Let not my folly make me seem more wise
Then thy Unerring *Spouse*, in whose Sweet Breast
Thine owne Deare Spirit, y^e^ Spirit of Wisdome lies,
As Thou dost in thy Fathers Bosome rest.
I shall be learn'd enough, if I can prize
Humble obedient Knowledge as y^e^ best.
If I can understand but how to be
A genuine Member of thy Church & Thee.

So shall I be content; though more sad yeares
Still keep Me Prisoner heere; though furious Warre
On every Minute heaps a thousand feares,
And does all Comfort, & all Hopes debarre,
But what in Thy all-sweetning Face appeares.
If Thy propitious Eye will be my Starre
No Tempest shall deterre me, for no Sea
Can swell so high, as is thy Heavn, & Thee.

Anniversarium Baptismi

Martij 21.

WELCOME sweet & happy Day:
O let me pay
In thy blest Light ye debt I owe
The Fount, from which my better life doth flow.

The Fount, which sprung from ye dear side
Of Him, who dyde
To leave a truer Life to mee
Then I could draw from my Nativitie.

For I was borne a Dying Thing:
The Serpents sting
Through all ye World yt went before
Reach'd my poor Heart, & poysned it all o're.

Untill ye liquid Life, which swimms
About ye brimms
Of ye Baptismall Laver did
Upon my Soule pure health & vigor shed.

Death soone was drownd, & ye great weight
Of Sin was strait
Sunk to ye bottome, onely I
Rose up, & liv'd a Life, which could not die.

It could not die, had I not been
The treacherous Mean
To murder it: *Adam* doth slay Us
At first, but then none but our Selves betray Us.

Pardon for this selfe-felonie
I beg of Thee
Who sheddst a rubie stream to heale
Those second Wounds, my fainting Soule doth feele.

So by thy Water & thy Blood
That double Flood
Of Mercie, may my Heart swimme home
And to y^e^ Ocean of thy Glorie come.

Mean time upon this Dayes fair face,
By thy Sweet Grace
This Vow I fix: *NO MORE WILL I*
WHO SERVE TRUTH'S POTENT MASTER TELL
A LIE.

The Fashion

I LIKEWISE might inamour'd be
Of it, y^e^ Fashion, could I see
But what it is, & how
It comes to grow,
But (like y^e^ Phantomes of a troubled Head)
Before tis finishd, tis quite vanished.

But if it bred & borne doth seeme
In a fond antik Taylors dreame,
It makes me wonder much
How any such
Unworthy spurious Brat should owned be
By those, who scorne so vile a Pedigree:

That Bodies of a comely Look
A METAMORPHOSIS can brook
From SHEERS & NEEDLE, and
Be at command
Of every gew gaw fancie, that they meet
'Mongst other Butter-flies about y^e^ Street.

Search not for Substance, for y^e^ Fashion
Is Nothing else but Variation.
And therefore Nothing. Yet
So strong is it
That ev'n this skin of Vanitie alone
Makes in a yeare an hundred Men of One.

Nor must you aske a Reason why
Some Garbs professe Deformitie:
It is enough if they
Can plead & say,
Wee are ye newest Cut: the ugliest dresse
Trimm'd wth ye Name of Fashion, beauteous is.

Thus Those whom Gods owne Hand had drest
All In a Fashion of ye best,
Are busied every day
Trying how they
By jaggs and cutts, & restlesse Mending can
Better His work, & make a comelyer Man.

And why, alas, must Pride & Wee
Thus Make our poor Mortalitie
More Mortall then at first
When it was curs'd?
Was't not enough that one great Change We had
But We must endlesse Transmutations add?

Could We ever think We were
But Fine enough, We would forbeare
At last, & rest in one
Rich Garb; but none
Can satisfie Prides Wanton affectation;
Tis one great Fashion, still to change ye Fashion.

Who for a week together is
But like Him selfe can hardly misse
The slander of a Clown:
We scorne to own
The Looks of Constancie, nor will We be
Gentile, but by perpetuall Vanitie.

Could our Forefathers cast their eye
But on their gallant Progeny,
Sure They would wonder how
Our Isle could show
So many forreine Nations, whose Array
Such antik far-fetch'd difference doth display.

Our Ancestors, from whose long Storie
We gild our Selves with burrowed glorie,
Should they but now come neere
Our Presence heere
The Porter would be chid for his foule Sin,
Letting such country rusty Hindes come in.

Wer't not as generous to agree,
That everie Fashions standard be
Erected fair & high
To each Mans Ey?
And this *DECORUM* is, which best can tell
Both Sordidnesse, & wanton Pride to quell.

Were not all fine enough, if Place
And Birth defin'd our Habits Grace?
For why should Men contend
Still to ascend
Above them selves in Clothes, & guilty be
Both of a vaine, & dear selfe-mockerie?

At least now Antik Wit & Pride
So many thousand Wayes have try'd;
Let it Concluded be
What Fashion We
Must count y^e^ best: Which if We may have leave,
That, & no other Fashion Wee'l receive.

Love

WHEN *LOVE*
Had strove
Us to subdue,
Whose Crime
With Time
Still bolder grew;
Though Yee
Said Hee,
Will still
Rebell,
Yet I
Reveng'd will bee,
Sufficientlie
Upon my Selfe for You, & die.

When *LOVE*
Was wove
And ty'd about
His Crosse
So close
That it forc'd out
A Flood
Of Blood;
I would
I could,
Sayes He,
Forever bleed,
So They who need
This Blood, would fill their Cup from Mee.

When *LOVE*
Above
Went up to sit
Upon
His Throne,
He rain'd from it
Whole Streames
Of Flames
On Those
He Chose
To goe
To every Place
Under Heavens Face
And there *Love's* fierie businesse doe.

When *LOVE*
Doth move
His sparkling Eye
This way
We may
In it descry
A Light
More bright
Then Day's
Best Rayes,
Wherby
Our Hearts, although
Chill untill now,
Conceive an Holy Fervencie.

When *LOVE*
To prove
His noble Art,
His Bow
Doth draw
Against an Heart;
Alwayes
He slayes
With Wound
Profound,

But still
The Deaths they give
Doe make Us live
A sweeter Life, then that they spill.

When *LOVE*
A Grove
Had sought, wherin
He might
Delight
With Soules of Men,
No Trees
Could please
His Will,
Untill
He spyd
Faire *Paradise*,
And heere, He cryes,
My lovely Spouses shall abide.

Loves Monarchie

O MIGHTY *LOVE*,
Thou Universall Life & Soule
Whose Powers doe move
And reigne alone from Pole to Pole,
Give Me thy Worthlesse Subject leave to sing
My due Allegiance to y^e^ Worlds Sweet King.

Let other Muses
Goe court y^e^ Wanton Mysterie
Of lewd abuses
Into a young Spruce Deitie:
Mine does no homage owe, but unto Thee,
Who, whilst y^e^ other's blind, do'st all Things see.

And sweetly by
That golden Tide of Flames which flow
Forth from thine eye,
The Universe do'st garnish so
That Sacrilege looks out at every eye
Which into Thine its Wondring doth deny.

Those glorious Flames,
In which y^e^ Quire above doth shine
Kindle y^e^ Beames
Of all their Braverie at thine:
Thou art That *LOVE*, whose heat together ties
The Brotherhood of Heavns fair Hierarchies.

Thou at y^e^ first
Into y^e^ Sphears that warmth didst breath
Which since hath nurst
And fostered all Things beneath.
The Heavns hug this our World, because thy Arme
By its Supreeme imbraces keeps them warme.

By heat from Thee
The Elements doe kindly move:
Ev'n Fire would be
A cold dead thing, but for thy love:
But Thou to Wedlock drawst them all, untill
With Procreations they y^e^ yeare doe fill.

No Southerne Wind
Or Westerne Gale blows on y^e^ Springs;
Onely thy kind
And teeming Look new verdure brings:
The Sun, because Thou send'st Him, neerer comes,
And wakes cold Roots into their warmer Blooms.

Nature could not
In every Creatures Tribe & kind
Duely grow hot
With fruitfull Flames, lesse Thine be joyn'd
To teach them Life; All Births from Thee alone
Doe grow, Who art *Eternitie's great Sonne.*

Increase, saidst Thou,
At first, & *Multiplie*: with force
That word did goe,
And through y^e^ World maintaine its course;
Where still it springs, & shall forever rise,
Till weary Time it selfe growes faint & dies.

These honest are
And genuine Fires: but those, whose flames
Blush to appeare,
Unlesse array'd in borrowed Names,
Flow not from Thee: LUSTS stink, & Looks doe tell
That when most trimme, She's but dissembled Hell.

The Law of Nations
That Catholik Glue, which strongly bindes
The widest Passions
Of most discordant distant Mindes,
Streames from thy liberall *Love*, which breathed then
This Humane Rule, when first it breathed Man.

That Countries can
Their single scattred Might congest
Into one Man,
And crowne it there; is not y^e^ least
Reflection of thy loving Monarchie,
In whom all Powers are Freinds, & well agree.

They who know how
To marry Soules, & make up one
Bosome of two
Work by nò Charme, but thine alone;
That Harmonie of Genius, which doth joine
All other Friends y^e^ Eccho is of thine.

The mutuall Tide
Of filiall & parentall love,
Which swells so wide
That all y^e^ World in it does move,
Is but a drop of that delicious Sea
Whose boundlesse Deeps ly treasur'd up in Thee.

But yet of all
Thy mighty Powers, none may compare
With those which fall
Upon soft yeilding Hearts, and Beare
Them Captives after Thee, to fill y^e^ Traine
Of those sweet Conquests Thou on Earth dost gaine.

Oh how Compleat
Is thy Dominion in a Breast
Which joyes to meet
And kisse thy Scepter, which can cast
It selfe away on Thee, and scorne to live,
But by that Life thy blessed Eyes doe give!

For from thine Eye
It dayly drinks those living Flames
Of Heavn, wherby
Deliciously it breath's, & frames
All its Deportments by that golden Book,
Whose Rules it reads in thy Majestik Look.

And heere dost Thou
Display thine absolute Monarchie,
And not allow
The conquer'd Heart its owne to bee.
'Tis not its owne: And yet by being Thine
'Tis more its owne, then if it still were mine.

Mine, did I say?
The ready Rhime made me too bold:
Such Hearts as they
Were those, which warm'd brave Breasts of old
In y^e^ fresh Spring of Pietie: But I
In their chill lanquid Age, all frozen lie.

And yet this Ice
May capable of thawing bee
If Thy pure Eyes
Will glance their potent beames on Me.
Forbid it, mighty *King of Hearts*, that my
Poore Soule should not obey *LOVE'S MONARCHIE*.

The Heart

O MEE! My enigmatik Heart
How far am I from understanding Thee,
Although thy first & cheifest part
Nothing but mine owne Understanding bee!

Me thought Thou wert on Sunday last
Deeply in love w^th^ *Love's* Heartwinning *King*,
When Thou didst prudently forecast
A Wreath of Virtues for thy Marriage Ring.

And what was that Inchantment Thou
In this bewitching World of Lies didst see?
How did it dimme thy Sight, & through
A cheating Glasse make Heavn seem dark to Thee?

Heavn seemed black, but Earth so bright
That Thou with fond Desires didst court & woo it:
Forgot was *Jesus*, whose sweet light
Draws all y^e^ Seraphs wondring eyes unto it.

What hast Thou gain'd Apostate Thing,
What Joyes in thy new Love dost Thou imbrace?
Whose every Part's a gilded Sting,
A Death dissembled by an handsome face.

How shall I be reveng'd! For I
Cannot digest thus to be wrong'd by Thee:
Must I indure that Thou, & Thy
Foule treacherie shall part my God & Mee?

Did I consent! How could it bee?
My Lord, My Love, my Joy, my Happinesse
My Refuge *Jesus* is, & Hee
Can never changed be from what He is.

Surely 'twas onely Thou, and thy
Besotted Passion w^ch^ did Me betray,
And as I slept awhile, did by
Foule theft me from my Spouse remove away.

Alas what maze is this, wherin
I snarled am! Dwells there one Heart alone
In this poor Breast; or do I 'gin
Not to be I, but two strange Things in one?

I did, yet I did not consent:
No reason why I should; and yet I did:
No I did not: I never ment
My *Jesus* should from Me be severed:

O Mee! I am confounded quite,
Enforc'd w^th^ mine owne Heart to disagree.
Jesu, Thou knowest me aright,
My Heart is not so dear as Thou to Mee.

How knotty is my Miserie,
Who must mine owne Heart from my Bosome teare,
Or from y^t^ Mansion drive out Thee,
Who hast best Title to inhabit there?

Deare *Lord of Love*, I cannot live
With this untoward traiterous Heart of mine:
If Thou wilt Me a New one give,
Thou shalt partake, it shall be mine & Thine:

Or rather Thine, and onely Thine:
For I'm not to be trusted with an Heart;
I kept not that, w^ch^ once was mine,
But Thou both carefull, & Almighty art.

Regard thy Worme, w^ch^ heer lies spread
Upon thy Footstoole, sighing out his paine:
O tread not on his worthlesse Head,
But Life into y^e^ Dust breathe once againe.

Conscience

TREASON Dread Soveraigne, Treason I discover
And can produce y^e^ Traitor too;
My bosome works and boileth so,
I cannot stop my Crie from running over.

I know y^e^ Man (if so his treacherous Sin
Blots not that faire ingenuous Name)
Who lately to a Parlie came
With Thee, & learn'd by yeilding, how to win.

He yeilded to thy Mercie, & therby
Happily won Himselfe; and Thee;
Thou wert His Captive, He was free,
And might have been so to Eternitie.

But from y^e^ freedome of thy service Hee,
Proud foole, and Traytor as he was,
Soone after did desire to passe,
And reinslave him selfe to Vanitie.

O hasten to reduce him, lest he grow
A sturdie Rebell: now his Crime
Is young & greene, take him in time,
And one sweet Conquest more on him bestow.

Loe in thy presence heere He is, nor can
I him conceale; loe heere he lies
Press'd downe with his Iniquities;
O look this way: Alas, I am the Man.

Will

HAD I my Will, I would—. And what
Would ye Wretch doe had he his will?
Why then I would not have it, that
I might be sure to keep it still.

Alas, I have it not; my vaine
Affections doe it posesse:
Indeed they keep it in a chaine
Of seeming silk & tendernesse.

But oh they pull & hale it to
Objects so ougly and so vile,
That whilst perforce I forward goe,
Frighted I start, & back recoile.

Sometimes I courage take & crie,
Foule Rebells, know you what you doe?
My Will is your Liege Lord, & I
Unlesse I will, will never goe.

But then they gently fawne & smile,
And with soft charmes cast me asleep.
By which delitious potent guile
Still their Usurped power they keep.

Thus like a royall cheated slave
I hold ye Empire of my Will;
That Others Hands my sword may have,
And when they please, their Soveraigne kill.

But oh had I my Will indeed,
How would I reigne at home in State!
W^th^ noblest Pleasures would I feed
All my Desires, & feed them fat.

My Subjects all I would command,
And instantly obeyed be;
My Faculties should ready stand
Attending on my Majestie.

Anger should wage my Warrs, & fight
Against my Rebell Lusts, which now
Upon my weaknes vent their spight,
And chaine me downe to things below.

Then LOVE upon his gallant wing
My weighty Embassie should beare
And deale w^th^ Heav'ns Almighty King
About my Suit depending there.

That Suit concernes a Match w^th^ my
Deare Spouse, y^e^, *Prince of Sweetnes*, who
Long since has had my Heart, & I
Would fain this businesse on might goe.

Had I my Will, it should goe on;
But then I would not have my Will:
Dear *Lord* it should be Thine alone,
And so my best Desires fullfill.

Had I my Will, I would resigne
It into Thine, & change with Thee,
So from mine owne, I would gaine Thine,
And then mine owne mine owne should be.

The Net

DEAR *Jesu*, oh how carefull is Thy Love,
Which meets me every where!
Into y^e^ Feild no sooner did I move,
But it was ready there.
Ready to use, & catch me in that Net,
A Fowler there by chance, for Birds had set.

I heard y^e^ Fowler, & his brac'd Decoyes
Stretch their alluring voice;
Which when y^e^ unsuspitious Birds did heare,
They sporting flutter'd neere;
This was enough; up flew y^e^ Net & they
Fell downe as fast, y^e^ greedy Fowlers prey.

Had they still kept aloft in their pure spheare,
And sung their Vespers there,
They might have sup'd in quiet, & have gone
Safely to roost anon.
But gadding wantonly too neere y^e^ ground,
Onely y^e^ way into their grave they found.

Take warning then my Heart: this Earth below
All thick with snares doth grow.
This Net hath caught Me, & convinc'd me so
That there's no saying No.
If Hearts but hover neere y^e^ Dust, straitway
The Serpent, that dwells there, makes them his prey.

Discredit not those active Wings of thine,
Whose flight should be divine.
The Region of thy busines is above,
In y^e^ cleare Orbe of Love,
Where Thou with Birds of Paradise mayst sing
And on y^e^ Tree of Life mayst rest thy Wing.

Faith

ILLUSTRIOUS *Mayd*, what foule Idolatrie
Grows big & impudent under thy faire Name!
Yea They, whose throats stretch'd wth loud Zeale, decry
Ev'n harmlesse Usefull Pictures, are y^{e} same
Double-fac'd Men, whose bold hypocrisie
One Idoll makes for all, & sets up Thee.

They set Thee up, & then they hold Thee fast,
Lest left unto thy Selfe Thou tumble downe:
Faire Hands, & Armes (but not their use) Thou hast
For they, as Thou thy selfe, are not thine owne:
Two feet they give Thee, but not one to goe;
Was ever Heathen God more stock then so!

Yet in this Stock they put their desperate trust,
To yeild them Life immortall when they die.
Besotted Soules, ev'n your owne mouldring Dust
Is lesse of kin unto Mortalitie
Then this vaine God, who surely cannot give
Life unto you, unlesse it selfe did live.

How often has it falln, & broken layn
Before y^{e} Ark of Truth! oh wast no more
Your Arguments to naile it up againe,
And fit it for new falls: upon y^{e} floore
All broken as it is, still let it ly:
Better that rot, then you its Makers dy.

And rot it will. But genuine *Faith* doth lead
A brisk & active Life, a Life of Fire:
For *Love* Her Brother is, & that pure Breed
With restlesse action all to Heavn aspire;
No Flames w^th^ more unwearied fervencie
Heave up their labouring hands to reach y^e^ skie.

When e'r Shee comes abroad, close by her side
To keep her warme, her sparkling Brother goes;
And then her bounteous Armes spread far & wide
Let none escape her, whither Friends or Foes.
Her Rule is, *All*; & by none else will Shee
Frame y^e^ dimensions of her Pietie.

She alwayes busy is with hand & Heart
To help her Followers in at Heavns strait Gate:
Nor ever failes Shee to performe her part,
Unlesse they lagg & tire, & come too late.
If this Gate once be shut, *Faith* must not hope
Though She could Mountaines move, to thrust it ope.

Through all y^e^ billows of this working Sea,
This Life of Waves & Tempests, She doth guide
Our tender crazie bark; y^t^ safely We
Past y^e^ huge rocks of black Despaire may ride.
In vaine y^e^ winds conspire lowd war to wage;
Cast anchor, HOPE, says She, & let them rage!

The Church & Sacrament She doth frequent,
But cares not greatly for y^e^ Subtile Schoole;
Humilitie's her Wisdome: She's content
Though saucy Syllogismes conclude her foole.
Logik has no such reason to despise
This simple Maid, could it but use its eyes:

For at Her conquering feet it might descry
Whole Legions of venturous Arguments
Disarm'd, & trampled downe: No Heresy
Did e'r rebell against Her, but repents,
And there confesses, that what ever were
Their Premises, Conclusions make for Her.

The Scepter that She beares, though rude & plaine,
Yet strikes this terror through Her proudest foes;
It is of Wood, wth Blood all dye'd in graine
A downright Crosse, not unto her, but those
That dare both Her & It. Doe you not see
How at its Shadows they incensed bee?

Though Shee be strong & mighty, She doth love
Calme gentile Peace, & humble Patience:
No grudgings, jealousies, or wrongs can move
Her to oppose superior violence:
For when to Tyrants Shee her neck layes downe,
Tis onely that their Hands her Head may crowne.

Be Princes Monsters, if they will, says Shee,
What's that to Me? A Lamb my Soveraigne is;
Though in his Hand there dwelt all Potencie,
He ne'r drew Sword against y^{e} wickednes
Of authorized Men, or claim'd from them
Their Power, as forfeit, by their sin, to Him.

O Sacred *Maid*, for ever cursed be
Heretik & scismatik violence,
Which labour to deflow'r thy Puritie.
My Heart's too vile to be thy Residence;
But Thou art meek & kind, & wilt not scorne
To make a Soule grow faire, which was forlorne.

H. Sacrament

LOVE, upon a deep designe
How He might poore Wormes combine
With his Heavnly Selfe, & twine
Dust into a state Divine.
Did borrow frailty of a chosen *Maid*,
And with our Flesh & Blood himselfe array'd.

What He once had borrowed, Hee
Ment to keep eternally,
Yet in debt He would not be
Unto poore Humanitie.
But e'r He went to Heavn, contrived how
To beare it hence, yet leave it still below.

Moulded up in *Mystick Bread*
And into a *Chalice* shed,
Flesh & Blood He rendered:
Ordering We should be fed
With this high Diet, & incorporate
Againe w^th^ Him, who had assum'd our State.

Bounteous *Jesu*, thou hast more
Then discharg'd thy loving score:
And we, richer then before,
Happily find our selves most poor;
We never can repay this love of thine;
God ran in debt, to make Man prove Divine.

If our selves our offring be,
Thou wantst not Humanitie:
Love forstalled halfe what wee
With most right might offer Thee.
We yeild, Great *Lord*, Thou hast subdue'd Us quite,
And unto Thee belongs ev'n our *selfe-right*.

Surely then We will not spare
This Angelik Soveraigne Fare
Seing Thine we wholly are.
For if still our owne we were
How could we venture? But now Thine we be,
Make Us as happy as it pleaseth Thee.

Loves Adventure

LOVE once a wooing went, & tride
To winne Himselfe a Rurall Bride:
His robe of State He layd aside
And clad in homely country weeds, he took
For his bright Scepter a plaine shepherds Crook.

Nor was't some Masque y^t^ He intended,
But in good earnest thus He rended
Through Heavn his passage, & descended,
Where in a Stable His first Bed He made:
What Shepherd ever playner Lodging had?

There meeting w^th^ his Love, arrayd
In equall Habit (for y^e^ Maid
Was Humane Nature) He assayd
To captive Her affections by all arts
That Love can trie upon beloved Hearts.

By Blandishments of Tongue & Eye,
By many a tear & many a sigh,
He strove Her Soule to mollifie.
No dowry He required, yet was content.
To jointure Her in Heavn, would shee consent.

But proud & coy Shee scorned his Love,
And with resolved denyall strove
Her peremptory Heart to prove
As hard as His was soft: No spouse sayes Shee,
But one thats great & gallant is for Mee.

(As if some rare piece She had been
Of Beautie, or of Fortune Queen,
And not a lump of Dust, as meane
As He is Great: Had Pride not made her blind,
In's Miracles She might his Godhead find).

This cruell Word's unworthy Dart
Strook deep in *Love's* most tender Heart
Yet was too weak to make him start
From his sweet enterprise: I have sayd He
As good an aime; & darts as sharp as Shee.

With that ten thousand times He shot;
But Shee all flint & steele would not
Yeild to one wound; which made Him plot
An amorous vengeance, & brave tryall make
Seing Life could not, by Death her Heart to break.

I'l dye, He cryes, I'l soundly dye
By mine owne mortall wounds I'le try
To make her bleed, & venture by
My languishment & death to make Her prove
The dainty languishments, & deaths of Love.

Good as this Great Word up he flyes
Unto his Throne of Miseries,
Where fastened by his wounds, he cryes
Was ever Griefe like Mine, who here must dye
For Love of Her, who doth my Love defye?

And now His conquered Spouse does yeild
Unto her *Lord* his bloody field,
Who both Himselfe & Her hath killed:
His most convincing Death it selfe did dart
Into her breast, & slew her hardned Heart.

And now by *Love's* Life shee doth live,
Which dying He to her did give,
And doth with loyall fervour strive
To quit that mighty Score, & to repay
Him to Him selfe, upon their Wedding Day.

For He reviv'd againe & now
Waits till y^e^ Church be drest below,
That He againe his Face may show
Not now in Servile, but Majestik guise
His Nuptiall Feast Princelike to solemnize.

A Love bargaine

O LOVE, how faine my Heart would dye,
To live with Thee! But every day
Temptations ly
In ambushment, & steale my heart away.

Surely were I but I, no bait
Could from thy gentill Lure invite me:
But some Deceit
Or other's allwayes ready to delight me.

Ah poore Delight, w^{ch} does no more
But tickle me untill I run
From y^{e} safe shore
Of Thy Restraint into y^{e} Sea of Sin.

Where oh how oft had I been drown'd
Had not thy Graces blessed beames
Look'd forth & found
My shipwrack'd Heart amidst y^{e} helplesse streames.

But there thy everwatchfull eye
Ope'd wide & shew'd it selfe to Me
That fainting I
Againe unto y^{e} Shoare my Way might see.

Sweet Ray of Love, no Marriner
So much salvation ever ought
The Polar Star
As for my sinking Soule thy Light hath wrought.

Confirme thy rescue *Lord*, that I
No more may feele Temptations spight,
Or constantly
By thy strong hand repell their treacherous Might.

So my Song
Shall be long
To no praise, but Thine:
So my Heart
Ne'r shall start
Back from being Mine.

Mine, yet still
At Thy will,
For thy will should be
Soule, & more
Then before
Selfe was unto Mee.

So each Line
Shall be fine
With thy beauteous Name,
Whilst my Muse
Doth refuse
Vaine *Pernassu's* fame.

LOVE can be
Poetrie,
And each verse grow brave
Where an Heart
W^th^ true art
JESUS doth ingrave.

Never sound
Did rebound
From y^e^ Sphears like this:
Peace all other
Sweets together
Musik *JESUS* is.

The Death of y^e^ Life of Love

O MIGHTY *LOVE*, well may thy Glorious Throne
Be high erected on subdued Hearts;
Whose onely Shade, & faint Reflection,
With Life & Death annoints its mystik Darts!

But yesterday I did attend upon
Its solmne Triumph carryed on an Herse,
As now I second that Procession
By borrowing feet of my Admiring Verse.

Twas y^e^ Unfortunate Body of a Mayd
Whom unsuccessfull *Love* had slowly slaine:
A generous Soule, & lesse of Death afrayd,
Then of her long Beloved's proud disdaine.

In y^e^ sinceer Munificence of Love
She freely did resigne Him all her Heart:
And He, awhile seem'd not in debt, but strove
To answer Her in Bountie's dearest art.

But afterward cold & disdainfull growne,
Her loyall Heart away He carryed quite;
For Shee would not receive it as Her owne,
Having by deed of gift made His y^e^ right.

And thus deprived of Life's onely Fount
Her owne soft Heart, & allso His, wherin
She hope'd to find Her owne, she well might count
The first part of Her Death did heer begin.

And so it did: for sighing out her dayes
In languishments of unregarded Love,
By secret dainty Torments she decayes
And Death's unwilling Forces doth improve.

She so improves them, that they now befriend
Her w^th^ their finall stroke, & send her hence,
One out of Love w^th^ Life, w^ch^ would not lend
Her love againe to quit her Love's expense.

Dear *JESU*, if these Mortall Loves can be
Stronger then Death, what are y^e^ Powers of Thine;
How shall we measure its immensitie,
Which, like thy selfe, compleatly is Divine!

No wonder that brave Soules of Fire, w^ch^ are
Kindled by thy Love's living Flame, can give
Defiance at y^e^ blackest Deaths, & dare
On any termes Venture with Thee to live.

No wonder that those amorous Hearts, w^ch^ be
Their owne no longer, but intirely thine,
So pant & gasp, & languish after Thee
Till Thou unto their high desires incline.

The Rose smiles not w^th^ fragrant braverie
On them, but onely Prickles forth doth bring:
They nothing can in y^e^ Hyblean Bee
Discover, but an angry venom'd Sting.

Their Palates relish no such things, as We
Doe Dainties call: No earthly Glorie's blaze
Bears theirs contemptuous Puffe: No Gold can be
So bright, as to allure their eyes to gaze.

Life holds them on y^e^ rack, whilst heer they stay,
Far from y^e^ Life, by w^ch^ their Soules doe live:
No Cup of Sweets can their great thirst allay,
But what y^e^ wished hand of Death doth give.

For Thee they thirst, for Thee the *Spouse of Hearts*,
For Thee all Faire, all Lovely, & all Love;
For Thee, who art not proud, but by these arts
Of kind delayes, their loyalty doth prove.

For Thee they thirst, & burne in this their Thirst,
Till by strong Sighs their Soules exhaled be;
As Clouds of Incense from y^e^ Altar burst
Taking their course towards thy Heavn, & Thee.

Brave lovers these indeed, whose Herses I
Would gladly follow; but doe more desire
To trace their living loving steps, & by
Their Way unto their journeys end aspire.

But for thy Love, Dear *Savior* could I die?
Me thinks I could, if I but worthy were;
Surely this World's not worth my Love: yet I
Trust not my Selfe, but hang on Thy Sweet Care.

The two Fires

Depart from Me yee Cursed into everlasting Fire, *prepared for ye* Devill & his Angells. S. Mat. 25. 41.

AND surely *Lord* Thou knowest best,
Who didst that Fornace make;
Though venturous damning Men contest,
And thy Decrees doe break.

O why should Wee ordeine that Fire
For Man, which Thou at first
For Devills kindle'st, & conspire
With them to be accurst!

Fire of another mixture Thou
For Man prepared hast,
More hot then that in Hell below,
And which as long may last:

Delitious Fire, whose fuell is
Thine owne all-sweetning Graces,
Flames of eternall Love & blisse
Of ravishing Imbraces.

And that we might be sure to be
Its Sacrifices, Thou
Thy Selfe didst kindly come & see
It kindled heer below.

Whence, when Thou wert returned, Thou
Thy potent Spirit didst give,
Which on our Hearts mightst breathe & blow
And keep ye Fire alive.

What couldst Thou more! If we reject
Our proper *FLAMES*, sure none
But that *STRANGE FIRE* we can expect;
For burne we must in One.

Novemb. 5. 1644

O NO Mischeivous Spirits, it cannot be
That all Hell should at once break out, y^{t} yee
Should let Confusion lose, & by
An absolute Impietie
Leave Antichrist Himselfe no way
How Hee y^{e} King of Monsters may
Approve Himselfe, & by some gallant sin
Usher y^{e} whole Worlds dreadfull Dissolution in.

Your Plot is layd too deep: oh it would rend
Hells lowest bowells out, & fouly blend
Them with Heavns beauteous face. You might
Have been content wth finite spight,
And chose some Treason that might not
The whole Worlds former Traytors blot
Out of their Catalogue; you might have bin
Cursed enough, had you but copied some old sin.

It must not be: Heavn has a thousand Wayes
To undermine your vault, and can with ease
Blow up your plot it selfe; but yet
Its infinite Wisdome thinks it fit
That you, The Traytors onely bee
Traytors to your owne Treacherie;
That your owne hand & pen y^{e} way may write
Your deep Designe of Darknes how to bring to light.

O may that Vengeance, w^{ch} now sits on You
Heavy & sure, its Wholesome terrour throw

On their foule Zeale w^ch^ labour by
Full streams of blood to purifie,
And to reforme, what cleanly they
Esteeme polluted: Must y^e^ Way
Of Puritie be purged by a staine,
And that of Scarlet's deepest Die a Sin ingraine?

Surely this is a Treason too, whose bent's
Not y^e^ two *Houses* but two *Testaments*
To undermine, & at one blow
Both *Root* and *Branch* to overthrow;
To make both Law & Gospell be
Pliant to lawlesse Fervencie;
To rend y^e^ *Lambs* skin, & to make his Fleece
Blush all in Blood, w^ch^ ought still to be white in Peace.

The Diet

LAST night my Supper, as I fed,
Sufficed not but changed quite
My Stomack, & in Secret led
It to a Table
Compleatly able
To satisfie the largest Appetite.

What are these Meats & Drinks below,
But things as vaine & fraile as Wee?
By which We grow indeed, but grow
Neerer each day
To that Decay
Which must consummate our Mortalitie.

Wee feed but on these Things, untill
Ourselves become fit meat, wherby
The Grave her gaping Mouth may fill;
Where finallie
Our Meats & wee
In one Corruption swallowed up must lie.

Could any earthly Dainties teach
Us how to live indeed, sure I;
Could there Devoto turne, & preach
For them, & none
But them alone,
Nor any Doctrine presse, but Gluttonie.

I could on silly Womens Zeale
Grow fat, & at their Tables end
Uses & *Exhortations* deale
Wherby they might
Both Noon & Night
Meat & Drink-Offrings on *GOD BELLY* spend.

The Reprobates I could Decree
To have no Right, but those alone
Who Godly are, to all we see
Daintie & sweet
And fatning Meat;
Taking for granted, that my Selfe were One.

All Fasting Dayes I could despise
And prove a Fryday-Capon were
A purer, holyer, Sacrifice
Then Abstinence
And Penitence,
And such vexatious Superstitious geare.

But oh! Those Viands onely can
The Belly fill; but know not how
Indeed to satisfie y^e^ Man.
Man's not w^t^ We
Heere feeding see;
The Soule's y^e^ Man, & that must feed & grow.

Unbounded is its Appetite,
And boundlesse Diet doth require;
Meats of unmeasured delight
Which allway fill
It full, yet still
Leave room for Hungers ever fresh Desire.

JESU, no Diet can suffice,
But what Thine, owne Magnificence
Provided hath above y^e^ Skies.
Thou, who didst make
This Hunger, take
Some course to stop its burning violence.

Long in this weary world have I
Trembled & toss'd, & nothing found
But husks, which cannot satisfie
My hungry Heart:
Faine would I part
From hence, whence naught but nothing does abound.

But if I must not die as yet,
Alive do Thou this Hunger keep:
By Faith & Hope oh nourish it
Till at y^e^ last
This long, long Fast
By Thy sweet grace an endlesse Feast shall reap.

Censure

O NO! I'm sure it was presumptous Pride.
Poore Heart ther's no excusing it:
Not all y^e^ Wit
Of Philautie can serve this swelling blot to hide.

Though some to shun a Tempest's Molestations
Made choise of Shipwrack; & drunk up
In a New Cup
Rank Poyson to prevent a Fevers short Vexations:

Thou hadst no reason to insult & ride
In Triumph over Those, who were
Throwne downe by feare:
With other Sins They made a *Covenant*, Thou w^th^ Pride.

Had strong Temptations flowne so thick on Thee
Perhaps Thou wouldst have sunk: it was
The Gale of Grace,
Not Thine owne Spirit, which made Thee saile in safetie.

O tremble then, when Thou beholdest Others
Fearefull of anything, but sin,
Lest Thou begin
By Pride to share in that Offense, which was thy Brothers.

In *HUMBLE FEARE* let all thy strength be layd,
For Pride's but at its highest rise
Big Cowardice.
Hell fears no Pride, but is of *HUMBLE FEARE* afrayd.

Wishes

NOW I have Mind & leisure
To trip a chearly Measure;
DESIRE, come freely hither,
And tell Me plainly, whither
Thy Wishes come not thronging,
And make Thee big w^th^ longing.
Dos't hanker after Pleasures,
The Bellys lazie Treasures,
Which there will rot before Thee,
And with Corruption store Thee,
Providing quicker breeding
For Wormes & fatter feeding?
Such belly Amunition
Maintaines but y^e^ Physitian,
And howsoe'r it pleases,
Cheats Thee into diseases.
Doe Gold & Silver woo Thee?
Abundance will undoe Thee.
The Metall's sad; be warie,
How much thou striv'st to carry:
ENOUGH is vaster Treasure,
Then Wealth, y^t^ knows no measure,
Which Dropsie-like, may kill thee,
And split, but never fill thee.
To Honours gaudy splendor
Couldst thou thy selfe surrender,
And court y^e^ glittering graces
Of high commanding Places?
Where flattering Eyes devotions
Will wait on all thy motions,

And foulest vices garnish
With Virtue's forced Varnish;
Where Envie's disaffections
Will blast thy fairest actions,
And in ten thousand Places
Will undermine thy paces,
Painting in thy confusion
A falling stars conclusion.
Doe Wedlock's Looks invite Thee
In chast Sweets to delight Thee?
But what if thou dost marry
Millions of Cares, & carry
Thy single Freedomes Treasure
Into a Chaine for Pleasure,
Of which sole Death can ease Thee;
A Friend, which scarce will please Thee?
What, does thy Study lure thee
Within it to immure thee?
And stow up thy Provision
Of learned Ammunition?
Alas vaine Project, Plunder
Has broke that Plot in sunder:
Cambridge, thy genuine Mother,
Is force'd to be no other
But step-dame, & reject thee,
Though once she did elect Thee.
Tis well, *God* doth not fashion
By Man's, his Reprobation.
Tis well, thy new & Noble
Society doth double
Thy Comfort: gallant Spirits
(Men of abused Merits)
With Thee are Reprobated:
Seing then Thou art estated
In this brave Losse, no matter,
This *FELLOWSHIP'S* y^e^ better.
Wouldst, if thou couldst come by it,
Thy Living hold in quiet,
And by its Profits, treasure
Up fuell for thy Pleasure?

Fondling, how thou mistakest
Thy happiness, & makest
Thy gaine thy Losse! Th' ast gained
Not to be spent & pained
With Mystik Cares: Most mighty
Hero's who knew y^e^ weighty
Burden of Soules, have faster
Fled from y^e^ Name of Pastor
Then unfledge Brats now hasten
Upon this charge to fasten:
Well now I see that Wishing,
Is but halfe way to Missing;
E'n wish no more: I'l tell thee
A certaine course to fill thee
With all, thy Heart can covet;
Choose but *Gods Will* & love it,
So shall thou be assured
Thy Wish will be procured;
For no Crosse then can spight Thee
Thy Will being grown Almightie.

S. Andrew

FARRE on his Manly shoulders had the *Saint*
Carry'd his *Masters* mightie Crosse: nor *Thrace*
Nor spatious *Scythia* ever saw Him faint,
But on He marched still, & march'd apace.

The dark *Barbarians* wondered at y^e^ Sight,
And cast their conquerd Hearts all in his way
Whilst in their Northern Superstitious Night
They saw y^e^ Rise of a Meridian Day:

A Day, w^ch^ ought its East, not to y^e^ East
But to y^e^ South, to priveleg'd *Palestine*:
The Christian Day full Southern is, & drest
With highnoon rayes, when first it ginns to shine.

And now, said Heavn, though He would still goe on,
Wee must relieve Him for Our Honours sake:
Be then his *LOAD* his *EASE*; let Him upon
The Crosse his Chaire of earned Triumph take.

Nor shall *Aegeus*, though Proconsul He,
Disdaine to help Him up upon His Throne:
In proudest Rome ne'r did *Aegeus* see
So fair a Triumph, nor so long a one.

Nayld fast unto his Honour is y^e^ Saint,
Arrayd in Scarlet from his owne rich veines.
Mistake not Pagans; tis no torturing Paint
Nor is this Crosse a Throne of Soveraine Paines.

Draw neer & hearken; does He there bewaile
Himselfe, or you? Craves He your Lenitie,
Or offers help to your lethargik Aile?
Fast are You nayld to Danger, He is free.

And to his freedome He invites you all.
How sweet sit Heavn & *JESUS* on his Toung!
Whilst from His Lips full Streames of Life doe fall,
No words which to a dying Man belong.

Oft had He preachd, but never climbd till now
So fit a Pulpit, where y^e^ World might see
What sweet fruit on that bitter Tree can grow
This Noble Pulpit preachd as well as He.

Long was His Sermon, for his last it was.
Two dayes it measur'd & yet seem'd but short.
What are two poore & flitting dayes, alas
To that which doth Eternity import?

And am I nayld in vaine, Deare *Lord*, said He
Unto this Pillar of renowned Death!
Though not poore I, yet Thou deserv'st for Me
That in this honour I may yeild my breath.

Up flew these Words, & downe there flew as fast
For His Sweet Convoy an illustrious Light:
With which from this dark world y^e^ *Saint* made haste
And to his *Lords* Deare Bosome took his flight.

Where for *Aegeus* with Requests more warme
Then was his reeking Blood, he strongly prayes;
And labouring that red Crie asleep to charme,
The Tyrant for his Crosse He well repayes.

S. Thomas

I MUST not praise Thee that Thou tardy art
In crediting thy *Lords* Miraculous Rise
Yet must I thank Thee, for my Heartned Heart
By this thy tardiness more nimbly flyes.

My faithlessnes prevented is by Thee,
And by thy Tongue, e'r I was borne, I said
I'l not believe He's Risen, till I see
Those Prints which by the Spear, & Nailes were made.

By thine, my Finger tryd each reverend Wound,
By which each Hand of Mercy broached was:
By thine, my hand express admission found
Where y^e^ lesse cruell Spear before did passe.

With Thee, by those three Mouths of Goodnes I
Confuted was, & could not chuse but yeild.
He who could conquer Death, whilst He did dye,
Of Us might easily, living, win y^e^ Feild.

By thine, my Tongue did clear Confession make,
Whilst further then my hand my Heart did prie,
And from my Lips thy Eccho still doth break
My God, my Lord, for ever will I crie.

S. Johan. ad Port. Latin

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

FOOLISH Tyrant, spare thy cost,
All thine Oile & Labour's lost:
This is a *Seraph* all on fire;
Oile will but feed his Flames up higher.
If Thou would'st kill Him, let Him live:
Death his best Life to Him will give.

Foolish Tyrant
Who anoint'st thine Enemie
Too strong before for Hell and Thee;
And dost for streams of Torments, shed
Soft Oile of Gladnes on His Head.

SS. Innocents Day

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

GOE Roseall Budds of Martyrdome,
In Paradise goe take your rome;
Where you may flourish, & not fear
That *Herods* Sword can cropp you there.

Your little *LORD* that scapes to-day
All yours in richer Blood will pay:
First let Him grow, & fill his veins
Whose Blood must wash the whole Worlds staines.

Epiphanie Oblation

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

1. OUR Gold, rich King of Povertie,
Xss. 2. Our Incense Infant Dietie,
3. Our Myrrh for thy Humanitie,

Chorus.—And Our poore Selves we bring to Thee.

Xs.

In Us our East is hither come.

Chorus.—To meet thine Eyes, its fairer Home.

1. O let this Gold wait on thy Crowne:
Xss. 2. This Incense let thine Altar owne;
3. And this Myrrh on thy Tomb be throwne:
And our East be thine Eyes Sweet Dawne.

Chorus.—So shall our other East & We
Adore no Sun, but onely Thee.

The Admirable Conversion of S. Paul

Acts 9.

A THIRST againe? But even now
Stev'ns Sacred veines were broached, whence
Thou
Tookst thy full draught, & left'st y^e^ Saint
No more then servd his wounds to paint.
Thy bloody Mouth still blusheth in
Confession of that reeking sin:
And needs some other liquor now,
To wash that stain. O didst Thou know
The vertue of y^e^ Springs, which rise
In a true Penitent Sinners Eyes,
Those streams y^e^ better thirst of thy
Inflamed Soule would satisfie,
And washing her deep staine away
Up unto Heavn thy Heart convey
(How foule soever it came hither)
As faire as His Thou Stoned'st thither.
But of all Liquors onely Blood
Quenches not thirst; its Purple Flood
All though but moderate whilst at home,
Most Fiercely burnes when it doth come
Abroad, & in all veines is knowne
To turne to fire, but in its owne.
Look how y^e^ furious flame doth break
Vers. 1. From *Sauls* impatient Mouth, & speak
Its proper language, fire & sword
Against y^e^ Followers of y^e^ *Lord*:

That *Lord*, whose blood, if any, might
Have quenchd Mortalls immortall Spight.
But Furies thirst, still thirsty can
Exhaust y^e^ Blood of God & man.
But whither now? Why to y^e^ Priest?
He is a Man, & in his Breast
There something lesse perhaps may dwell
Then perfect Tigre: down to Hell
And get thy desperate Commission
Under y^e^ Broad Seale of Perdition.
There Thou shalt have both thanks & pay
And new fire to thy Zeale: away,
A prince will help Thee there, & be
Captaine of thy Conspiracie.
No: heers a shorter Passage: Saul
Can meet Him in y^e^ High Priests Hall,
Where y^e^ black Warrant first was pennd
JESUS him selfe to apprehend.
And 'tis decorum now, sayes He,
That none but this Authoritie
Which did that foule Imposter take,
Should seize his Followers, & make
The Glory wholly yours; that you
Most Holy Sir, should overthrow
That Rout w^ch^ dares oppose y^e^ Grace
Of *Moses* evershining face;
Which dares blasphemously preferre
Poor *Tabors* forged Lustre far
Before those dreadfull beames, w^ch^ did
Break out from *Sina's* glorious Head.
Let these resumptious Rebells know
Moses is still alive in you;
And as in His great Chaire you sit,
So His all-powerfull Rod is put
Into your Hand. Had that proud He
The Master of this Heresie,
Been kept close to his honest Trade,
Surely he never could have had
So many Prentises. But, Sir,
Is it not time for Zeale to stir

Now their vile Carpenters new Art
Hath built his Fabrik in y^e^ Heart
Of y^e^ deceived People higher
Then doth our Temples crest aspire?
Now that Mechanik Doctors Law
Out braves our reverend Statutes? Now
The cursed Crosse usurps to be
Of Life & Blessednesse the Tree
By His profound Inchantment? O
(Seing They themselves will have it so)
Envy them not that Glorie's shame;
Let every one obteine y^e^ fame
Of their *Lords* Death: Such honour I
To no Blasphemer would deny.
If You can undertake to find
Crosses enough, let Me have sign'd
Your warrant, & no feare, but I
Will Heretiks enough descry
For you y^e^ righteous Priest to offer
Upon those Altars; They can suffer
Upon no fitter Engin; you
No better Offring can bestow
Upon that God, which doth decree
Strict Death for lesser Blasphemie.
And if y^e^ *Romans* will not Yeild
By tumult We will win y^e^ feild.
Eas'ly was this Comission got
And *Saul* well mounted on a hot
And fiery Steed (though not so fierce
As He himselfe) sets on his course
Damascus way. What hardy He
Dares stop y^e^ Man? Authority
And zeale both spur him on. I ride
Upon Heavns errand; on my side
Is both y^e^ Highest Priest, says He,
And that Priests Highest Dietie.
Why starts y^e^ Gallant? O hee's downe
Both Horse & Man are overthrowne:
Vers. 3. A Light shining with much more day
Then y^e^ compleat Meridian Ray

Arrests Him in his way unto
His work of darkness; & doth show
A higher Priest then He, from whom
His proud Commission doth come.
It showes y^e^ Carpenter to be
Maker of Light & Majestie,
At which those late disdainfull eyes
Shrink into Blindnes. Now *Saul* spies
Without his Sight, what untill now
He could not see, or would not know.
O happy Blindnes! *Christ* before
Call'd divers, whilst He did restore
Their Sight: but here He doth begin
By Blindnes Proselytes to win.
It is enough, if to y^e^ Eyes
Of Mans dark heart Day does arise.
But hearken *Saul*, thine ears are ope;
The way of Faith *Christ* would not stop.
Hark, 'tis not angry Thunders tone
But y^e^ soft Voice of *Love* alone.

Vers. 4. *SAUL, SAUL.* And why not Rebell, who
Against his King rides armed so.
O no: tis *Love* y^t^ speaks, & He
By Sweetnes will a Conqueror be.
Why persecut'st Thou Me? Can I
Offend my Creature, who did die
To win its love? What wouldst Thou more,
Then what I freely gave before?
My Heart resignd Thee all her blood
Which once alone can do Thee good.
Seek not to ravish it againe
Out of my Mystik Bodies veine,
Out of my tender Church which I
Have chose to be its Treasurie.
Alas thy Stomach doth in vaine
My milde Humilitie disdaine:
Were I still crownd w^th^ Thornes, ev'n those
Would prick & vex my proudest Foes.
But now that wreath I have layd downe,
And reassum'd my Royall Crowne,

Whose Lustre frights Thee thus. And how
Wilt Thou indure my Hand, who now
Confounded art with one poore beam
Which from my Countenance doth stream?
And yet more powerfull, & more bright
And farr more sweet then is this Light,
Is My dear Name: I *JESUS* AM
Whom Thou to persecute art come.
Sure Heavn & all its powers doe lie
In this blessd words Epitomie.
Sweetly rolld up: Sure *JESUS* is
The truer Name of *Paradise.*
In this one Sound all Charmes unite
Their Mystik & unconquer'd might:
Which makes all Nature stop, & yeild
Unto victorious Grace y^e^ Feild.
Rage never held a larger part
In any robbed Lyons Heart,
Then in *Sauls* furious Soule, untill
This potent Name his Eares did fill:
His eares, w^ch^ stop'd before had heard
Onely y^e^ Outside of y^e^ Word.
But now no Dove more mild, no Lamb
More gentle ever was & tame,
No Aire more calme, no wax more free
To entertain impression: See
How patiently He lies; *DEARE LORD,*

Vers. 6. *WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE ME DOE's* his word.

I am beseig'd with light & love
And yeild my selfe to them: O prove
Thy Prisoners Loyaltie; impose
What task Thou wilt, I cannot choose
But serve so dear a Conqueror: say
Shall I goe travell in y^e^ way,
That hard & stony way, which thy
Most Faithfull *Steven* went in to die?
Or shall I march unto y^e^ Place
Of thy dear Crosse, & have y^e^ grace
To climb up to it, & there pay

The debt of this most gracious Day,
My Blood & Life? O that I had
Ten thousand Hearts, that I might shed
Some worthy store of Streames for Thee
Who shed'st such Noble Blood for Mee!
Stay, Zealous Soule; brave is y^e^ heat
Which in thy faithfull Breast doth beat.
A Heat too brave to make such hast
Unto its ashes; it must last
Untill it flame so high & bright,
That all y^e^ World admire its light:
Untill it doth those Mists dispell
Which on y^e^ Earth have spred out Hell;
Untill it dazell y^e^ weak eye
Of y^e^ proud *Priest*, no longer *high*;
Untill it takes up all y^e^ room
From *Solyma* to *Illyrium*;
Untill its Prosperous beams doe fight
With sturdy *Romes* most monstrous Night;
And in great *Nero's* Court prepare
Some lodging for Heavns Emperor.
Then shall thy Fire have leave to make
Towards its Sphear: A Sword shall take
Away thine Head, or rather be
But as a Snuffer unto Thee;
For then y^e^ Flame shall purer rise
And reach far far above y^e^ skies,
Meeting y^e^ fount of that Sweet Light,
From whence it selfe at first grew bright;
And so for ever glitter there
A sweet & intellectuall Star.

Christmasse Day

WONDERS Birthday
Which maks't *Decembers* face
Fairer then *May*,
And bidst y^e^ Spring give place
To fresher Winter, in whose hardie Snow
A Flowre more sweet then y^e^ wholl Spring doth grow.

For Winter now
A Virgin Plant espies
Which all his snow
Could never equalize:
More white, more chast is shee, yet fertile too:
The *King of Miracles* would have it so.

For Hee it was
Who would be borne below
And find a place
Amongst poor Us to grow:
Him selfe He planted in our Dust, that Hee
Might be as true a Mortall Thing as wee.

That He should get
A Birth all clean & pure,
Him selfe He set,
And by that Art was sure.
Proud flesh corrupts & staine's y^e^ Seed we sow:
He, planted by his Spirit will spotlesse grow.

Virginitie
His *Father* vaunteth not
Though glorious He
So great a Son hath got.
Wherfore Heavn orders that a Virgin be
The Lilly-Mother of his Puritie.

Upon y^e^ white
Church-wall oftimes have I
Observ'd y^e^ Light,
Which darting from y^e^ Skie
Peirce'd y^e^ unbroken Glasse, & w^th^ it brought
The orient colours in y^e^ Window wrought.

So from his sphear
The *Lord of Light* doth come,
And passing here
His chrystall Mothers womb,
Leaves her intirely whole, yet brings away
Her perfect Image, borne as Man to Day

He who did wear
Gods radiant boundlesse Forme
Shrinks Himselfe heer
Into a simple worme.
Heavn's moulded up in Earth, Eternity
Grasp'd in a span of Time doth bounded ly.

All Paradise
Collected in one Bud
Doth sweetly rise
From its fair Virgin bed:
Omnipotence an Infants shape puts on:
Immensitie becomes a Little One.

But onely *Love*
Would not thus scanted be
But stoutly strove
'Gainst this Conspiracie
Of strange Epitomies, & did display
It selfe more full on this contracting Day.

S. Stephen

BLIND foolish *Jews*, y^e^ Stones yee throw
Though rude as you, shall pretious grow,
And sparkle in y^e^ Martyrs Crowne,
Whom yee exalt by beating downe,
Or serve to pave his way
On's Coronation Day.

As y^e^ *Arabian* Sweets are bruis'd
To make them sweeter; so y'have use'd
Our pretious patient Saint: see now
What store of Odours from Him flow,
Which in a cloud arise
Perfuming all y^e^ skies.

What odoriferous Prayers from
His beaten bruised Mouth doe come!
How like an Incense Offring they
To Gods owne Nostrills make their Way,
Striving to pacifie
The angry Dietie!

For You He prayes, & louder beats
Heavns Gate, then all your bloody threats
And stones doe Him. But having sed
His Prayers, he falls asleep; his Bed
Indeed is hard, yet this
The Bed of Honour is.

And Honour sweeten's every bed,
And gently doth repose y^e^ Head
Of Noble Hero's: Tis not all
Your rampant cursing noise that shall
Keep *Steven* from Sleeping on
His hardy Bed of Stone.

There sleeps his reverend Body. But
His soaring Spirit to Heavn is got;
Nor wears He onely in his Name
A Crowne, but on his Head doth flame
Felicities pure gemme,
An Heavnly Diademe.

He crowned is, & is with all
The Crowne of that stout Troop, w^ch^ shall
Upon their Heads wear ruby beames
And grained Purple Diadems
The crowne of those who give
Their lives away to live.

Receive my Spirit *Lord Jesu* cry'd
The Noble Saint, & so he dy'd.
O no, He then began to live
A Life, w^ch^ Life could never give.
Death is y^e^ Art wherby
Martyrs leave off to dy.

He gan to live, & gan to prove
His Sacred Ministry above.
The *Deacon* gan to wait upon
The Soveraigne *Priests* triumphant Throne;
And by that Service, He
Began a King to be:

Jesus is King of Kings, & his
Kingdome by Saints impeopled is,
Who from his Crowne's reflected beams
Doe all receive their Diadems;
So they all reigne in blisse,
Yet He sole Soveraigne is.

S. John

The Disciple, whom Jesus loved

BELOV'D indeed: not that thine onely Heart
Had captiv'd His, & did monopolize
All its rich wares of Love, w^ch^ did impart
Themselves in liberall fulnes, & surprise
The Universe w^th^ Sweetnes; but y^t^ Hee
Who loved all Men was *IN LOVE WITH THEE.*

He was in love with thy Virginitie,
Which with all blooming beauties was bedeckt:
Millions of softest Graces shin'd in Thee,
Which from Heavns Treasuries He did select
To garnish out a worthy Spouse, in whose
Delicious eyes, his owne He meant to lose.

He was in love with y^e^ Reflection
Of His owne Sweetnes shining in thy Face;
With Sympathetik Joy He dwelt upon
His iterated Selfe in that pure Glasse,
Striveing all amorous Arts on it to prove;
O blessed Soule w^th^ whom *Love fell in Love.*

From off y^e^ troubled Maine He lured Thee
Into a deeper Sea of calmest Pleasures,
The Bosome of Supreme Serenitie
To which y^e^ Ocean is but poore in Treasures:
His owne dear Breast to Thee He opened wide,
And let Thee in unto its fullest Tide.

There didst Thou lie next to y^e^ Heart of Love,
Whose ravishing imbraces kept Thee warme
With all y^e^ best of Heavn, no more above,
But folded up in His incircling Arme:
Whence our admiring Thoughts, Great Saint, conclude,
Thou wert aforehand with Beatitude.

The loftiest Stories, where pure Seraphs dwell
Exalted in felicities bright Sphear,
Thy dainty Habitation doth excell;
For at His Footstoole They lie prostrate there
Amidst y^e^ Sweets of whose all-balmy Breast
Thine onely Head makes its Delicious Nest.

What potent Joyes, what mysticall Delight,
Woo'd & beseig'd thy Soule on every side,
Whilst thy inamour'd Spouse spent all y^e^ might
Of Heavnly tendernes on his deare Bride!
How many healing wounds gave His Loves Dart,
How many living Deaths to thy soft Heart.

Thus while He lived, He sweetly live'd in Thee:
But now He dyes: Behold Him nayled fast
Unto His Death. Yet no Mortalitie
Can seize upon His Love; observe his last
And tenderest words, whilst He Himselfe doth dy,
To Thee He gives Loves living Legacie.

Into His Dearest Mothers Bosome Hee
Commendeth Thee, & bids Her owne her Son!
What Nature could not, Love commands to be,
And *Mary* must be Mother unto *John*.
Jesus & *John* love had so closely tyde,
That in their Mother They must not divide.

Mary no other Glasse could find, where Shee
So fair an Image of her Son might read;
Nor *John* so pure a Mirrour, wherin Hee
His ever-looking-longing eyes might feed
On His dear *Lord*. Thus *Love*, though dead & gone,
Sweetly leaves *John* his *Spouse*, *Mary* her *Son*.

No wonder, dearest Saint, y^t^ on Thy Toung
Love builds his Hive, & drops his Honey thence,
Whilst thy Soule-charming Words relish so strong
Of Heavns best Sweets, & choicest influence:
That *Love*, from his owne Wing lent Thee y^e^ quill
Which all thy Lines w^th^ Charity doth fill.

No wonder y^t^ *Port Latin* saw y^e^ Oile
Scalding in vaine: Thou, who dost live by Fire,
And in whose Breast such amorous streams doe boile,
Canst feele no other Flames. O, no: some higher
Fervor of Love must melt thine owne, & send
Thee to y^e^ flaming Bosome of thy Friend.

The languishments of never-faint Desire
Must crowne thy Life with correspondent Death:
Though by sharp pains thy Brethren doe expire,
This dainty Martyrdome must end y^e^ Breath
Of y^e^ *BELOVE'D DISCIPLE*; onely by
Those Flames the Phenix lived, must it dy.

Wednesday in y^e^ Holy Week

WHO doubts how Avarice can be
Plaine & right-downe Idolatrie,
Neither thy Story, *Judas*, knows nor Thee.
He knows not how a little poore
Silver mov'd thy Devotion more
Then He, whom Men & Angells all adore.

JESUS the Crowne of Heavn & Earth,
From whom all Glory takes its birth,
To thy Idolatrous Heart seems little worth:
Worth lesse then is y^e^ meanest Wight;
For *Moses* sure hath settled right
The price of Man in his Creators sight.

God never priz'd a Man so low
As thirty silver Peeces, though
He were as wretched & as vile as Thou.
And yet canst Thou thy God & Lord
At a farr lower price afford
Then He has valued Thee at in his Word.

And Chapmen Thou canst easily find
Resolv'd to traffique to thy minde
With ready money, & are all combinde,
Combinde to gaine this Prize; since they
Gods House to Trading did betray,
Him too among y^e^ Wares account they may.

Unhappy Wretch, Thou dost to day
Not thy own God alone betray,
But thy despairing Selfe Thou sell'st away.
For JESUS still though sold so cheap,
Is worth a World: all his poor Sheep
Shall still from Him a full Redemption reap.

Thursday in Holy Week

GRIEFE stay a while, to morrow Wee
Will wait on Thee.
Now holy Joy must take it part
And cheare y^e^ Heart.
Not all Hells furie can say nay,
For This is LOVES great Holyday.

And *LOVE* to day most nobly feasts
His faithfull Guests
Great is y^e^ Cheer, as great as He
Could make it be:
If y^e^ choise Dainties of all Heavn
Is this high Entertainment given.

For on y^e^ royall Bord is set
Illustrious Meat
Whose noble composition is
Of Life & Bliss.
Meat, in whose pretious Mixture lies
Such Sweets, as Shame old *Paradise.*

Nor is't a drie Feast, here is wine
Purely Divine,
Blood of y^e^ heavnly Grape, which God
Heer planted had:
A Cordiall Wine, which onely can
Truly cheere up y^e^ Heart of Man.

For in y^e^ crowned Bowle doth move
The Blood of *Love.*
LOVE his own dear Heart-Blood doth spill
The Cup to fill
With streams as rich & sweet as they,
Which all about Gods right hand play.

All Heavn is melted, & doth drop
Into y^e^ Cup:
Which smiling there, invites each Guest
To come & taste,
Come taste, sayes *LOVE*, & drink in MEE
At one short draught Eternitie.

Sit downe, Dear Friends, & feast, sit downe;
All is your owne:
I came to dresse this cheer below
Onely for You:
No Angell shall intrude: this Fare
I did for humble Men prepare.

And must y^e^ worst of Wormes, Vile Wee
Feast upon Thee
Immortall *LOVE*? Must all y^e^ Cheer
Thou makest heer
Be spent on Wretched Beggars? Must
That pretious Cup be spilt on Dust?

Sure Thou art *LOVE* indeed, pure LOVE
Which dost not move
By Reasons rigid rules, but by
The Fervencie
Of its owne Fullnes. Royall *LOVE*
Will make it selfe its Reason prove.

Goodfryday

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

WEEP & spare not:
Good eyes are not
Of use, now He is gone
On whose sweet eyes alone
They dwelt, & liv'd, & lov'd, & read
More Heavn then in y^e^ Sphears is spread.
We tender not our dull eyes now Wee finde
The Eye of Heavn it selfe to Day is Blinde.
Poore Eyes, what have you left to see
But blackest face of Miserie?
Then though you melt & waste
With your owne Tears at last;
Yet We care not;
Weep & spare not.

O happy Grave!
Ne'r could y^e^ Beds of Princes have
Such royall honour as We see
Layd up in Thee:
Not *Solomons* Couch, though Arabie did
With all its Sweetest Beds go there to bed.

Our Tombs from Thee
Shall learne delicious to bee,
Safe Cabinets, wherin We may
With comfort lay
Our weary bones, & rest in hope
Till y^e^ Worlds generall Crack shall set them ope.

Newyear Day

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

FAIND *Janus* now forget thy Name,
And both thy faces hide for shame,
The Nobler Face of Heavn & Earth
Are joynd in this Great Infants Birth,
Who in His double Nature now is come
To ope y^e^ Year at *Bethlehem*, not at *Rome.*

Shine out blest Year; 'twas not to cause
A Blush, that Blood drop'd on Thy Face,
Those Circumcision Drops will dresse
Thee in bright Purple Blessednesse.
The Paschall *Lamb* doth sprinkle his most pure
Blood on Times Doore to keep it safe & sure.

Sweet Earnest of an happy Year,
Which on thy Front all Heavn dost wear
Shine out Faire Day, y^t^ we may see
That fairer Sunne, which smiles in Thee.
Shine out, that Heavn & Earth may have y^e^ Grace
To read y^e^ Name thats printed on thy Face.

O downe with Heart, & downe w^th^ knee
Tis Hee that made both, whom we see:
Behold how Hell, Earth, Heavn & all
Downe flat to Him in reverence fall.
The radiant Forehead of this noble Day
The Glorious Name of *JESUS* doth display.

Jan. 1. 1643

AWAY fond Hopes, built upon *THREE MONTHS HENCE*
And on y^e^ *drienes of y^e^ spring*:
Mischeifs post faster on
Then aged Time can run,
And in their Traine a *FALL* they bring,
'Gainst which y^e^ tender *SPRING* knows no defense.

What if kind Heavns should make next SPRING as dry
As are our stony Hearts or eyes?
The BLOOD already sown
Is not so deep sunk down
But it before THREE MONTHS may rise
And reach our foolish Hopes that mount so high.

But sure our Sins are higher grown then so,
No BLOOD of ours can wash away
Those tall, & mighty Things,
Onely y^e^ Stream which springs
From thy dear veines, Sweet *LORD* can stay
And staunch that Torrent, which so high doth flow.

Thy potent BLOOD, though ne'r so little, may
Performe y^e^ Cure: Good frydays Even
We need not wait to see:
O let y^e^ Medicine be
That Earnest, which at first was given
Those pretious DROPS Thou shedst for Us to Day.

Our Hopes We rather build on this *WET SPRING*,
Thy young Obedience may suffice
For our old Sins, & Wee
With joy may live to see
Our happiest PEACE from BLOOD arise,
The Soveraigne BLOOD of our triumphant King.

Purification of y^e^ B. Virgin

(To a Base, a Tenor, & 2 Trebles.)

HOW shall Chrystall purer grow?
What shall purge, & whiten Snow?
In this Sacred Virgin-Mother
Snow & Chrystall joyne together.
What shall Days faire gate adorne,
What shall gild y^e^ face of Morne?
Ne'r did East so pure as Shee
Beare a Sun of Majestie.
Yet must Chrystall, yet must Snow,
Yet must th' East to clensing goe:
By no Law, but onely the
Sweet Law of Humilitie.

Purification of y^e^ B. Virgin

S. Luc 2. 24.

MAY We have leave to ask, illustrious *Mother*,
Why Thou dost Turtles bring
For thy Sons Offring,
And rather giv'st not one Lamb for another?

It seems that golden showre w^ch^ 'tother Day
The forward Faithfull East
Pour'd at thy Feet, made haste
Through some devout expence to find its way.

O pretious Poverty, which canst appeare
Richer to holy eyes
Then any golden prize,
And sweeter art then Frankincense & Myrrh!

Come then, that Silver, which thy Turtles wear
Upon their Wings, shall make
Pretious thy gift, & speak
That Son of thine, like them, all pure & fair.

But know that Heavn will not be long in debt;
No; the *Eternal Dove*
Downe from his Nest above
Shall come, & on thy Sons dear Head shall sit.

Heavn will not have Him ransom'd, heavns Law
Numb. 18, 17. Makes no exception
For Lambs, & such a one
Is He: A fairer Lamb Heavn never saw.

He must be Offerd, nor must Thou repine:
Heavn hath a Title too,
As neer & sure as Thou;
And He is Gods Firstborne as well as Thine.

He must be Offerd, or y^e^ World is lost:
The whole Worlds Ransome lies
In this great Sacrifice;
And He will pay its Debt, whate'r it cost.

Nor shall these Turtles unrepayed be,
These Turtles which to day
Thy love for Him did pay:
Thou ransom'dst Him, & He will ransome Thee.

A deare & full Redemption will He give
Thee & y^e^ World: this Son,
And none but this alone
By His owne Death can make his Mother live.

S. Matthias

THERE must be Twelve; y^e^ other Sunn
Thorough no fewer Signes doth runn;
Then why should He, whose Zodiak is
As heavnly full, & faire as His;
And whose sweet beams doe further flie
Then Phebus ever could descrie,
Darting out Light
On those, whom Night
And Shades of Death till now had buried quite

Judas, that ominous Signe, is now
Falln from his Orbe, & finds below
A fitter Region, his owne Home,
Where Traytors all have fitting room,
But still below his Throne, who there
Reignes King of Treason. In his Sphear
A Vacancie
Long may not be,
Plenty of stars are ready heere, you see.

But two of Noblest Magnitude
The great Election soon conclude;
Joseph y^e^ Just is one, the other
Is good *Matthias*, *Joseph's* brother
In every beam of Virtue, so,
That which was fairer of y^e^ two
Is far above
Mans Art to prove
Heavn onely knows which way y^e^ scale will move.

Wherfore to Heavn they doe referre
To judge which was y^e^ worthier.
The Lots are cast; And Heavn, whose Eye
Into all Hearts & Reigns doth prie,
Did guide y^e^ doubtfull prize to goe
On brave *Matthias* side, & show
How he had more
Of Virtues store
Then He, who in his Sirname *JUSTICE* wore.

Illustrious Saint, We bid Thee joy
Of thy Preferment: Now thy way
Lies fair & plaine unto a Throne
Of endlesse triumph, built upon
Glories immortall Pillars, where
Thou one day shall inthron'd appeare,
And from that great
And potent Seat
Judge the proud Tribes then trembling at thy feet.

Ashwednesday

RIGHT Welcome pleasant bitter Day:
Smiles never did so sweetly play
Upon y^e^ sleek
And shining cheek
Of Joy, as now
On thy sterne brow
Severer Frowns, in whose black furrows lie
Deep sowne y^e^ Seeds of true Festivitie.

O how much sweeter is y^e^ Pill
Which honest *Bitternes* doth fill
With healing Powers,
Then all y^e^ Flowers
And Creame, y^t^ we
And Luxurie
Suck from abundant Diet's treacherous Breasts,
Whose Office, sweetly is to choke Her Guests.

Let Sugars tempting baits be spread
On things, which flatteries help doe need:
No need hast Thou
Such charmes to throw
Upon thy face,
Whose potent grace
Though spread with palest ashes, yet can move
The Noblest Spirits with Thee to fall in love.

For in those Ashes sure there lie
Sparks of that Fire, w^ch^ cannot die:

Embers of Love
Which nobly prove
Their Royall Race
When in y^e^ Face
Of Heavn they flie, & with full fervour rise
In flaming Pietie to their native skies.

Envy no other Crowned Day
Who art a purer Feast then they:
None of thy Sweets
Consist in Meats,
And things where Beasts
May be y^e^ Guests:
Angelick is thy Entertainement since
Thou art the *Festival of ABSTINENCE.*

A Feast w^ch^ doth invite each Guest
Not to devoure, but to Regest
To clense y^e^ Heart
And every Part
Where Luxurie
Had made a Stie:
A Feast, where they most welcome are, & most
Merry, who of y^e^ deepest sadnesse tast.

A Feast, which knows no other wine
But what is Princely, & Divine,
Which grows not in
Canarie's sun
Nor *Grecian* Hills;
A Wine, which fills
Gods Sacred Bottles & doth onely rise
From y^e^ fair Fountaines of repentent Eyes.

A Feast, where we may feed & be
Fatned up for Eternitie:
And learne below
How We may grow
Fit for that Upper
All-glorious Supper,

Which Gods Magnificent Lamb doth there prepare
For those, that Feast themselves with fasting here.

A Feast, whose Musik doth rebound
A welcome & delicious Sound
Unto His Eares
Who tunes ye Sphears.
A Feast where Groanes
And dolorous Tones
Wait on each draught of Teares, whose variation
Makes ye grave Musik of Mortification.

Sit downe, Dear Friends, loe a soft Bed
Of Ashes here is ready spread.
Sit downe & feast
Your fill: at least
Sit downe to cross
Our ancient Losse;
Feed here, & countermine ye envious Devill,
Being as Gods discerning Good & Evill.

Annunciatio B.V.

COME every Eare
That longs to heare
News though most strange, yet full as true
As ever rung
From any Toung,
Or from Fames widest Trumpet flew.

Observe you there
A Messenger
Faire as y^e^ Morne, whose noble Wing
All pure & bright
As is y^e^ Light
Some News as sweet as Day doth bring.

And tis y^e^ Day
The World did pray
So long to see; The World which sate
In a dark Night
Till now this Light
Begins its dawne from Heavns fair Gate.

It is no lesse
Then Blessednesse
Which *Gabriel* brings; it is y^e^ News
Of God who now
To us below
Himselfe, & all his Bounty shews.

The Mighty One
Gods onely Son
Sets forth to Day, & *Gabriel's* come
His Harbenger
To find Him heer
A Correspondent Royall Roome.

And that can be
No where, sayes He
But in thy revernd womb, sweet Maid;
Where this great Guest
Will take his rest
And in that private Bed be layd.

Haile, *Queen of Love*,
Whose Sweets can move
The *Spouse of Hearts* to lodge with Thee,
And hither come
From his bright Home
To shrowd in thy Virginitie.

Inlarge thy Breast
To make a Nest
For the *Eternall Dove*, who now
From Heavn will hover
With thy dear Lover,
To place Him in his House below.

O doe not fear
To lose thy Dear
Virginitie, who art design'd
Above all other,
In whom a Mother
Shall with a Virgin be conjoynd.

Be but content
And give consent
To be y^e^ Mother of thy God
That we may see
Againe in Thee
The budding of old *Aarons* rod;

And by thy Seed
Forever tread
With noble Vengeance on y^e^ Head
Whose craft at first
Made all accurst,
Who from y^e^ Woman issued.

HAILE FULL OF GRACE;
May we have place
To heap our prayses on thy Crowne,
About whose wreathe
All Sweets doe breathe
And Heavns illustrious Joyes are throwne.

May we have leave
To think old Eve
No more unhappy, who have found
The Cure, & may
With Triumph say:
EVE'S GALL in *MARIES* SWEETS are drownd.

Good Fryday

BUT now y^e^ Sceen is chang'd, chang'd is y^e^ Day,
Chang'd from it selfe, & clad in strange array
Black as y^e^ News it brings: A monstrous Night
Usurps th' amazed houres of banish'd Light,
Bidding y^e^ Sun his revernd Eyes forbeare
And snatch all Heavn from our curs'd Hemispheare.
The World would not its God indure to see,
And why should Heavn to it unveiled be?
Let Night take Vengeance on that treacherous Noon
Which strives t' extinguish Heavns Eternall Sun.
Yet shall no cloud of Night or Shame forbid
Our eyes attendance: JESUS is not hid
To those, who know & love Him, & can spie
Ev'n on his Crosse his true Divinitie.
A glimpse wherof y^e^ Thiefe with greedy Eyes
No sooner stole, but straitway He descries
This most abused & despised Thing
To be a most sublime & potent King.
And so had need to be, now Hell & Earth
Are with confederate malice marched forth,
And well appointed come into y^e^ fight
With all y^e^ furniture of warlike spight,
With swords, w^th^ staves, w^th^ whips, w^th^ spears, w^th^ thorns,
W^th^ threats, revilings, Blasphemies & Scornes,
Engins prepar'd on purpose to prevaile
Upon his Body, & his Soule assaile;
Engins enough against a Mortall Foe:
And might have conquerd Him, had He been so.

But He is their Almighty Friend, whose love
The whole Worlds armed Hate cannot remove.
He fights as well as They, & with more force;
Yet against Them bends not its potent course,
Nor thinks it can His Mighty Arme commend
With peevish Dust & Ashes to contend.
With Heavn He grapples, & by Valiant cries
Full in y^e^ face of Gods great Justice flies.
Striving to stifle Vengeance, w^ch^ was now
Upon its March to tame y^e^ World below.
O Noble Combat! Men incounter Him,
He wrestles with his God to rescue them.
Father, by all th' inchanting Powers w^ch^ lie
Treasur'd up in that Sweet Names Epitomie,
Regard y^e^ Prayers of thy Dying Son
Who Dyes for what He prayes: Let me alone
Spend all thy Quiver, that no Arrow may
Be left, these poor unwitting Men to slay.
Hell has deceiv'd them; tis not They, but Hell
That kicks at Heavn. O let this Blood they spill
Wash their Mistake away, & wooe their eyes
To answer these my Wounds: O let my Cries
And sighs rebound from thine appeased Eare
Upon their Hearts, & raise a Tempest there
Of penitentiall sorrow; so shall I
See them begin to live for whom I die.
O blessed JESU, how wilt thou repay
Those, who shall love Thee, & thy will obey
If such delicious vengeance Thou dost take
On them, who both thy Laws, & Body break,
Who broach thy veins, & make Thee look as red
With blood, as they with Crimes are coloured;
Who having nayld Thee to thy Torments, crie,
Come downe, & save thy Selfe from Miserie.
O no, Thou wilt not come; tis not thine owne
Deare Life, which can perswade Thee to come downe.
Tis not thy selfe, but them y^t^ mock at Thee
And at their owne prepar'd felicitie
Whom Thou desir'st to save: y^e^ more their spight
Heightens their Crime, y^e^ more thy Love doth fight

By mediating for them: thy desire
Is not to live longer then to acquire
Their Pardon, who are busily imployd
In murdering Thee, & their owne Soules beside.
Now therfore hang'st Thou as a Mark, wherat
All Tortures, Pains, & Pangs are to be shot.
For these Thou woo'st, & these are easily won
No Anguish but it seeks Thee out, not one
Inhumane shamelesse Torment, but can find
Some way to sting thy Body or thy Mind.
Judas his monstrous Fact, y^e^ High Priests Sin,
The Peoples obstinate faults come flocking in,
Adams & *Eve's* Rebellion, every Crime
Which hath been hatched since y^e^ birth of Time
Or which y^e^ ending Worlds last minute shall
Be witnes to in one Black Tempest fall
Upon thy single Head: y^e^ mighty Lord
Of y^e^ Worlds Massy Pillars never stood
So heavy on y^e^ Center, as on thy
Unpittied Heart this long Conspiracie
Of raging rampant Sorrow. Yet is this
Farre from y^e^ Masterpiece of thy distresse.
Some comfort would it be if Heavn would now
A gentle & propitious aspect show.
But no kind beam peeps from y^e^ lowring skie
To light so much as Hope: y^e^ Fathers Eye
Is shut against y^e^ Son; oh bitter News!
O who can help, if God to help refuse!
Well may thy desolate State, Sweet JESU, now
Unto thy Patience some complaint allow:
Well may thy wondring Greife thus Question make,
O God, my God, why dost Thou Mee forsake!
And we will wonder too, why Rocks & Stones
Deferre their Splitting, now such mighty Groanes
Rend all y^e^ Heavns; & why y^e^ Graves forbeare
To ope, & let thy trusty Friends appear
And rise in time, if not to rescue Thee
Yet to lend Pitty to thy Miserie.
Surely such Griefe as thine was never heard:
The whole world passeth by w^th^out regard,

Leaving its Pains to Thee; & Thou alone
Who need'st it most, find'st least Compassion;
Thou find'st not that, which Thou to all dost lend,
All are thy Foes, whilst Thou to all a Friend.
O King of Patience, may thy Copie be
Incouragement unto our Constancie.
Afflictions now are pretious Things, since they
Crown'd thy sweet Head, & in thy Bosome lay.
May Enemies be too weak to force us to
Hate them againe, whom thou hast loved so.
(Thy Noble love to them has made them prove
Well-worthy Objects of our poorer love.)
So shall we welcome scornes, & hug Disgraces;
So shall our Armes well practiz'd in imbraces
Professe y^e^ best of Fencing which is by
All-patient Love to conquer Tyrannie.
So shall our whips & Thorns forget to Us
That ever they were steep'd in Bitternes;
And these y^e^ Arrows, those shall be y^e^ Cords
Which Divine Love to faithfull Hearts Affords.
So shall thy Noble Crosse to our esteeme
The Throne of Victory & Triumph seeme.
It was of old y^e^ Cursed Tree, but Thou
By Death y^e^ Tree of Life hast made it now:
A Tree forever verdant, w^ch^ doth spread
Its shade as far as Heavn its light doth shed.
With humble kisses, & with Tears of joy
May We acquaint with it, & let no Day
Pass w^th^out thanks to our delicious King,
Who turnes y^e^ Crosse into so Sweet a Thing.

Easter

SLOW *Phœbus* thou hast slept too long;
Our earlyer song
Long since awake attended on
A Fairer Sun:
A Sun, whose Rise
Summond our Eyes
Betimes to pay their Morning Sacrifice.

Thou quite hast lost this noble Day:
A richer Ray
Prevented thine, & gilds y^e^ skie
With Majestie
Great *Jesus* light
Hath broke from Night
And sweetly woo's the Worlds admiring Sight.

As from her Morning balmy Nest
All over drest
With new borne beauties Thou hast seene
The radiant Queen
Of Birds appeare;
So riseth here
A more then Phœnix in our Hemispheare.

His Native Tombe was sweetned more
With odorous store
Of *Libanus* and *Arabie*:
Or rather they
Perfumed were
By kissing here
The feet of Him, in whom all Odours are.

Nor could y^e^ *Phaenix* ever gaine
So far a Traine
Of wing'd Attendants; *Paradise*
Now hither flies
Upon y^e^ Wings
Of these Sweet Things
In whose eternall Song Gods Glorie rings.

For Angells shining all in white
Answer y^e^ Light
Of this fair Day; & wait upon
The reverend stone
Which was y^e^ Bed
Where He lay dead
And where He springs afresh inlivened.

Yet may We Night-birds too have leave
To Day to heave
Our swarthy Wings, & joine with Them
To wait on Him,
And His fair East,
Which knows no West
Wherby its glorious Day might be supprest.

Especially seing His Great Rise
All ours implies,
And draws them after it, all We
Aforehand be
With Death & are
Past its cold feare
Now He, our Head revived doth appeare.

S. Mark

TIS not thine *Alexandrian* Seat,
Though faire & great
That can conteine y^e^ fame
Of Thy illustrious Name,
Nor may *Venitian* Triumphs satisfie
The debt y^e^ world ows thy dear Memorie.

The furthest Isles, Great Saint must pay
Their part to Day:
The Sunns all-piercing Eye
No climate can descrie
Remov'd beyond ingagement unto Thee,
For Light much fairer then from Him they see.

Our *England* all innobled by
The Historie
Of Blisse & Heavnly Light,
Which thy faire Pen did write,
Must eccho back with English Pens & Toungs
The bounden dutie of her thankfull Songs.

For surely from a *Cherubs* wing,
Or some such thing,
Thou pluck'st that Noble Quill
Which writeth Heavn as well
And true as *Cherubs* sing it, which displaies
That very JESUS, whom their Anthems praise.

Faire it displaies Him; We who were
Muffled up here
In mists of Death & in
The gloomy shades of sin,
Have seen his Sweet and all-refreshing East
Set ope a Wondrous Day in this our West.

We read thy Book, & reading kisse
Those leaves of Blisse
And unto Him appeale;
Whom they to Us reveale
To help our Thanks: onely that King of glory
Whom Thou recordest, can reward thy Story.

May-Day

SS. Philip & James.

TO Crowne y^e^ Smileing front of May
And double gild its eldest Day,
Philip & *James*
Two radiant Names,
Both full & faire
Here stamped are,
Whose interwov'n fraternall Rayes
Make of this one two Holy-Dayes.

Two Holy Dayes to Sacred Mirth,
Mirth, w^ch^ doth cheer both Heavn & Earth.
Heavn gains a Pair
Of Stars more faire,
Then those whose light
Spangles y^e^ Night,
And Earth though loosing them, does yet
Triumph that they in Heavn are set.

We count not that they dy'd to day
Who now begun to live for aye.
The Day w^ch^ paints
The Death of Saints
With purple look
In y^e^ years book
Arrayeth them for Life, & is
Onely y^e^ Birthday of their Bliss.

For Saints, while they are living here
But all y^e^ while a dying are:
That gasp w^ch^ we
Fooles think to be
Their dying breath
Breath's out their Death;
It breathes it out, & sets them free
From all Laws of Mortalitie.

Great *James* & *Philip* now are borne
Twinns of one everlasting Morne,
Where happy They
Shall meet a *May*
More Sweet then this
They ope to Us:
A May whose blessed Smiles are seen
In *Paradise* for ever greene.

S. Philip

TWELVE golden Trumpets to proclaime
The fairer & y^e^ richer Name
Of JESUS, by Himselfe were chose,
In whose great Blast his Gospell goes,
And rowseth all y^e^ World which lay
Loud snorting in y^e^ face of Day:
That Day, whose Dawne at *Bethlehem* broke,
And thence its East all-glorious took
From a rare Virgin much more faire
And roseall, then the Maiden Aire,
Which wanton fictions finely framed,
And delicate Aurora nam'd.
One of these royall Trumps was He
Whose eccho this Festivitie
Yields back in praise: In vaine y^e^ world
Some Nations hath in corners hurld
Almost beyond Humanitie,
Where banish'd & forgot they lie,
Living nor they, nor We know how
Fast Locked up in ice & snow:
Philip has fire enough to melt
More Winter then yet ever dwelt
About y^e^ Pole, or friezed up
Barbarian hearts; no cold can stop
The most unconquerd fervencie
Of his Apostolike Charitie.
He hies him to y^e^ North, y^e^ place
Stamp'd with Proverbiall disgrace;
The Place, whence never Goodnes came,
And therfore Goodnes now doth frame

His journey thither: *Philip* there
Finds out a Clime well worth his care;
A Clime, where though y^e^ boistrous Winds
Breathe endlesse Frosts, whose rigor binds
The captiv'd Sea & Land, & where
December walks through all y^e^ yeare;
Yet are y^e^ things y^t^ should be Men
More stupid & congealed then
Their frozen Country, & will show
Farr Lesse relenting in a Thaw;
For *Scythia's* Clime in vaine contests
In point of Cold with *Scythian Breasts.*
These Breasts are they our Saint makes choice
Wheron to trie his Flaming voice.
Much Fire he spake, & spake so strong
That Conquests waited on his Toung.
The ice of Paganisme he brake
And there a generall Thaw did make,
By which y^e^ Penitent floods did rise
In all y^e^ Yielding Peoples eyes.
The Heavnly heat of *JESU'S* LOVE
In their inlightned hearts did move,
Whose fertile warmth makes them grow high
In fruits of *Christian* Pietie.
Thus *Scythia* is flaming now
Ev'n In y^e^ midst of all its snow.
Back turns y^e^ Saint in holy haste
Whose great imployment was to last
As long's his life. In *Asia* now
A likelyer soile he strives to sow
His heavnly Fire: Hierapolis
His new selected Garden is.
But in this warmer Clime He finds
A colder *Scythia*; fiercer Winds
Oppose Him here, & strive to blow
Away y^e^ Seed his Tongue doth sow.
No, here are Men, whose stomacks can
Never digest that *God is Man*;
Or if He be they scorne to change
Their ancient *Jupiter* for a strange

And feeble God, whose Crosse & Shame
Blast all y^e^ Credit of his Name.
Nay come, say They, wee'l make of Thee
As good & great a Dietie:
We have a Crosse, & Nayles wherby
To inthrone thy upstart Majestie;
We have Contempt & Taunts enough
At thy despised Head to throw,
And trie if thou by Patience can
Approve thy selfe more then a Man.
And welcome all, says *Philip*, I
By these Proofs best shall testifie
I am his Servant, & dare give
My life for Him, by whom I live.
If you had let me ope y^e^ way
Unto your Blisse, you could not pay
Me greater thanks then your blinde wrath
Freely for Me devised hath.
Goe then Undaunted Champion, goe,
Since thine owne Heart will have it so.
Drink deep, & quench thy Noble Thirst
In that brave Cup He drunk of first
What now Thou followst: Take thy fill
Of greatest Patience: & spill
That Blood which burnes so in thy veins
Loud Challenging all wounds & paines
To let it out, that Thou mayst pay
Thy Lord his Blood againe to Day
As Thou art able: So shall Hee
In his owne Colour seing Thee,
Thy freedome give to Thee above
In y^e^ bright Citie of his Love.
The Citie of Delight & Blisse,
The truer *Hierapolis*.
Where we are sure Thou wilt not cease
Strongly to interceed for these
Unhappy Citizens, whose Hate
Occasioned thy so happy State.

S. James Bp. of Jerusalem

ALL yee whose Pride is built upon
Some generous relation
To Noble Kindred, come & see
A Man whose Consanguinitie
Intitles Him unto a Name
Of far more illustrious Fame
Then that big Traine of Words, wherby
The Stiles of Princes swell so high:
Come see a Man, who is no lesse
Then Brother to y^e^ Lord of Blisse.
Yet his aspiring Soule is not
Content with this alliance, but
With brave ambition strives to be
Neerer in Fraternitie
Then Natures casuall hand had plac'd him,
With royall Parents when it grac'd him.
James will be Father to his owne
Nobilitie, & wear no Crowne
But what he wins; by Virtue He
Brother to y^r^ Lord will be.
Wherfore all his Noble paces
With faithfull diligence he traces,
Through every hard Heroik step
Of Life & Death he climbeth up;
And let *Jerusalem* witnesse be
Unto this great Veritie;
Jerusalem, which having lost
Its Sceptre, now againe may bost
Of that reverend Throne, w^ch^ there
This glorious Bishop first did reare.

A Throne, but not of pomp & state;
A Throne on which all Meeknes sate,
A Throne of Love, a Throne wheron
Reigned pure Devotion.
Nor could lesse expected be
From Him, whose Life was Pietie,
Whose Meat & Drink was to fullfill
His dearest Masters royall will.
Ne'r did y^e^ dangerous Blood of grape
Staine his most abstemious lip;
Onely Virgin Fountains were
Both his Cellars & his Beere,
Which pure & coole did best agree
With his unspotted Chastitie.
Nor did y^e^ rampant flesh of Beasts
E'r reek in his grave simple Feasts;
His highest, & his daintiest Dishes
Were some modest sober fishes,
Meat very correspondent, where
Onely water serv'd for beere.
Delicious Oiles did never wet
His Body with lacivious Sweat,
No tender Bath's unmanly heat
His hardy skin effeminate.
O no; behold his reverend knee
All plated with austeritie,
No Camells rigid knee can show
More patient Brawne then there doth grow:
For on y^e^ Temples Marble Floore
So oft he kneel'd, that what before
Was tender flesh, is now all one
With y^e^ Sacred Pavements Stone.
Nay ev'n his forehead you may see
Seal'd with y^e^ same Severitie;
Prostration in his Prayers had
There y^e^ like impression made,
And mark'd him out for one, whose Zeale
No wearinesse could ever feele.
What wonder now, if He no more
Can hide his worth as heretofore,

Which all y^e^ World that hath but eyes
Ingraven in his face descries.
Plaine they descry it, & confesse,
How much of Heavn it doth expresse:
For on their knees all in his way
The ravish'd People humbly pray
But to kisse y^e^ utmost hemme
Of that robe, y^t^ kisseth Him;
That they may their lips therby,
And their kisses sanctifie.
Nay y^e^ high & sirly *Priest*
Convinced is among y^e^ rest,
And his great Right imparts to him,
Who a worthier Priest doth seeme;
James may now have leave into
The Sacred *Oracle* to goe,
And injoy y^e^ matchlesse glory
Of that Noble Oratorie.
But Winds & Seas more trusty far,
And constant then ye People are;
And no Nations ever use
Such shamelesse Treason as y^e^ *Jews.*
Jews admire & love to day
Him, whom to morrow they can slay;
Jews can with the same lips kisse Thee,
Which by & by shall taunt & hisse Thee.
Jewish Mouths can speak all good
Of Thee, & forthwith suck thy Blood.
'Twas now their Passover, a Feast
In which a Lambs blood was y^e^ best
That should be shed, but cursed They
Humane veins will ope to Day
JESU'S Name & Doctrine still
Perverse *Jerusalem* did fill
With zealous Rage, w^ch^ will not see
How *Maries Son the Christ* can be.
James therfore now must plainly show
Whither He thinks Him so or no,
And from y^e^ Temples Battlement
His full opinion represent.

Fooles! & what can *James* professe
But truth of Him, who is no lesse
Then Truth it Selfe? He knows full well
How on this very Pinnacle
His *Master* did that *Foe* subdue
Who from Hells bottome thither flew.
Him therefore He proclaimes aloud
And his great Truths to all y^e^ Crowd:
JESUS IS GOD cries He, & this
Temple's his *Fathers* House, & His.
Jesus, whom on y^e^ Crosse you nayld,
Dy'd, but over Death prevaild,
And laden with Hells spoiles is gone
Home unto his heavnly Throne.
At this th' impatient People crie
Intolerable Blasphemie!
Downe with him from that Holy Place
Which he profanes: The Law doth passe
His capitall Sentence; Throw him downe
Lest We make his Crime our owne.
Madnes was ready to fullfill
The furious Peoples bloody Will;
For those above feard not to throw
The *Martyr* downe to them below.
Indeed they thought they threw him downe,
But helped him upward to his Crowne.
Saints by such falls as these rebound
To highest Heavns from lowest ground.
Yet *James* by this not fully slaine
Feeles their furious Spight againe:
A Fullers club was soone at hand,
And Rage as ready at Command;
With this & that at Him they flie,
And in Him at Pietie.
First their barbarous ears they stop,
Then his reverend Head break ope,
And their Monstrous selves they staine
With his Blood, and with his Braine.
The Passover did never know
A Lamb so pure & mild as Thou

Great Saint but that whose eve did see,
The Holy Lamb, w^{ch} dy'd for Thee.
He dy'd for Thee, & Thou againe
For Him, & for His Truth art slaine;
Slaine indeed, but slaine into
A better Life then this below;
A Life, which will exalt Thee higher
Upon a fairer Temples Spire
Then whence Thou fell'st, a Temple where
In Truth is, what's in Shadows heere.

Ascension

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

LIFT up your Heads great Gates, & sing,
Now Glory comes, & Glories King;
Now by your high all-golden way
The fairer Heavn comes home to Day.
Hark now y^e^ Gates are ope, & heare
The tune of each triumphant sphear,
Where every Angell as He sings
Keeps time with his applauding Wings,
And makes Heavns loftiest Roofe rebound
The Treasures of this Noble sound
Hallalujah:
Which our poor Tongues shall as they may
Restore to them againe & say
Hallelujah.

Ascension

THE time is come
For Times Great Lord to think
of Home:
A Home: but not to Him alone,
Who goes to find a Mansion
For Us, who be
As well as he
Pilgrims in this wild World of Miserie.

He goes before
To ope the everlasting doore:
Come *Cherubim*, Resigne, saith He
Your flaming Sword & Custodie,
That *Adam* may
Againe to Day
Find into Paradise his open way.

For I must now
Keep open House for all below,
Who will accept my invitation,
And come to this great Preparation:
My Servants all
Shall goe & call
All Tribes & Nations to this Festivall.

Sweet Cloud, whose back
A Chariot soft & cool did make
For our Great *Ascendant*, wee
This Privelege doe envy Thee.

Were not y^e^ Wings
Of Angells, Things
More fit to carry home the King of Kings?

Yet seing He
Is so well content with Thee,
Wee, Things as sleight & vaine as Thou,
Will take Us pious Courage now;
Our Hearts shall raise
A Cloud of Praise
Upon y^e^ soft Wings of our sweetest Layes.

Thus as We may
Will We attend Him in His way;
And as He goes our Song shall move
In a tune as high as Love
Can reach; as high
As We can flie
By stretching up our thankful Fervencie.

(The Hymn Sett to 5 Parts for voices & violls. by R. C.)

Halalujah:
Hark how y^e^ joy full Heavns rebound
The Triumph of this welcome sound:
Halalujah.
For they
To Day
Shall repossessed be
Of what makes Heavn, Joyes Treasurie.

Halalujah.
Ne'r did Triumphant Conquerour wear
Spoiles so rich & vast as here:
Halalujah:
For see
How Hee

His Banner stained hath
With y^e^ Heart-blood of Hell & Death.

Halalujah:
Great Lord of Life & Death, too meane
Is this our World to lodge Thee in:
Halalujah:
Thy Throne
Alone
Now full as big must be
As all y^e^ Heavns capacitie.

Halalujah.
Goe then & may the Aire to Day
Its sweetest Gales blow in thy way.
Halalujah:
And as
They passe
O let thy gracious Feet
Print Blessings on y^e^ Clouds they meet.

Halalujah.
Our long Adieu we take, but yet
Not for ever take We it:
Halalujah:
Farewell
Untill
We meet againe, for We
Doubt not thy bright Returne to see.

Halalujah.
High-mounted on a Cloud wilt Thou
Returne as Thou ascendest now:
Halalujah:
Farewell,
Yet still
We must have leave to say,
No Cloud shall beare Thee all away.

Halalujah.
Thy pretious Name & Memorie
Inhabitants with Us shall be:
Halalujah.
Our Layes
Shall raise
Their Noble Praises high,
And their Ascension thus supply.

Whitsunday

(For a Base & 2 Trebles.)

BUT now Heavn comes againe y^e^ Same
It went, though in another Name
It went y^e^ Son, but here
It comes y^e^ Comforter.
O blest & strange,
O sweet exchange!
LOVE has made y^e^ Bargaine even
We did but part with Heavn for Heavn.

Look how y^e^ Stars come showring downe,
Ambitious now to be y^e^ Crowne
Of Mortall Heads, where they
Divided Flames display.
Sweet Crowns, your shape
Was not by hap:
Right are the Churches Temples crown'd
When cloven Mitres them surround.

All Babells Tongues and more then they
In these sweet Cloven Flames doe play:
Which, though Divided, sure
Will that Division cure.
No feare but now
Our Tower may grow
High as its Hopes; y^e^ Church may rise
Compleat, & meet y^e^ equall skies.

Whitsunday

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

FOUNTAINE of Sweets, Eternall Dove
Which leav'st thy glorious Perch above,
And hov'ring downe, vouchsafest thus
To make thy Nest below with Us:
Soft, as thy softest feathers, may
We find thy Love to Us to Day;
And in y^e^ Shelter of thy Wing
Obteine thy leave & Grace to sing
Halalujah.

Whitsunday

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

THY heavnly Kingdome heere below
Now like it selfe Dear Lord doth show,
And needs no Metaphor to tell
How Loftie Things beneath can dwell;
Now thy Celestiall Flames are hither sent
To light ye Stars of Earths new Fermament.

How bright they shine! Brave Stars whose Light
Spreads Day upon ye Face of Night!
And gilds ye furthest Shades, which lie
Hid from ye Upper Heavns great Eye.
Coasts to ye glaring Sun unknowne shall say,
Welcome Sweet beams of bright Religious Day.

These Heavn's thy Glory shall declare,
And with thy Prayses fill ye Aire,
The Tongue of this Great Day shall send
Thy Name unto ye Worlds vast end.
Where e'r it lists this Spirit shall blow, & find
Its Chariot on ye Wings of every Wind.

Whitsunday

(To a Base & 2 Trebles.)

TUNE We our Heart strings high,
And to the Heavnly Dove
As we are able, flie
On Vocall Wings of Love.
To Him our Thanks and Prayses pay
In all the Tongues He gave to Day.

Whitsunday 1644

WHAT though the Fiends have chang'd their Place,
Though Shamelesse Hell dare show its face
So big & black in our sad sphear
And stare
Upon the Sunne? though War
Its bloody Mouth doth ope
Threatning to swallow Hope
Almost y^e^ onely Relict that
Is undevoured? Yet must we not
Betray
That little mighty stay
Seing This is Comforts Holy-Day.

When Truth went home, He left behind
The Word, which now so true we find;
The Comforter I'l send, sayd He;
And we
This Feast of Comfort see.
To Day the Comforter
Broke from his loftie Sphear
And brought his sweet Omnipotence
To conquer feares, & chase them hence.
And though
Dangers still swarme below,
They'r but to trie our Courage now.

The Comforter will not deny
Matter for Faith & victorie:
Nor could He be a Comforter
If heere

No Enemies did appeare.
Tis our advantage now
That Hee does Foes allow,
Who allwayes ready is at hand
To conquer what doe Us withstand.
Doe Yee
But dare to fight, says He,
And if you faile complaine of Mee.

How should We faile, Dear Lord, when thy
Allmighty Hand does Strength supply?
Had We but Faith in this Great Day,
Dismay
Would vanish quite away.
O win our Soules, & wear
The Spoiles Thou come'st for heere:
Help Us to fix our Trust in Thee,
So shall our greatest Conflicts be
An Art
To exercise each part,
But most of all to breathe our Heart.

So shall this happy Exercise
Be but a Trade of Victories;
And whilst one hand does fight, y^e^ other
Shall gather
Balmes for his conquering Brother:
Which both of them shall bring
To Thee their mighty King:
And at thy Feet shall throw them downe,
Being not theirs, but all thine owne.
Poore Wee
Can never Victors be
Unlesse by thy Sole Potencie.

Trinitie Sunday

(For a Base & 2 Trebles.)

FOND Syllogismes, in vaine
You arme your Propositions Three
Against Religious Trinitie.
Alas, what need you straine
To run so mad with Reason, & excell
In wrangling all your Masters into Hell.

Must Faith & Heavn goe learne
Reason of Arius? Must ye Son
Be God no longer then Art can
The Mysterie discerne,
And by pure Demonstration teach ye Eye
How th' Angles in the Eternall TRIGON lie?

Fooles, we would not maintaine
Our ONE in THREE, & THREE in ONE,
If your best Demonstration
Could wisely it explaine.
No: Tis a Mysterie, & shall ever quell
Both Arius, & all other Gates of Hell.

Come Faithfull Hearts & sing:
All Saints & Angells will conspire
To fix ye Consort of your Quire:
They know your Mystik King:
And in their everlasting Anthems crie
(*Chorus*) Thrice HOLIE HOLIE HOLIE TRINITIE.

Trinitie Sunday

HOW well This dawns next that illustrious Feast,
Which brought y^e^ Heavnly Dove from his high Nest!
The whole yeare did proclaime the Father's Name,
Christmasse y^e^ Sons, & Pentecosts Sweet Flame
The Sweeter Spirit: How 'twas time that We
This TRIPLE ONE is one Dayes Unitie
Should celebrate: time that our Triumphs now
Full Catholik & Orthodox should grow:
Time that our Joyes be Mysticall & high,
Learning in one devout Loveknot to tie
A Trinitie of Feasts. Hence faithlesse Yee
Whither of Arius long-damned stock ye bee,
Or of y^e^ later but the ranker Weed,
Which taints y^e^ Churches Garden, goe & feed
On your drie Syllogismes, & with your stout
And witty impudence still face it out
That they much sweeter & more wholesome be
Then Angells Bread the HOLY TRINITIE.
Leave Us our Sweets, & call them, if you will
Fooles Paradise: We are contented still
With Truth and Blisse on any termes; & though
We seem such easy credulous Fooles to you,
JESUS to Us is wisdome made, Evn He
Who is the wisdom of Eternitie.
Nor shall those Serpents Hises, whose fell Toungs
Lurk under yours, disturbe our faithfull Songs:
That everlasting Mystik harmonie,
Whose sweetnes dwelleth in y^e^ TRINITIE,
Invites our Musiks eccho; & this Feast
Of DIVINE CONSORT fits an Hymne y^e^ best.

HYMNE

(To be sung w^th^ three voices.)

1 PART

Xs. 1. ASK not how the thing can be,
2. But adore the Mysterie
3. THREE IN ONE chor. ∧ & ONE IN THREE.

Xs. 1. Faiths Eye does not double see,
2. But treble, yet in Unitie
3. Seeing ONE chor. ∧ it seeth THREE.

Xs. 1. The Sacred Knot's the Deitie
2. Tied up close in Unitie
3. Yet tied up chor. ∧ in Persons THREE.

2D PT.

Xs. O TRIPLE UNITIE
We humbly offer Thee
One Songs chor. ∧ Triplicitie.

Xs. As Thou art One chor. ∧ may We
All One together be,
And One at length with Thee.

So shall our harmonie
By no time measured be,
But by Eternitie.

3D PT.

Xs. For when this brittle voice shall be
Cracked by our Mortalitie,
Cho. Our Hearts shall cleerer sing to Thee :

Xs. When hence we are released to see
The beams of thy Divinitie,
Cho. We shall be cheerlyer being free.

Then next thy Angells Harmonie
Our Prayses shall resound to Thee
Which We will tune by their high Key
Halalujah.

S. Philip y^e Deacon

June 6

FAITH, thou art boundless; not one Graine
Of Thee, but doth more weight conteine
Then vastest Mountains: Yet full well
Thou In Mens narrow Hearts canst dwell,
Which Mystick Cells y^e lesse they be
And humbler, allways yeild to Thee.
The larger roome:
Thou lov'st to come
To such as these with all thy Noble Traine,
And fixing there thy potent Throne doth reigne.

And Thus of old in *Philips* breast
Thou kept'st thy Court; so great a Guest
We never knew herselfe bestow
Under a roofe more poor & low.
Yet with such glory didst Thou there
On thy commanding Throne appeare,
That thy strong hand
None dares withstand
But all *Samaria* doth acknowledge Thee
Her best & gentlest Conquerour to be.

Sturdy Diseases, w^ch could dare
All Physiks Powers, modest are
Before y^e face of *Philip*, and
Aw'd by his conquering Command;

Rather then they with Men will fight
Against themselves they'l turne their spight
And by & by
Grow sick & dy:
And well y^e^ Servant Sicknes may destroy,
Whose Master lately Death itselfe did slay.

But these were easy Cures: His Art
Wrought cheifely on y^e^ inmost Heart,
By Teaching it a Life to live,
W^ch^ mortall Seed could never give:
A Life w^ch^ might y^e^ First-fruits be
And Dawne of Immortalitie.
He rubs y^e^ rust
From off y^e^ Dust,
And fairely prints Heavn in its Head; for where
JESUS is stamp'd y^e^ sweetest Heavn is there.

No Thunders Rage so dreadfull is
To our most timorous ears as this
All-conquering Name appears to those
Who are Mans everlasting Foes:
They exercise y^e^ utmost skill
That could be forg'd & hatch'd in Hell
To fortifie
Themselves, & trie
Whither their Immortall Legions cannot be
As strong as one poore Mortall Enemie.

They trie indeed; but trie in vaine,
Still *Philip* Victor doth remaine;
And As y^e^ mighty Tempest throws
The Sea before 't where e'r it goes;
So doth his Potent Voices Blast
Foameing & roaring Spirits cast
Out from Mens breasts
The Proper Nests
Of a Mild Spirit: for there should onely dwell
The *Dove of Heavn*, & not these Ravens of Hell.

Black *Simon* startled much to see
The Forces foild, & routed He
Had sided with, swells wth Disdaine,
And falls to rave & curse amaine:
Now all yee Powers below, full well
And justly are yee damnd to Hell,
If yee whose Pride
Did swell too wide
For Heav'n, if yee, who feard not to oppose
The great *Eternall* yeild to Mortall Foes.

Blame not their God; the Place is due,
And they succeed in right to you
If they can beat you thus: Poor Fiends,
Ev'n We your best & surest Friends
Sham'd by your weaknes, shall no more
The Deitie of Hell adore;
No more shall We
Spit Blasphemie
Against y^{e} God of Heavn at your Devotion,
If Earth can intercept Hells strongest Motion.

Look how *Samaria* laughs at Me
Conquered by *Philips* Potencie:
Look how great *Belzebubs* dread Name
Shrinks into Nothing at y^{e} fame
Of upstart *JESUS*, whilst we straine
And play y^{e} Devills all in vaine.
No furie could
Have stoutlier stood
For your accursed Cause, then I have done,
Nor earn'd a gallanter Damnation.

And must I now be foold, must I
Stoop unto any Deitie
But thine great *Lucifer*; & now
In Spells & charmes I aged grow
Be thus out-conjur'd by a new
And not hard Name? the words, w^{ch} you

Upon my Tongue
Did print, were strong
And dismall barbarous Sounds, but *Philip* by
One sweet & easy Name doth them defie.

Me thinks had I thy Hornes & Voice
Dread *Satan*, by my Looks & Noise
I could affright ye Stars, & throw
The torne Heavns headlong downe below.
Had I thy doubled-steeled Paws
And thy long Adamantine Claws.
Anew I'd tosse
That *Christ* to's Crosse
Where e'r he lurks, nor any Nailes would need
To fix Him there, but what my fingers bred.

For Shame renounce thy baffled Throne
And let ye Airs Sweet Realme alone
To Him yt rules in it; Goe dwell
A Coward in ye holes of Hell:
Thy conquerd Head & Shame goe hide
In thy old Night, where by thy side
Deaths & Despairs
Thy Comforters
Shall bid Thee welcome home, & make thee be
Content with that sole Principalitie.

Search there ye black Records, & send
If thou canst find them, to thy Friend
Some choice Receits, & charmes, wch yet
Were never belched from thy Pit:
Once more I'l trie for Hell & Thee;
But if I faile, farewell for Mee
Devills & Feinds,
I'l get me Friends
With *Philip*; blame not what you taught me, Pride;
Though against Hell, I'l take ye nobler side.

Thus vex'd, ye Wizard does his best
Great *Philips* Power to resist;

But finds him selfe too weak to fight
With holy Faith's Mysterious Might,
Which so amazeth him, y^t^ he
No longer dares its Enemie be:
He yeilds, & cries
I sacrifice
My black & weak Profession to the Light,
Which from y^e^ Crosse doth break so strong & bright.

Victorious Saint, thus at thy Feet
Convinc'd & conquerd lies y^e^ Great
Champion of Darknes; Heare how He
Beggs for his better Life of Thee.
Grant Him his Prayer, & drench Him in
The Fountaine purgative of sin;
The Fount, w^ch^ will
Quench all y^e^ Hell
That flam'd in Him; unlesse releas'd in vaine
He throws Himselfe into y^e^ Fire againe.

S. Barnabas

Acts 14

TIS not so poore a thing to be
Servants to Heavn, Deare *Lord*, & Thee
As Earth would make it; no not heere
In thy Humilities low Sphear;
Not heer where scoffings & Disgraces
Use to be heaped on their faces,
As on thy blessed Selfe they were
When Thou didst breathe, & grace our Aire.
Through thine owne humble veile there broke
Sometimes such Noble Beams as spoke
The Sun within: Let Tabor be
Witnesse to this faire Veritie.
Thus didst Thou prove Thy Selfe; & thus
Assert'st thy Saints illustrious
By Glimpses of that Glory Thou
Aforehand dost on Them bestow.
This royall Splendor faire did rise
In all y^e^ wondring Lystrians eyes,
Whilst they beheld what Power there was
Dwelling in *Paul* & *Barnabas*:
One, who since first he came into
The world, in it could never goe
On Natures errands, leapeth now,
And feeles his feet obedient grow
To *Pauls* command: No Lamenesse dares
Be lame, where so great Power appeares.
But, let what weakness will say nay,
Forthwith finds legs to run away.

Away that runs, & in its roome
The ravish'd People crowding come:
Great Names of Gods (though Gods alas
Lesse reall then those Names) did passe
For current in their Pagan Creed:
But now, say they, we have no need
Of perblinde Faith, who cleerly see
Naked & plaine Divinitie
Walking & working heer; nor shall
Those vocall masks, y^e^ Names of *Paul*
And *Barnabas*, snatch from our Eyes
Our Two Omnipotent Deities:
Paul is not *Paul*, but noble He
Is y^e^ most eloquent *Mercurie*;
And *Barnabas* no lesse then *Jove*
Father of all y^e^ Gods above.
For Gods they are though clothed in
The Garb & countenance of Men.
Now comes y^e^ Priest of *Jove*, & brings
His fattest finest Offerings,
Selected Oxen, & y^e^ Pride
Of every beauteous Garden, tye'd
In dainty Garlands, so to please
And welcome their grand Deities.
And who shall heer forbid, says He,
Great *Jupiters* High Priest to be
True to his Office, & to day
Unto his God his homage pay?
Why that will We, cry They, for whom
This Pompe & Sacrifice is come.
Behold we rend our clothes, & know
Our Hearts are wounded more then so,
To think that you should Us adore,
Who are as brittle & as poore
Dust as your Selves; & Him neglect,
Whom We, you worship so, respect
As onely God & greater far
Then your greatest *Jupiter*.
A God that made both Him & you,
Both Things above, & Things below,

A God whose Clouds doe drop on Us
A seasonable fruitfullness,
And wet *Joves* rotten Grave, from whom
You needs will dreame y^e^ Raine doth come.
Alas we were more Lame than He,
Whom heer We heal'd to day could be
Untill our God helped us; & now
That onely God we preach to you.
And thus indeed our Saints did stay
The Peoples Sin; but ope'd a way
To greater glory: Noble odds
They now have gaind on Pagan Gods,
Who might have had, but did despise
Ev'n *Jupiters* owne sacrifice.
Thus To be *JESUS* Servants, speaks
More royall Splendor far then breaks
Forth from y^e^ most Majestike Throne
That Heathen God e'r sate upon.

S. John Baptist

I

WHEN Nights black houres be almost spent,
And her still stealing course is bent
To some far West, where Shee doth crowd
Behind y^e^ World herselfe to shrowd,
The royall Day
Doth not straitway
In its full grace
Supply y^e^ place;
But quick Aurora sweetly faire
Stepps in before to trimme y^e^ Aire,
Showing ten thousand Roses all before
The Suns bright entrance at his easterne doore.

The Jews thick Night (where y^e^ huge shade
Of duskie Ceremonies made
Jacobs great Sun descry'd from far
Appeare no more than *Jacobs Star*)
When once it grew
Mature, & drew
Unto its end;
Heavn strait did send
An Harbenger to dresse the way
With morning Glories for y^e^ Day:
The other darksome is to this Days *Sun*,
Nor is Aurora faire compar'd with John.

Elisabeth & *Zacharie*
Grown old in spotlesse Pietie
Shall have their yeouth renew'd & turne
Againe unto their vigorous Morne,
Whence shall be drawn
This glorious Dawne:
From such & none
But such, may *John*
Derive his Birth; a Plant so faire
Must needs of some choice Root be Heire;
A Stream so pure & holy could not be
Issue to any Fount, but Sanctitie.

Both in y^e^ work & in y^e^ Place
Of Holynes y^e^ Business was
Reveal'd at first, whilst *Gabriel* spies
Old *Zacharie* at Sacrifice.
He spies Him, and
Doth silent stand
Aside, y^t^ He
No stop might be
Unto y^e^ reverend Service: but
Archangells faces cannot shut
Their lustre up so easily; *Zacharies* eye
Though old & weak, its presence did descry.

And as an awfull reverence did
Through all his joints a trembling spread,
Fair *Gabriel* with a gentle grace,
Whilst all Heavn smiled in his face,
Thus chears y^e^ Saint;
No time to faint
Is this for Thee
Blest *Zacharie*,
But to grow young & strong againe
Strong as thy Noble Prayers, w^ch^ streine
And reach Heavns top with Clouds more sweet then those
Which from that Incense Altar ever rose.

Strong must Thou grow, & strong shall be
The Partner of thy Pietie:
Thy Dear *Eliza* shall bring forth
A dearer Son; in whose great Berth
Heavn being far
Ingag'd, takes care
About his Name,
Which wer't y^e^ same
With Thine, y^e^ World might take Him for
Old *Zacharies* Issue, & no more:
Heavn gives Thee Him, but bids Thee Name him *John*,
For Heavns He is, & not Thy Son alone.

Be tender therefore how you fashion
Heavns blessed Darlings education:
No wine nor no strong Drink must gin
To kindle dangerous fervour in
His Sacred Blood:
The Virgin Flood
Of some chaste Spring
Shall dayly bring
Supply unto his Cup, that He
As pure & chaste as it may be:
For in his infant venerable Breast
The spotlesse *Dove* of Heavn will make its Nest.

God means to come & dwell w^th^ Men
But will be nobly usherd in,
And sends thy Son before to see
His royall way prepared be.
Hearts are y^e^ path
He chosen hath;
And these alone
By powerfull *John*
Can conquerd be & force'd to meet
All plaine & smoothe their Makers feet:
For tis His Privelege fully to inherit
Mighty *Elia's* most unconquerd Spirit.

As strange as was y^e^ Messenger
Did this all-glorious News appear.
Give leave, Illustrious Angell, cryes
Good *Zachary*, if Doubts arise:
Shall worthlesse I
Grown old & drie,
Againe revive
And double live,
Fresh in my Selfe, & in a Son
So great, so pure, so strange a One?
Surely this Wonder well deserves that Thou
Some signe aforehand to my Faith allow.

Know then, says He, I'm *Gabriel*,
And that my honour is, to dwell
Before y^e^ Seat of God, & see
The glories of Divinitie.
Those Spirits, w^ch^ lie,
Soar not so high,
But groping dwell
In lowest Hell
Falshoods dark Kingdome: Truth alone
Finds roome about the heavnly Throne.
Yet take this Signe; thy Tongue w^ch^ ask'd it, shall
Be mute, till Men shall Thee *Johns Father* call.

And with this Word, into y^e^ Aire
More pure then it, vanishd y^e^ faire
And nimble Spirit; whilst *Zacharie*
Doth after in devotion flie;
In praise his Heart
Could beare her parte;
But on his Toung
Did sit so strong
The Silent Signe, that onely now
The language of his Pen can show
His dear *Elisa* what had made him dumbe,
And what would ope her aged barren wombe.

II

Eliza found the Promise true
Which with her Wombe still bigger grew,
And to its plenitude did swell
Moneth after moneth; whilst *Gabriel*
Being to goe
On busines to
A Friend of hers
This News inferrs
Among y^e^ rest, which Shee w^th^ joy
Imbraced, & contriv'd a way
How to goe visit, & congratulate
Her new revived Cosins pregnant state.

No sooner was She come, & had
Her gentle Salutation made,
But strait *Eliza's* wombe prevents
Her Tongues most forward Complements.
The Babe, w^ch^ there
Lay hid, did heare
The Strangers Toung
Which sweetly rung
Heavn in his ears, & made him know
His mighty *Lord* was neer him now;
He knows those gratious words can speak no other
But Heavns and Earths Delight, his *Makers Mother.*

Wherefore before *Eliza's* lips
Could let an answer out, He skips
With sprightfull joy, & as He may
Doth to his *Lord* his homage pay:
Betimes He tries
To exercise
Himselfe, who was
Designed to passe
Before Him, & all things prepare
As his most faithfull Harbenger:
He leaps, & seems to chide y^e^ Wombs delay
Which stopt him now from entring on his way.

At length ye happy time was come
Which did release Him from ye wombe
Unto his joyfull Mothers warme
Kisses, & soft imbracing Arme.
Her Friends about
Her round, poure out
In thousand fashions
Of Gratulations
Their Joyes & Wishes, every one
Blessing ye Mother & ye Son.
But when ye Circumcision Morning came,
A pretty quarrell rose about his Name.

His Friends desir'd He might inherit
Both his great Fathers Name & Spirit,
And in a kind presumption stilde
Him *Zachary*. O no, ye Child
Is mine, his Mother
Cries, & no other
But *John* shall be
His Name: to me
Dear is the Name of *Zachary*,
Dear as my reverend Lord, yet I
Must have my will; this Name say I, or none;
Let Him be *Zachary's* son, but named *John*.

And must We this Sweet Babe, say They,
Unto a forrein Name betray?
A Name not heard of yet in thy
Old Famous Line and Family.
Meanst Thou to pluck
Him from ye stock
Where Heavn hath set him,
And not let Him
Be come a Root from whence may rise
An endlesse Brood of *Zacharies*?
O let his Father end this quarrell, and
May his most reverend Decision stand.

Content, & what my Lord, says Shee,
Does write shall prove a Law to Me.
Grave *Zachary* no sooner takes
The Table, but by it He speaks.
His name is *John.*
Which scarce was done,
But strait He felt
All y^e^ Bands melt,
Wherin Great *Gabriel* thus long
Had kept close Prisoner his Toung.
But now his Mouth flows with his Makers praise
And vents his Spirit in inspired Layes.

The sound of this restored Toung
Through all y^e^ Neighbor regions rung,
Spreading Amazement all y^e^ way
Where e'r it travelled: yet they
Who heard it, were
Roused with fear
And wonder, not
So much at that
As at y^e^ Childs miraculous Fame,
Which w^th^ a louder Eccho came
And pierc'd their Hearts: what will He prove, say They,
Whose Birth through Wonders makes its Noble way?

Why, He will prove all to be true
That Gabriel did of Him forshow,
He will not prove a Man for you,
Nor for y^e^ Life professd below.
Betimes He grows
Angell, & knows
A way to ease
His Soule of these
So weildy worldly clogs: into
The Deserts freedome He can goe
Living alone with God, & learning there
Of Him how He his Sons way must prepare.

He thinks not much to leave behind
Those dainty Clothes, w^ch^ lay y^e^ Mind
Open & naked: He can wear
A suit of harsh, & homely hair;
And so appeare
More fine by far
In Heavns strait view,
Then finest you:
A simple Thong girds Him as well
As all your massy Belts, w^ch^ swell
With Pearle & gold, this being garnished by
The richest Gemme, poorest Humility.

Though for his Portion, He might call
Unto you yet He leaves them all,
All those soft sweets, w^ch^ may invite
Your Learned Palates to delight:
From those w^ch^ you
Away doe throw
In fatt disdaine,
He doth refraine
As viands too too delicate
For Him, who at a cheaper rate
Can live & serve his God: poore Locusts are
With wilde & casuall Honey, all his cheare.

And chear enough: No want hath He
All whose Desires answered be.
No Art of Luxurie can please
A Soule with such accomplishd Ease
Which sets her free
From Slavery
Unto this Dust.
No rampant Lust
Flies up & blinds y^e^ Eyes of *John*,
Who Master of Himselfe alone,
Can freely yeild what is so fully his
Unto His Service, whom to serve is Blisse.

III

Thus waits He on His God, when loe
The wondring World conspires to goe
And pay Attendance unto Him,
Judea & *Jerusalem*
Both leave their home,
And Pilgrims come
Unto y^e^ Wilde
And desert field,
Yea *Jordan* summons all his streame
Thither to come & meet w^th^ them;
Such is y^e^ Conflux, y^t^ y^e^ Wildernesse
And that alone no Desert doth confesse.

The Noble Preacher now begins
Battle to bid against those sins,
Which fought w^th^ Heavn, & in its way
Did thick & Foule obstructions lay.
Take downe, He cries,
Those Mounts which rise
So high, & fill
Those gaps of Hell,
That so a Path all smooth may meet
And kisse your Makers gratious feet.
Pave all His way with Hearts, but let them be
Gentle & soft, for such a One is He.

Yet if you rugged make his Path,
He can be like to it: in wrath
Upon you can He trample, and
Has Hell & Death at his Command.
If you will prove
Good wheat, his love
And Armes shall be
Your Granarie:
But if his righteous Fan shall finde
You worthlesse chaffe, his Angers winde,
Which kindled y^e^ eternall flames, shall cast
You headlong in by its all-potent Blast.

O turne in time, & with your tears
Both quench y^{t} fire, & drowne my fears.
Repent, & He will doe so too,
Who has decreed to overthrow
All y^{t} withstand
His mighty hand.
Soone will He heer
In power appeare
And you in Spirit & Fire baptize:
O hearken then, & timely wise
In Water first baptized be by Me
So shall his Baptisme safe & welcome be.

As *Jordans* crowding Streames made haste
Into y^{e} Sea themselves to cast;
So into his fair channell now
All The converted People flow,
Hasting to drench
Themselves, & quench
Their thirsty Fire,
Whose brave Desire
Burnt all for Baptisme; now no more
Trust They their Ceremonious store
Of Legall Washings, which themselves did grow
So foule, that now 'twas time to wash them too.

Startled at this the High Priests take
Advice about y^{e} Point, & make
Upon debate a Joint Decree
To send Ambassadors, & see
What was this *John*;
Whither that Great One,
On whom they had
So long time fed
Their highest Hopes, their deare Messias,
Or the miraculous *Elias*
Or some selected Prophet; for no lesse
By his great Fame could they collect, then this.

No, none of these, says He, am I;
I am ye *Voice* sent out to crie,
Make strait ye Way, & clear ye room
That God unto his World may come.
Though Mighty He
Comes after Me,
Yet does He too
Before Me goe;
As far before, as He could be
Ev'n By compleat Eternitie.
And I poor worme unworthy am to loose
Ev'n but ye latchet of my Makers shoes.

Peace humble Saint, for He must be
Immediately baptiz'd by Thee.
The more unworthy Thou dost deeme
Thy selfe, ye worthyer dost Thou seeme
To Heavn & Him;
Who on ye brimme
Of *Jordan* now
Himselfe doth show,
And wooe's thy Hand to wash him there.
O no, cries *John*, Deare Lord forbeare,
How can pollution wash such Puritie?
All need have I to be washd clean by Thee.

And so Thou shalt: Yet say not no,
Now thy great *Lord* will have it so.
Humilitie if once it side
With Disobedience, swells to Pride.
He needs not be
Washed by Thee,
But means to make
Thy Hands partake
Of nobler Puritie, whilst They
In washing Him his Will obey;
Whilst on that Sacred Head they water poure,
Which Gods owne hand had dew'd wth Oile before.

Now willing growne, yet trembling too
About his great Work He doth goe;
A Work so royall & so High
As might Archangells dignifie,
Yet deignd to none
But humble *John*,
His Hands w^ch^ were
More pure & faire
Then *Jordans* silver flood, he fills
With it, & then with reverence spills
It on y^e^ Head of *JESUS*; & before
His venerable feet his Soule doth poure.

IIII

This Busines done to Court He goes,
A fitting Match to deal w^th^ Those
Illustrious high borne Sins, w^ch^ there
In silks & Gold doe domineere;
And which sometime
Are seen to climbe
Up to y^e^ Throne
And reigne alone
Both over Prince & People too;
And *Herods* Court was tainted so:
The *Tetrarch* rules y^e^ numerous Multitude
Whilst by no fewer sins He is subdue'd.

But *John*, who no displeasure feares,
But His, whose Throne's above y^e^ Sphears
Dares bid y^e^ Prince beware how He
Offends an higher Majestie.
Herod give eare,
Says He, & heare
What word to Thee
Heavn sends by Me.
Tis not thy Kingdome that can buy
Thy Brothers Bed: O why should thy
Fond lust, & old *Herodias* dearer be
Then thy Gods Law, & thine owne Soule to Thee?

Unto thy choise indulgent Heavn
The fullnes of y^e^ world hath given,
Nor is *Herodias* alone
The Noble & y^e^ beauteous One:
A lawfull Love
As sweet may prove;
And blesse thy Bed
With nobler Seed.
Could all y^e^ world no Females show
But that *Herodias*, yet Thou
Must not have Her: but now thy choise is free,
Take Thee some other Queen, & prosperous be.

What fire so fierce as that of Lust
When into furie it doth burst?
Is *Herod* King, & must He be
Bridled by such a Thing as He?
What, must a young
Poor Preachers Toung
Limit his Love?
Must He remove
Out of his Breast his dearer Heart
And Him, & his *Herodias* part?
Forbid it all my Might, & Kingdome, cries
The Prince: The Saucy Preacher surely dies.

Whilst in his Breast this furie burnes,
Into his Minde y^e^ thought returnes
How bright in all y^e^ Peoples eyes
Johns Sanctitie & Name did rise.
To murder him
Whom they did deem
A Prophet, might
Their Zeale incite
To flat Rebellion, & y^e^ King
Unto a lost Condition bring:
Yea They perhaps, what He had preached, by force
Might execute, & hasten a Divorce.

Yet must not He escape, nor I
Be Prince in vaine, still He shall die,
Though in a Death silent & long:
I have a Prison dark & strong,
Where He shall have
His larger Grave,
Whilst I doe live
And freely give
My Soule unto all Joyes in Thee
Herodias, my Felicitie.
And thus y^e^ zealous Saint imprisoned is,
And sent to trie a straiter wildernes.

Now foolish *Herod* fearing none
To check his lust, goes cheerly on.
His Birthday comes, & as if now
He liv'd anew, He means to show
His Princely Joy;
That merry Day
To consecrate
To Pompe & State,
His Nobles all must feasted be
At this his grand Solemnitie.
And young *Herodias* w^th^ her charming dance
The entertainements value must inhance.

The King is set, & set are all
The Nobles in y^e^ royall Hall.
In comes y^e^ Nymph & feeds their eyes
With daintier Varieties
Then those, w^ch^ were
The Tables chear:
Her amorous face
Beauties owne Glasse,
Her robes, y^e^ most accomplishd dresse
Of all illustrious Comelinesse:
But when her gracefull Dance She measures, all
Their Hearts trip after Her about the Hall.

Filld with delight, like some mad Lover,
In a wilde Oath y^e^ King runs over;
By Heavn, He cries, & as I'm King
Ask Me, *Herodias*, any thing;
Challenge of Me
If it like Thee
Halfe of this Throne
I sit upon;
Herod unworthy were to be
A Prince, if unrewarded He
Let goe thy Merit: say what must I give,
In this deep debt thy soveraigne must not live.

The Younger Witch runs to her Dame,
And gives account how Shee did frame
Her soft inchantments, w^ch^ did wring
This usefull promise from y^e^ King;
All thanks, says Shee,
Dear Child, to Me
Thou dost restore
What I before
Gave Thee, ev'n Life; I now againe
Shall live, & like a Queen shall reigne.
Ask that bold Preachers Head, & I shall be
From all his raylings & aspersions free.

Back goes y^e^ Dancer, & does pray
A Dish of Meat might be her Pay,
That she as well as all y^e^ rest
Might with her Mother goe & feast.
Let *Herod* now
Performe his vow,
Cries She, & on
His happy Throne
For ever flourish; the Desire
Of his poor Handmaid shall aspire
No higher then y^e^ wretched Head of *John*;
This in a Dish I ask, & this or none.

Herod starts at y^e^ Word, & tries
How He might put on Sorrows guise;
Else it might seem a Plot between
Him, & his deep inraged Queen
How to betray
The saint to Day.
Alas, sayes He,
Too late I see
The rashnesse of my rampant vow,
And must be wondrous wicked now
That I may not be so: foule Crueltie
Alone from Perjurie can rescue Me.

All yee, my Lords, are Witnesse how
Profound & solemne was my Vow:
My Honour & my Honestie
Deeply in it ingaged lie:
O could but I
With safetie,
I would betray
Both these to Day
Rather then *John*: But now, alas,
Inslaved to *Herodias*
I'm not my selfe: then fetch his Head; but say
'Twas Rashnes & not *Herod* Him did slay.

Yes glozing Tyrant, it is Thou,
Who dost pretend, but breakst thy Vow:
No more then halfe thy Kingdome was
Ingage'd to spruce *Herodias*:
Let Her have that,
But let her not
Incroach & call
For more then all.
Farr More then all is this, that Shee
And angry Lust doe ask of Thee,
More then thy totall Kingdome & thy Crowne,
The *Baptists* Head is worth more then thine owne.

Well, be it worth a World, it must
Be yeilded to y^e^ Dancers Lust;
Who to her Mother dances in
Bearing y^e^ fruit of her bold sin.
Look heer, she cries,
I have y^e^ prize,
A Dish I bring
You from y^e^ King
Wheron your eyes, your Heart, your Spight
May feed with uncontrolld delight.
Madame be free, loe ev'n y^e^ Preacher now
Your pleasure serves, & to your Will doth bow.

Mock not, *Herodias.* Rescue'd *John*
From both his Prisons now is gone
Unto a Feast more Princely far
Then *Herod* has provided heer;
Thou hast made this
Birthday prove His
The Day, y^t^ sends
Saints to their ends
Opes them a new Nativitie
Unto a Life, that cannot die.
John lives to day, nor dost Thou dance alone;
In *Paradise* they dance, where *John* is gone.

One Dance for Thee is still behind
By which Revenge thy Crime will find:
The Ice perfidious to Thee,
But unto *Justice* true shall be,
When it shall catch
Thy neck, & snatch
Its Head away,
Which there shall play
And dance a tragik Measure on
That fatall Pavement: then shall *John*
W^th^ greater glory view Thee from his Sphear,
Then *Herod* at his Feast beheld Thee heere.

S. Peter

TRUE, 'tis thy time foule Nero; Thou
Mayst be more then Devill now,
And venture on this Saint, w^{ch} Hell
Hath often felt & fear'd: full well
This Work thy monstrous Hand doth fit,
Which blusheth not itself to wet
In thine owne Mothers Heart, & write
The King of Tyrants. just & right
It is y^{e} Emperour should see
His conquerd God revenged bee:
Now thy bruised Simon dies
This other Simons Sacrifice;
It will become Thee Him to slay
Who of thy God hath won y^{e} Day.
Foolish Tyrant, dost Thou know
What Thou art about to doe?
Know'st Thou that Thou takst away
Not thy Tutor Seneca,
But y^{e} Worlds great Master, One
On whom y^{e} education
Of greater Things then Thou depends,
One, whose school it selfe extends
Much further then thy Empire, by
Thy stoutest Eagles wings could fly?
Knowst Thou that thine owne hand shall be
The ladder, by whose Service He
To Heavn shall climbe, who but ev'n now
Thy soaring God pulld downe so low?
Thither shall He climbe & yet
Leave firm & sure his reverend Seat;

For thy proud Rome shall see his Throne
Flourish, when thine is dead & gone.
What though He but a Fisher be?
Illustrious is his Trade, for He
Useth no bait, but what is more
Worth, then this Imperiall store:
His Hook's a noble Crosse, & this
With a Kingdome baited is;
Eternall Crowns are fastned on it;
Blisse & all Heavn hang upon it;
Doe Thou thy Selfe but Bite, & He
Can catch, & thither draw up Thee.
Yet if His Blood be all that thy
Desire does thirst for, He can Die:
He can Die with more delight
Then Thou canst Live: thy fiercest Spight
Can mingle no such deadly Cup
But He can thirst to drink it up,
And find Life in its bottome: He
Counts it but Death to Live wth Thee,
Seing his Lord & Life long since
Was returned home from hence.
And hearty thanks He gives unto
Thy furie, which contrives it so,
That by y^{e} same illustrious step
After his Lord He may goe up.
Had He his choise of all thy store
Of Torments, none would tempt Him more
Then this fair Crosse, w^{ch} bounteous Thou
On his Ambition doth bestow,
Who would not halfe so willing be
To climbe thy Royall Throne wth Thee.
This is that Tree, w^{ch} reacheth up
To highest Heavns its Noble Top;
Whose boughs through all y^{e} world doe spread,
And a wholesome shadow shed;
Whose foot tramples y^{e} Head of Hell,
And all its envious Powers doth quell:
The Tree, w^{ch} bare no fruit but God
When in Calvarie it stood.

Look now how rare Humilitie
Plucks back y^e^ Saint from this fair Tree:
This Altar is too great, He cries,
For so mean a Sacrifice;
My Masters Throne of Torment is
Too Royall for my Worthlessnesse:
Were some Cherub here to die,
This Ingine Him would dignifie;
Alas any unhonourd way
Of Death would serve poor Me to slay;
The best of Crowns, dear Martyrdome
Though in y^e^ meanest Shape it come,
Will bring sufficient Glory. Yet
If needs I must aspire to it,
May I have leave to show that I
Desire'd not in this Pompe to die:
So hang Me that my Head below
Its dying Kisses may bestow
Upon the reverend foot of this
Great Seat my Master once made His.
None but this fashion can agree
With my unequall Dignitie;
When their Kings honours Servants crowne
Tis fit y^e^ upside should be downe.
Thou hast thy Wish, meek Saint, to this
Request y^e^ Tyrant liberall is;
And smiles that He has learnd to day
To Crucifie a new found way.
Now doe thy feet point to y^e^ Place
Whither Thou must straitway passe;
And turned quite away art Thou
Allready from all Things below;
A sweet Advantage by thy new
Torment doth to Thee accrew,
Which with thy humble Project's even
Now Thou lookest downe to Heavn.
Heaven a Place to Thee well knowne
Into whose hand y^e^ Keys were throwne,
A Place w^ch^ will to Thee restore
Thy Heart lodgd there so long before;

A Place much higher, Nero, then
He is falln below a Man.
A Place, where Thou shalt meet wth thine
And with Heavns Blisse, y^{e} most Divine
Eyes of JESUS, from whose Beames
The Way of Life & Glory streames.

S. James y^e^ Apostle

S. Marc. i. 19-20.

LOVE walking once by y^e^ sea side
A knot of busy Fishers spide:
And why may I not fish, said He,
Who made the Fishes, & y^e^ Sea?
Good reason Mighty Love that Thou
Where Thou dost please thy bait shouldst throw:
And happy They, who can but be
A free & willing Prey to Thee.
O what commanding Power doth wait
Upon thy more then golden Bait!
How instantly doth James forget
The mending of his broken Net,
And finds y^t^ He needs more to be
Mended, & made whole by Thee!
No sooner did thy blessed Call
Ring in his Heart, but, Farewell all,
Cries He, & welcome more then so;
I to a greater Sea must goe,
A Sea of Bliss & Joy w^ch^ I
Now standing on y^e^ Shoar descry.
Dear Sire, bear w^th^ this short Adieu,
Loe there my Father more then you;
He, who on you did Me bestow
Calls for his owne, & I must goe.
Goe gentle Soule, & Captive be
Unto y^e^ best of Libertie.
A fairer Ship then this Thou leav'st
Thou by a blest exchange receiv'st:

The Holy Church a Vessell is
All built & riggd, & fraught wth blisse:
Thou shalt a fishing goe againe,
But in y^{e} Worlds more Noble Maine,
And learned in thy Masters Art,
Catch such as is thine owne soft Heart;
Untill mistaken Herods hand
Shall draw thy labours unto land,
And drive Thee wth his murdring Sword
To Lifes fair Shoar, to thy Dear Lord.

S. Bartholomew

SURELY this Gold's but Earth, although
Through throngs of Tempests it can draw
The greedy West
Into y^e^ East
And make y^e^ Ocean crowd into
The Mouth of Inde: And will none goe
To finde a Prize more golden then
That glittering Ore, th' eternall Soules of Men?

Yes, here's a Merchant ready; He,
Were India more Worlds off, can be
Content to passe
Them all: He has
A fairer gale then ever from
The Mouth of any Winde did come;
Full in his Sail God's Spirit blows,
And not to fetch, but carry Gold, he goes.

If Gold be not a Name too poor,
To print upon his Noble store;
The pretious Wares
He thither bears
Are genuine Peace, & boundlesse Blisse,
And Loves, & Joyes, & Paradise:
For these & more inshrined lie
In JESU'S Name, Heavns best Epitomie.

With this He trades, yet not to make
Him selfe, but India rich: Come take
Your choise, He cries,
In this great Prize;
Indeed tis richly worth much more
Then all your idolized Ore;
But you may goe on Trust for this,
Give but your Faith, & yours y^e^ Treasure is.

His market thus in India done,
Unto Armenia He doth run
To traffique there
With y^e^ same ware.
A Braver Merchant ne'r did come
Into those parts; & there were some
That dealt with Him, who quickly thrive
Getting wherwith eternally to live.

But having undertook to make
His Chapmen Kings, y^e^ King doth take
High discontent
To hear Him vent
Doctrines so bold; No more, cries He,
Of your Christs Kingdome; there shall be
In my Armenia but one
And thats mine owne undoubted lawfull Throne.

The Gods by whose assistance I
Ascended to this Royaltie
Are Gods enough:
I can allow
Thy uselesse Christ no room, & yet
Thy selfe maist for some use be fit.
Say Slaves, will He not serve to flea?
Though He be naught, yet good his skin may be.

Mistaken Tyrant, what canst Thou
And this thy tardy Torment doe?
Long since our Saint
Without constraint

Threw off y^e^ Worlds unworthy skins
The foolish furniture of Sins;
Yea & y^e^ Flesh: what matter then
For Him to lay aside his weary Skin?

Take then thy most unconquerd Prey;
And for y^e^ skin Thou pluckst away
Array Him round
With one great Wound:
Trie if thy Spight can boundlesse prove
As are His Patience & his Love:
Send Him more naked hence then He
Came hither at his first Nativitie;

So! now far fairer then before,
He sparkles in his glorious Gore
As y^e^ stript Sun
The Clouds being gone
Though naked yet more beauteous is
By that illustrious Nakednes,
Having no shame to hide, w^ch^ may
Beholding be to some more spruce array.

What e'r y^e^ stupid Tyrant think,
The wiser Devills back doe shrink,
And dare not look
On this red book
The Saints owne Rubrick, or once come
Neere so strong Beams of Martyrdome,
But wish a thousand times y^e^ skin
Were on y^e^ Noble Martyrs back agin.

No; let y^e^ King this token keep
That he did slay y^e^ harmelesse Sheep:
Heavn will provide
A Robe to hide
The Saint; faire Immortalitie
Into a garment fram'd shall be,
A garment full & fit, whose hue
Though ever worne, keeps ever fresh & new.

Goe then, Great Saint, unto thy Place
Much richer then thy India was,
A Place too high
For Tyranny
To reach Thee thence: there shalt Thou see
The Crowne & Throne prepard for Thee,
Who to be sure to enter in
At Heavns strait Gate, didst first put off thy skin.

S. Matthew

O LOVE Thou art Almighty! This
Sole Day can prove Thee so, w^ch^ is
Not onely Matthews, but from thence
The Feast of thy Omnipotence.
Thy single Word did not to day
Blow sturdy Mountains far away,
Or cite y^e^ East into ye West,
Or fright y^e^ Centre from its Nest;
But more then so, draw from its Seat
The Publican, about whose feet
Hung cloggs of Gold: cloggs heavier far
Then Centres, Worlds, or Sorrows are,
Except those Griefs w^ch^ hung on Thee
When Thou wert hung on Calvarie.
How safe did Matthew sit upon
The most inchanting thriving Throne
Of constant Gains, w^ch^ with full tide
Came crowding in on every side,
And onely bid Him ope his Chest
To let it in! How amply blest
Would thousands write themselves, if they
So cheaply could such wealth injoy,
Though more then one Damnation were
Tie'd in its Traine! But LOVE'S words are
Richer then Riches: Matthew now
Forgets Golds price, w^ch^ He doth throw
With all its hopes away, & choose
Bare Povertie as by it goes:
For LOVE had put it on, & He
No sooner cries come follow Me

But as a faithfull Eccho to
The Word, y^e^ ready Saint doth goe.
No Scruple, no demurre; he knew
Twas LOVE that calld, & LOVE that drew.
Twas LOVE, & He his Tribute can
As well as Caesar claime from Man.

Michaelmasse

WHAT though our languid Songs cannot aspire
(Justly termd AIRES, because they reach no higher)
Yours Noble Spirits, make large supply,
Whose loftie Key
Doth well agree
With Him, whose Name you eccho, the MOST HIGH.

The TRIPLE ONE & UNDIVIDED THREE,
In your mysterious Consorts Unitie
For ever sounds, whose gallant praise
As you chant there
All Heavn you chear
And make it, & its Stars dance roundelays.

Whither some Seraphik, or Cherubik Throats
Lead up y^e^ ravishing Verse in Single Notes,
Before y^e^ full Quire thunders in:
Or whither all
Together fall
Upon y^e^ Song, the Musik still doth win,

It wins y^e^ ear, & wins y^e^ favour too
Of Him, whom all your loud TRISAGUIMS doe
Strive to extoll: HE all things made
That Prayses they
To Him might pay,
And best likes those, who follow best their Trade.

Close doe you follow it, while ravishd by
Your owne exstatic Notes, your Soules doe flie
Along w^th^ them, untill they beat
Strongly upon
Gods Mighty Throne
And so rebound againe unto their Seat.

By this sweet intercourse your Hearts doe goe
In glorious pleasure trading to & fro:
And whilst a veil forbids your Eye
Your liscense'd Toungs
By their free Songs
Carry you close unto y^e^ Deitie.

O happy Yee, whose undisturbed Quire
Can be as lasting as your owne Desire,
And fears not to be silence'd by
Mischeivous Zeale
Or ever feele
A Reformation by Impietie.

Sing on Sweet Spirits, & pay our common King
What We, alas, can onely wish to bring.
Yet if We ever doe arrive
(As We desire)
At your great Quire
Wee'l take our Parts, & sing as long's We live.

For many a Place We know there vacant is,
Since your false Brethern Sung their Parts amisse
And made flat Discord in y^e^ Song.
The fault was great,
And They unfit
Unto y^e^ Quire of Angels to belong.

Let them & their untuned Genius dwell
Deep in y^e^ correspondent Jarrs of Hell:
But Heavn forbid that your fair Quire
Imperfect be;
Rather may we,
And our sad Groans, to your sweet Tunes aspire.

S. Luke

WHAT though some monstrous Things y^{t} wear
Physitians Names, & Looks,
And all things but their Books,
The onely licence'd Murderers are,
Traders in Deaths, w^{ch} They so dear doe sell,
That They undoe oftimes before they kell?

The Art is Noble still, & can
Bid Death her distance keep
Though Age gins to be steep,
And downward bends y^{e} hoary Man:
Physik is Lifes Reserve, & can make way
For routed Nature not to loose y^{e} Day.

And in this potent Art our Saint
A Master was: yet He
Ambitious is to be
Skilld deeper yet, & to acquaint
With Mystik Physik, w^{ch} may both restore
And make his Patients Live for evermore.

In y^{e} fair Beds of Paradise
He searcheth every Place
To find each herb of grace,
In which most heavnly virtue lies.
And makes a Soveraigne Purge, whose Power divine
Serves to clense Hearts, & grossest Soules refine.

But His cheife Simple is that Tree,
Upon whose every Bough
And Leaf pure Life doth grow;
And this his JESUS is, whom He
Folds up in Papyr, & doth freely send
For all sick soules to y^e^ Worlds furthest end.

No Physik like to Gospell is,
Which He himselfe did trie
Upon himselfe, & by
Its virtue still doth live: Tis this
Which purgeth all Corruption, & doth wring
The deadly poyson from Deaths conquerd sting.

SS. Simon & Jude

WHEN LOVE the King of bounty, did
Look over all his year,
Newfound & glorious things He spread
To make it rich & fair.

He sprinkled on y^e^ foremost Day
Gemms dugg from his owne veins,
And gave his foreskin to array,
And hide y^e^ New years stains.

Another speciall Day He did
Paint full & fair all over,
For all His Noble Blood He shed
In Purple it to cover.

But when His owne dear veins were drie,
He borrows of his Friends
And other Days to dignifie,
The Martyrs Blood He sends.

Betimes this privileg'd Day did get
A rich & double share:
Two Noble Casks abroach were set
To wash & dresse it fair.

Two rich Apostolike streams did run
With full & liberall Tyde,
And joyning both their floods in one
In this Days Channell glide:

Upon whose either bank each one
Their reverend Name did spread;
Since when in this Days Stile alone
Simon & Jude are read.

All Saints

THE year although
A long & tedious Thing till now;
Grows scant & narrow,
And glad to borrow
A cleanly shift, wherby
To wait on Pietie.
Religion hath outvie'd its Days, & bred
More Saints then could with Feasts be furnished.

For Saints indeed
Are not Times flitting brittle Breed,
But borne to be
Eternallie;
Nor can ye years poor Round
Their great Dimensions bound
For whom ye fairest Sphears extended be;
Saints must impeople Heavns Immensitie.

Wherfore seing this
One Day for all selected is,
Let its full Glory
Outshine ye story
Of all ye year beside,
Now grown lesse fair & wide
Then these few Hours, the vast Epitomie
Of what excelld ye years Capacitie.

As when We see
In one rich Mixtures Unitie
Each Tribe & kinde
Of Sweets combinde,
And by Art taught to dwell
In one small chrystall cell,
Such is y^e^ quintessentiall Confluence We
Finde in this single generall Feast to be.

A Feast of Feasts
Where holy Hearts (its onely Guests)
Finde every Dish
Exceed their Wish:
For all y^e^ Morsells be
Themselves Feasts, yet agree
To shrink their bulke, & so contracted lie
In the rich lap of this Festivitie.

There lie the pure
Conserves of Lillies, good to cure
An Heart or Eye
Thats blemishd by
(A smoothe but rankling Rust)
The burning Spot of Lust:
Some call them Angells, sent to shine below,
Others, the Virgin Tribe of flaming Snow.

Next these, are store
Of purple Dainties colourd o're
With their own juice
Of speciall use
To chear the Heart, & make
It manly courage take.
These are of sundry sorts, yet all doe come
From one red Fount of Noble Martyrdome.

The third Course is
Though not so rich in hue as this,
Yet full & faire
And may compare

With that delicious store
Which was servd up before
For sundry Virtues, as in number farre
It them transcends for these Confessors are.

Illustrious Day,
In which y^e^ whole year doth display
It selfe, & more!
O may our poore
Praises, & poorer We
Have leave to wait on Thee.
Our vilenesse sure the Saints will not despise,
Whose Honour first from Lowlines did rise!

S. Mary Magdalen's Ointment

FORBID Her not, nor ask a reason why.
She is in Love
And means to prove
The Sacred Boldnes of *LOVE'S Mysterie.*

Who asks a Reason why ye Zealous Fire
Will owne no Rein
Which may restrain
Her venturous Flames, and say, Ascend no higher?

Marie's on fire: and such stout Fire as fears
No ocean streams
To check its flames,
Which burnes amidst a Sea of brinie Tears.

These Waters, & those Flames in Her brave Eyes
Both have their Place,
Both have their grace,
And stoutly strive which should the higher rise.

If Shee will be profuse, oh let Her be.
LOVE'S mystik Art
Knows how t' impart
Virtue's true grace of *Prodigalitie.*

The Box is dear, is not Her Heart so to?
Then let Her choose
Which Shee will loose;
That, or her Heart must break; *LOVE* chargeth so.

O generous Odours! Ne'r did Thriftie Love
Admirers meet
With halfe so sweet
Perfumes, when saving Prudence her did move.

Fresh from his Alabaster Prison flies
The Noble Smell,
Whose riches fill
The sweetned Earth, & reach th' applauding skies.

Stop Her not now: See how her genuine Fire
Takes its true course
And with full force
To Heavn it selfe directly doth aspire.

For what is Heavn, if not sweet JESU'S head
Whose glorious eyes
Gild all y^e^ skies
With purer beams then *Phaebu's* Look can shed.

Sweet Sacrifice! But sweeter Altar far!
The Altar where
This Offerer
Doth dedicate her Nard, Gods Temples are.

What, does this rare Effusion ad a glance
Of pleasing grace
To JESU'S face,
And make in God a cheerfull Countenance?

Sure He approves it well: *Engedie's* Bed,
Or *Libanus*
Ne'r pleasd Him thus,
Nor *Edens* Hills, w^ch^ liquid Spices shed.

Smile all y^e^ Sweets, whose Kindred doth advance
You to be nere
This Ointment here:
That rich Relation will your price inhance.

And Courage Lovers : *JESUS* will allow
Your Noble Passion
Immoderation,
Who was excessive in His Love to you.

But Thou Brave Woman, & thy pretious Name
More sweet then was
Thy Nard, shall pass
And fill th' eternall Mouth of holy Fame.

Lemniscus ad Columnam S. Simeonis Stylitae appensus

FOR still y^e^ reverend Pillar stands,
And all religious eyes commands.
Still it stands erected high
On fairest Mount of Memorie:
High as y^e^ top of highest Glorie,
Which writes from hence its noblest Storie.
Higher then the PRINCE of FLIES
With his swarthy Wings can rise:
High as y^e^ flight of soules: as high
As LOVE'S illustrious Wing could flie.
As high as is the loftie pitch
Lowest Humilitie can reach.
No Pillar ever higher stood
But that which shin'd w^th^ Gods dear Blood.
Faire Mark indeed, w^ch^ could invite
The earlyest Morne & latest Night,
The East & West to leave their home,
And into Syria Pilgrims come.
Look with what haste huge Torrents straine
To crowd themselves into y^e^ Maine:
With as full & speedy Tide
Nations flow from every side
Into this Sea of Wonders. Some
To feed their Admiration come:
Some for health, some for Protection,
Some for Counsell & direction.

Ne'r did so thick Devoto's follow
The Oracle of Old Apollo,
Though He through all y^e^ World did goe
For Physiks God & Wisdomes too.
Ne'r could usurping Dieties
To such exuberant honour rise,
As doth from all Quarters presse
JESU'S SERVANTS feet to kisse.
HIS SERVANT, & no more but so,
Is He to whom these Glories flow.
Honour turnes Servant unto them,
Who faithfull Service pay to Him.
If Simeons noble soule disdaine
To wait upon y^e^ Worlds proud Traine;
The World shall humble prove, & be
Servant to his Humilitie.
Humilitie layd sure & low
Is y^e^ root from whence did grow
Those Palms & wreathes, whose thick imbraces
Caught Him with the noblest graces
Of never sought for Fame. His first
Acquaintance with y^e^ World was nurst
Among Things like himselfe; poor Sheep
And simple innocent Lambs to keep
Was all his young Preferment; low
And mean enough, you'l say; but know
To Him it seemd too high: His *Crook*
Did something like a SCEPTER look,
And all his FLOCK like SUBJECTS stand
And goe as He changd his Command.
Ev'n honours Shades & Emblems are
Too fair for his meek Soule to wear.
He thinks it work enough to keep
Himselfe, whilst others govern Sheep.
And all his Wishes onely strive
In some safe Fold a Lamb to live.
No Fold so safe immure'd can be
As a Monastik Cell, says He.
High mounted on Devotions wing
Thither hasts this simple Thing,

And shrowded in that narrow Nest
He shuts out all y^e^ World, y^t^ rest
And He more room might get, then now
Th' excluded Universe could show:
Room to traverse Heavn, & see
The Crest of all Sublimitie:
Room to lodge all Virtue's Traine,
Room his God to entertaine;
Room where all his Forces may
Mustered & set in array
With confidence bid battle to
His & Pieties Mighty Foe.
Light Skirmages had often past
Between these Champions, till at last
The Saint resolves about the Spring
The utmost of his Power to bring
Into y^e^ Field. Twas strange to see
What kind of Ammunition He
Store'd up against y^e^ Fight: all Lent
He in Fortifying spent;
Good store of Faith He did provide,
And regarded naught beside.
Meat & Drink were things too gross
And cumbersome for Him, who was
With Spirits to fight: Forty long dayes
His silence'd Appetite obeys,
Whilst his stout Soule did thrive & feast
With one perpetuall perfect Fast.
His treacherous Flesh quickly fell downe,
All his false Friends away were blowne,
His Lusts grew tame, & every Passion
To his brave Will it selfe did fashion.
Unto his great Designe most true
And trusty every Member grew.
Thus to y^e^ Combate did He goe
Neer as much Spirit as his Foe.
Simple Foe! The Plot He layd
Is long before the fight betrayd:
The World & Flesh, w^ch^ He dispos'd
In ambuscado, are disclos'd,

And y^e^ Poore & pined Saint
Victorious is in being faint;
Proving y^e^ Staffe of Bread to be
No necessary weapon; He
Without it lives & fights, Gods Word
Serves Him for food & for a Sword.
No marvell if He conquers, who
Makes extream weaknes potent grow,
By casting from Him all Defense
But onely Gods Omnipotence.
Little remains of Simeon;
God fights, & almost God alone.
This Strategeme found such successe
That henceforth He doth professe
It as his Trade; No Spring but He
Incounters thus his Enemie;
And whilst He other food denyes
Diets Himselfe w^th^ Victories.
Now twas time no more to dwell
In Obscurities dark Cell:
Heavn dar'd venture Him abroad
In some large & fair Abode,
Large as his mighty Soule, & fair
As his high Atchievments were.
His loftie Theater shall be
An emblem of his Constancie,
A Pillar stout & tall set forth
To y^e^ view of Heavn & Earth;
That mounted in y^e^ Aire on high
That Elements Prince He may defie,
And Angells, Men, & God may fill
Their eyes w^th^ this brave Spectacle.
Brave Spectacle indeed! Great Rome
Had no such noble sight at home,
No Pillar Arch, or Monument
Of conquerd Worlds gave such content
As this one Column: wherfore Shee
With devout Humilitie
Its Shadow borroweth, to gild
All her Streets, w^ch^ now are filld

With copied Simeon: every Door
Henceforth will ope & shut no more
But under His Protection, who
Ingraven stands above to show
On whose stout Prayers & Charitie
Th' Inhabitants within relie.
And in these senselesse Shapes indeed
The Saint might stand long years, & need
No reliefe: but how shall He
Advance soft Flesh & Blood to be
Of Marbles Constitution, and
Unmoved as his Pillar stand?
The World now staggers at y^e^ sight,
Grows jealous that it sees not right:
And One y^e^ Speaker for y^e^ rest
Humbly doth y^e^ Saint contest
To clear Ages Jealousie
And his Temper to descry;
To speak whether his Metall were
No other then it did appeare:
Whither it were not of y^e^ same
Pure cast, whence Heavn did Angells frame,
Whose blessed Wings still fann away
All y^e^ wearines which They
May seem to gather as they flie
On Errands round about y^e^ skie.
A gracefull Blush quickly made good
That Simeon guilty was of Blood:
And that his Flesh was truly so,
A deep ingraven Mark will show;
Which now He could no longer hide,
He shews his foot: where loe a wide
Mouth of a putrifyed Wound
Drops large confession on y^e^ ground.
Look heer, says He, how rottennesse
Gins Me already to possesse,
And judge whither I a Spirit be,
Or weaker Worme then these you see,
Which on my foot in Triumph pray
Unto my Heart eating their way.

O mighty Patience! Simeon
As sure & steady stands upon
This most vexatious gnawing wound
As stood his Pillar on y^e^ ground:
And fighting with Immortall Foes
Indures from Wormes those piercing Woes,
If yet they pierce Him, & all sense
Of Mortall Pains be not long since
Quite drownd in that exuberant Sea
Of his Angelik Fervencie,
Whose Mystik Power hath made Him now
All Soule: Sure Simeon feels no blow
Nor wound, but those, w^ch^ LOVE'S sweet Darts
Bestow on Saints Delicious Hearts.
Twas LOVE, which on y^e^ Pillar set
Him as his fairest Mark, whereat
To aime, & trie his Heavnly skill,
Which w^th^ Darts of Life doth kill,
And in ten thousand Deaths doth give
A sweet Necessitie to Live:
To Live a LIFE of WOUNDS, but those
So healing, that y^e^ Soule would choose
Rather Ease's Pangs, then not
By those Arrows to be shot.
LOVE shot full oft, & every Dart
Flew directly to the Heart
Of this fair Mark; At last He cries,
Mine alone, Mine is y^e^ Prize:
The Tempters Arrows are in vain,
Mine alone the Man have slain:
Mine He is, & Mine shall be;
No Title to Himselfe hath He:
Him I challange by y^e^ Law
Of greatest Arms, & mean to draw
Him home in Triumph after Me
In token of my Victorie.
Then farewell Noble Captive, goe,
Thy Conqueror will make Thee so:
No state so glorious is, & free,
As that of Thy Captivitie.

That holy Appetite, which thy
Long Fasts begot, shall satisfie
Itselfe with Heavn : far higher now
Then was thy loftie Pillar, Thou
Shalt be exalted, & above
In y^e^ warme bosome of thy LOVE
Be payd for thy cold Station heer.
Farewell, Brave Soule, & though thy Sphear
Be too high for Us, & our
Poor Songs to reach, yet will we poure
Them on y^e^ noble Place of thy
Dear feet, & heap our Prayses high
To crowne thy Column, or to be
Crowned by its Nobilitie.

S. Gregorie Nazianzen

May 9.

NE'R would I owne this thing of mine,
Which some perhaps a Muse will call,
If it forgets to wait on Thine,
Which comprehends y^e^ Other Muses all.

For more of them ne'r dwelt upon
Learned Parnassus double Head
Then harbour in thy single one,
And finde this latter house best furnished.

Furnished with holy store
Of nobler Raptures then till now
Snatchd Poets Soules away, & bore
It far above these grosser Things below:

Raptures of purest Loves, wherby
Thy Heart on Angells Wings did soar
Unto a pitch more fair & high
Then Graecian Quills e'r towred to before.

By Thee to Heavn y^e^ Muses rise,
And ravishd in Divinitie
Sing with Birds of Paradise
Layes, which ennoble rescue'd Poetrie.

Whither in Heroiks stately pace,
Or nimble Lyriks softer dance,
Or in grave Iambiks grace,
Still dost Thou goe with matchlesse excellence.

Illustrious Saint, thy noble Brow
All crownd with everlasting Baies
Thee Prince of Poetrie doth show,
Who all y^e^ Muses mak'st Urania's.

Oft has my earthly Soule from Thee
And thy rich lines suckd Heavnly Fire,
Oft have I kiss'd thy leaves, w^ch^ be
The sweet Incentives of devout Desire.

Fain would I eccho something back
Though faint, & short of thy due Praises;
Which though thy Honour doth not lack,
My Pen to Thine, & Thee, these Altars raises.

I

And this, Dear Saint, must be y^e^ first layd Stone:
Thou wert a Great before a little One;
Son of thy Mothers Prayers wert Thou
Before her Wombe with Thee did grow:
For Nonna prayes
That Heavn would raise
Her Seed, which Shee
Might yeild to bee
Onely Heavns; And Heavn to Her
Long Zeal doth bow its pleased ear:
Aforehand it assumes thy prosperous Birth,
Whilst in a Vision Nonna brings Thee forth.

Unto her watchfull Soule did God display
Thy figure, whilst her Body sleeping lay;
Thy Person, & thy genuine look
She read in that miraculous Book:

And with these, there
Was written faire
Thy vertuous Name,
The very same,
Which now Thou wearest, Gregorie
E'r Thou wert born appeard to be
Thy VIGILANT TITLE, who though shown in sleep
Wert marked many a pious Watch to keep.

Thus bigg with Hope, & shortly bigg with Thee
Nonna her reverend Wombe doth swelling see.
Lighter grows Her Heart, as this
Doth increase in Heavinesse;
No Moneths, says she,
Shall naseous be
To Me, who here
My Comfort beare,
A Flowre of mine owne Seed, w^{ch} may
Flourish to Heavn another Day.
No Longings shall stretch out my Soule, but one,
By which I Long againe to see my Sonne.

Now brings Shee forth & all her Pangs are sweet,
Which layd Her Holy Hopes before her feet.
Gladly y^{e} Infant Face Shee sees
How with Heavns Modell it agrees,
Each lineament
Holds true consent,
And this is Hee
Her Gregorie:
In a thousand joyfull kisses
Thankfull Devotion Shee expresses,
And renders God by Solemne Consecration
What Shee receiv'd by His so kind Dignation.

And now not as the Mother, but the Maid
And nurse to Heavns great Pledge, she is afraid
To use the Infant but as One,
Whom God had made her foster-son:

With tender Care
She doth prepare
All things y^{t} may
Another Day
Proclaime as much: His tender Heart
Shee seasons with religious Art,
And brings Him up as if Shee Tutoresse were
To educate some tender Angell heere.

O happy Thou, to whom thy Mother can
Give Thee a double Life to make Thee Man!
Thou breathst y^{e} Aire wth Us below,
And that, w^{ch} doth in Heavns Fields blow;
Ev'n Gods Great Spirit
Thou doth inherit
So soone, that how
Thou dost not know:
Thy blooming Budd is sweetned by
The Gales of Paradise, which flie
Thick in that breath, by which thy Mother makes
Those blessed Words to Thee She dayly speakes.

Thus in the best of Learning skilld, art Thou
At length sent out the lesser Arts to know.
To Greece, & Greeces purest Fount,
For such the World did Athens count,
Thy course is bent,
And well content
Art Thou to goe
Further then so
If Learning further dwelt; let gold
And hope of Gemmes make Others bold:
Knowledge though ne'r so poor, can seem to Thee
Of worth enough to make Thee scorne the Sea.

Yet thy Adventure dangerous doth prove:
The Winds conspire, and all the Sea doth move
It selfe against Thee; ne'r did waves
Split into profounder Graves:

No Tempest e'r
Rended y^e^ Aire
W^th^ threats more loud,
No Storme did crowd
Fuller into any Bark;
Highnoon Day ne'r grew more dark;
Wrack & Confusion never seemd to be
More ripe, then these, which gape to swallow Thee.

Feare & Despair through all the Shipmen went,
Whose Hearts more then their tatterd Sailes were rent.
But yet the Stormes impatient Noise
Scarse was higher then the Voice
Of thy strong Cries,
W^th^ which thine Eyes
Their Floods did joine,
And sighs combine
Into a Tempest neer as great
As that w^ch^ on the vessell beat,
So that the Sailers thought no more upon
The other Storme, amaz'd at thine alone.

Alas, Thou hadst not yet been drenched in
Those Holy Streams, which serve to wash our Sin;
And therfore fearst these Waves w^ch^ can
Destroy, but never save a Man.
This makes thy Crie
So strong & high
To Him, whose hand
Could strait command
The fiercest Ocean: never eare
Did more violent Prayers heare:
Ne'r did distressed Soule crie out like Thee,
And that for Water in the swelling Sea.

What Eyes can read thy Lamentation, and
Not Sympathize with thine? My Soule doth stand
Amazd, when in thy revernd Book
Upon that tragik Leaf I look;

Wondring what cries
Can win the skies,
If these wch rend them
Cannot bend them
If any Tempest can outcrie
Such importunate Fervencie.
None can outcrie it: JESUS yeilds at last
And into their owne Deeps the Waves doth cast.

The Winds, as blown quite out of breath, are hurld
Into their furthest corners of the World.
Heavn doffs that clowdy veil, wherby
The Storm hath dampt its beauteous Eye,
And doth display
A gentle Day
Upon the Sea
Now calme & free,
Which shews thy Ship her way unto
The wished Port: thus dost Thou goe
With weather beaten Safety to the Shoare,
And this so brittle Life will trust no more:

For to the Holy Fount Thou runnst apace
There to be drenched in the Streams of Grace,
That Thou henceforth no more mayst fear
Whatever Tempest shall appeare.
Where to expresse
Thy Thankfulnesse,
To Heavn dost Thou
Present a vow
Worthy of it & Thee: Thy Toung
Solemnly undertakes, how long
Soe'r Thou liv'st from all Oaths to refraine:
Thou strictly swearest ne'r to sweare againe.

II

All Athens now thy vast Capacitie
Quickly drinks in, but is not filld therby:
The Amplitude of every Art
Made haste to lodge in thy large Heart
Which entertaines them
All, & traines them
Unto a pitch
More high & rich
Then ever they had learnd to flie
On Wings of Pagan Industrie.
Thou best the Academie prove'st thy Mother
By growing up thy selfe just such another.

Though ruddy yeouths sleek smiles upon thy Face
Still keep their modest dwelling, Thou dost passe
For One all Gray within, Thy Braine
Betimes is Age'd, y^{t} doth containe
More store of years
By far then theirs,
Whose wrinkled skin
Doth reverence win
Upon Presumption no Man could
Live so long to be befoold;
And turne a Child againe in Head, which He
By Natures Rule, onely in feet should be.

The Chaire is mounted, & Thou must ascend.
Young as Thou art, old Auditors will lend
Their sober eares, & much rejoice
To hear their young Professors Voice;
Who sweetly wise
His gravnes ties
To sprightfull wit,
W^{ch} loves to sit
On yeouthfull subtile Toungs: All Greece
Surpriz'd with admiration is
At these thy Oracles, which make it follow
Thee full as young, as was their wise Apollo.

But that which Athens did to Thee indeare
Was that thy Soule met with another there
Right fit for thy sweet Company,
A Soule, wch did wth thine agree
In every part
Of thy best Art,
A Soule whose Pulse
Beat nothing else
But love & Heavn, a Soule so nigh
Resembling thine, that Amitie
At length mistook, counting thy Heart to be
In Basils Breast, & his to pant in Thee.

Never did Chance of Nature tie a knott
Into so strait a Union, as that
Which Virtues knitt, & Graces tie
In a Band of Pietie.
Now Basil loves,
And lives, & moves
In Gregorie;
And mutuall He
Loves Basil back againe, & lives
By that Life away He gives.
Thus when two Floods imbrace, they loose each other
In the pellucid Bosome of his Brother.

Such noble Soules alone as thine can prize
A worthy Friend aright: whatever lies
In India's pretious bowells, is
Not so golden gold as this;
No radiant Gemme
By whose rich beame
The new rose East
Is sprucest drest
Such ravishing lustre forth doth send
As this short Word, A WORTHY FRIEND.
A Friend is Patience, Care, & Secresie,
Comfort, Advise, Help, & Communitie.

Thus wert Thou marryed to thy Masculine Spouse:
When the Soule weds, no uselesse Sex she knows;
And heere thy Soule, & that alone
Enters NUPTIALL UNION.
No Female shall
Think to prevaile
By blandishment
On thy consent:
Though thy breast be large, yet Thou
Hast but one Heart to bestow,
And that is BASILS, who esteems it so
That for the World He will not let it goe.

Yet will a Paire of noble Wooers see
What they can doe upon Thee: Faire they bee
And Virgins both, who clothed by
A beauteous Vision, to thine eye
Themselves propose:
What, must they lose
Their loving pains
In thy Disdains?
Must the wrinkles of thy face
Duer to smiles, themselves disgrace
By turning Frowns? What needs Severity
To ask these gentle Strangers what they be?

Know their answer is: They Sisters are
Descended from Heavns stock, & come thus far
To make Thee sure of what thy will
Is most ambitious to fulfill;
To ratifie
Thy Puritie
And to increase
W^t^ learned Greece
Begun in Thee: nay Bothe beside
Meane this night to be thy Bride:
Heavn sent them on this busines, & they be
Prudence the One, the other Chastitie.

Sweet are your Names, sayst Thou, but sweeter are
Your royall Persons, which those Titles weare.
Be it a Match; such Mayds as you
Indanger not a Virgin Vow.
Heer, take my Heart
Never to part,
Your Gregorie
Will live & die
Your faithfull Spouse, if He but lend
His help, who you did hither send.
Thus, Glorious Saint, Thou putst thyselfe asleep
Into that State, which waking Thou shalt keep.

III

Accomplishd Soule, I must have leave to be
Of that Opinion, which was held of Thee
By all the World except by thy
Owne Paradox HUMILITIE.
Such heavnly skill
Thy Soule doth fill
That none could be
More fit then Thee
For Heavns imployment, none more fit
To help up humble Soules to it.
No Head so furnishd to support aright
A MITRES mystik unbeleeved weight.

To thy most perspicatious Wisdome this
Sacred & glorious Errour proper is:
Hadst Thou been like Us, lesse learn'd,
Never had thy soule discernd
The Pastorall Charge
To be so large
And huge a Load:
Ne'r hadst Thou stood
So nicely on thy weaknesse, as
To prove more weak in letting pass
So fair Preferment. We look now adayes
How deep's the MITRES gilt, not what it weighs.

Yet to thy awfull Parents Contestation
And urgent Wills, thine owne Thou striv'st to fashion.
Thy feeble Fathers Shadow now
In his Dioceese art Thou;
How bright so e'r
The rays appear
W^ch^ break from Thee,
Thou wilt not be
More then so; Nay when this Throne
And a full election
After thy Fathers Death long wooed Thee,
It could not conquer thy Humilitie.

All Nazianzum likes not Thee so well
As doth y^e^ Pleasure of thy Pontik Cell;
Where Thou thy Death canst antidate,
And dwell in Heavn before thy fate
Shall send Thee up;
Where Thou canst crop
And prune away
All things that prey
Upon our vitall Moisture, Pleasures,
Preferments, & superfluous Treasures;
Possessing all thy Selfe intirely free
From our vaine Worlds inchanting Tyrannie.

Nor shall thy Basil Thee persuade to be
Content to suffer Publik Dignitie,
Or make Thee ever set upon
The new erect Sasamean Throne.
So deep doth this
Designe of His
Wound Thee & thy
Humilitie,
That strong Complaints break out, whose course
Runs so far, & with such force,
That much they did prevaile, & had well nigh
In sunder rent your Bond of Amitie.

Yet can thy Resolutions not withstand
Heavns providentiall overruling Hand:
If Heavn please to appoint Thee Heir
Ev'n to Constantinoples Chair
Thou wilt not shrink
Away, nor think
Thy Selfe unfit
Therin to sit:
Thou wilt not shrink for any Storme,
That Hell & Heresie can arme
Against thy single Head, that Head, whose sheild
All Heavn becomes, when er Thou tak'st y^e^ feild.

This royall City was invenome'd by
That part of Hell, which at the Trinitie
Its poyson spits; Such potent Foes
What Mortall now will dare oppose?
What Valiant He
Wfil Champion be,
And stretch his hand
To countermand
The mighty Stream, w^ch^ floweth forth
First from Hell, & then from Earth?
Who dares divide his God, & therby sow
Division too among Mens Hearts below?

Why, Gregorie without Division can
Untie this knott, and in that Union
A Triad find & prove; no Net
By Sophistik cunning set
Can trap his feet,
No swelling Threat
Can terrifie
His Constancie:
JESUS is his God, and He
That mystik Truth can prove to be
As sure & sound y^t^ wondring Christians joine
This Name to crowne his other, *the DIVINE.*

He now becomes allmost the Rule wherby
The Catholik World their faithfull Truths doe trie,
And thus resolve their Questions: This
Gregories Opinion is.
This makes his foes
Blush to propose
Their Spurious Reason;
No: They by Treason
Will now dispute, & take a Course
Their Bishop to confute perforce.
Their Argument acute & strong shall be
A desperate Sword manage'd by Crueltie.

Fools as you are, now learne at least that He
Whom Gregorie asserts has Dietie
Enough to conquer Hell & you:
What makes your gallant Murderer throw
His Sword away
Without delay
When he is come
Into the room
Appointed for the Murder? What
Casts your Soldier downe so flat
Before th' unarmed Saint, & makes him pray
For Pardon, to the Man He came to slay.

But harmes which sometimes Foes cannot effect,
Are easlyer done by those we least suspect;
And they which wear y^e^ Name of Friend
Can soonest noblest Soules offend,
Soules which know
Full stoutly how
To oppose
Apparent Foes.
Thy Friends and Mitred Brethern be
The Host, Great Saint, w^ch^ fights w^th^ Thee;
The reverend Councill in thy Citty mett
Grow emulous, and against thy Peace are set.

Nor thine alone, but thy dear Mothers too,
The Churches Peace by this they overthrow:
A Peace w^ch^ is more dear to Thee
Then thy Throne & Mitre be;
Yea then thy Life,
If so their Strife
Will needs require:
All thy desire
Is thine owne Peace to sacrifice
Unto thy Mothers; Thou canst prize
No Patriarchall Dignitie so high,
As with the Churches Quiet, Privacy.

Yee holy Fathers, who are met to make
Up all the Churches rents, oh hear me speak,
Hear, sayst Thou this once from Me
A Vote, which tends to Unitie:
The Storms w^ch^ heer
So high appeare
Perchance may cease
In blessed Peace,
If worthlesse I like Jonas be
Resigned to the gaping Sea.
Heer therfore I renounce my envy'd Throne
More freely, then I put my Mitre on.

Thus didst Thou scape into thy long wishd Nest
Of a devout and solitarie Rest.
Thy Soule unhamperd & set free
From thy incumbring Dignitie
Finds ample space
Of Time & Place
To sit & sing
Of every thing,
Which tossd & troubled her before
The Tempest cast her on this shore.
For from thy Cradle takes thy Muse her Rise
And to this Days Exploit unwearied flies.

The Evening of Thy Life Thou solacest
With her sweet Lay's to bring thy Soule to rest
In softest Peace, & to prepare
It for the heavnly Consort, where
A Part must be
Chanted by Thee
In that high Song,
Which lasts as long
As thy sublimest Wish: No feare
That Discord shall affront Thee there
To vex thy peacefull Heart, & make Thee throw
Thy Honour off, as Thou didst heer below.

S. Joseph

FORGIVE this Wrong, brave Soule, that other Toungs
Have with thine holy Glories swelld their Songs,
Whilst ours was grown too proud to sing
An handicraft & simple Thing.
Loe here a Muse, as poore and plaine as Thou
Thy selfe didst seem, offers her humble vow.

Her vow to teach our English how to frame
Its homage to thy long-forgotten Name,
That now no talking Traveller
May tell for News that He did heare
In Spain & France how JOSEPH us'd to goe
For current Saint; In England Thou art so.

Illustrious Saint, who mak'st thy Royall Line
In Povertie with richer Glories shine
Then when upon its WISEST HEAD
The fairest Crowne of ISRAEL stood,
He by his numerous Wives his honour stain'd,
Thou by thy ONE thy dignitie hast gain'd.

What though seven hundred Beauties of y^e^ East,
All sprung from Royall Stocks, themselves did cast
Into his lustfull Bed? Yet still
More Glory in thy Spouse does dwell;
Seven hundred Princesses lesse beauteous be
Then One the Sole Queen of VIRGINITIE.

Great Pharaoh's Daughter though her face & ey
Convey'd all Egypts lovely Majestie
Into Judea, did not bring
Halfe so delicious a Thing
As thy Sweet Spouse shall carry back, when Shee
Ev'n in her meanest State shall hither flee.

That SONG OF SONGS, in w^{ch} th' inspired King
Rapt far above his owne Loves, strove to sing
Of a Diviner Spouse, for whom
All Heavn a Wooer would become,
Paints out that Maries Prayses, w^{ch} to Thee
In purest Wedlock now must joyned be.

Angells themselves in marriage thus may give
In Conjugall Virginitie to live:
For thats the wondrous Life w^{ch} Thou
Will with this Angell lead below;
And grown all Spirit antidate by this
Celestiall Life, the futures Virgin Bliss.

But Jealousy steps in a while, & tries
Thy righteous tender Soule to exercise:
Thy Spouse, whom Thou presumedst to be
Thy Sister in Virginitie,
Proves big with Child; O what shall Joseph doe
Whose most afflicted Soule's as big with woe.

He cannot Mary hate, nor her expose
A publik scorne to her insulting Foes;
But being just, He needs must part
With Her once dearer then his Heart.
Yet will in privite Her Divorce, that Shee
Her & her fault might shroud in Secresie.

Thus drownd in Tears & Thoughts a gentle sleep
Upon thy heavy brow began to creep:
When kind & carefull Heavn did send
Unto thy Soule thy Winged Friend;
Sweet was his face, Joy smile'd in both his eyes
Which with his Tongue he bad in thine arise.

Feare not, said He, Good Joseph, Davids Son,
Feare not to let thy Nuptialls goe on:
How can thy Maries Wombe not be
Big, which containes Divinitie?
God's breeding there: Heavns Spirit w^ch doth give
Life ev'n to Life it selfe, made Her conceive.

But I must tell Thee so: for humble Shee
Will not y^e Trump to her owne honour be,
But rather chuse that all this while
False Jealousie should Thee beguile,
And staine her Credit, then her Tongue should tell
That God vouchsafes within her Wombe to dwell.

For Him thy Mary shall bring forth; & Thou
His Name must JESUS call, from whom shall flow
A sure & generall Salvation
To every beleeving Nation.
This said, the Angell vanishd; after Him
The Sleep took Wing, & so brake up y^e Dream.

Thou wakened thus, & knowing well that thy
Owne Guardian Angell used no forgery,
With faithfull trembling joy unto
Thy pregnant Virgin Spouse dost goe,
And her, thy gentle Judge, for pardon pray
Whom jealous Thou hadst wronged yesterday.

O with what reverend Love & Care dost Thou
Attend on Her, whom Thou beleevest now
To be Gods Spouse as well as thine
And far lesse humane then Divine!
And with what earnest strife doth lowly Shee
Beat back those dutifull Respects to Thee!

But Caesars Edict to y^e tax doth call.
Thou must in haste to Bethlem, Spouse & all,
To that proud Towne, w^ch yeilds no room
When Povertie a guest doth come,
But some discourteous Cave: Thus scorned Thou
Who many a house hath built, doth want one now.

But He built many more, who by & by
Will bless his World with His Nativitie
Ev'n in this Place, which howsoe'r
Contemptible it doth appeare,
Shall outshine Heavn; such power hath Christmas Day;
Nor can proud Heretiks vote it away.

Joy, Noble Saint, th' Eternall Father heere
Hath given Thee leave his dearest Name to wear;
Thou too shalt Father called be
Of his great Son, who now to Thee
Committed is. Was ever Trust so large!
God, and Gods Mother are left to thy charge.

And soone Thou shalt have work, for Herods wrath
Through thousands Infants Breasts decreed hath
To dig its way to JESU'S Heart.
Thou from thy Country must depart,
No longer Bethlem, but design'd to be
(So Hell & Herod vote) A Butcherie.

Thou must depart: thy privy Counsellor,
Thy Angell tells Thee so. Flie with thy dear
Charge into Egypt, flie, says He:
O that these wings of mine might be
Their Chariot! But this noble favour must
Be thine, whom Heavn has honourd wth this Trust.

Great was thy haste, as was thy Love: e'r Night
Was fled before y^{e} face of dawning Light,
From Bethlem Thou hadst borne away
The better & the purer Day:
The Noble Names-sake journying heertofore
Much lesse Salvation into Egypt bore.

With what observance didst Thou forward goe
Both to the Son, & to the Mother too,
What fear, lest thine owne loving breast
In His, or Hers should be distrest,
What tenderness to keep the Mother warme,
What daintie Care that God should take no harme!

In Egypt Thou keptst house awhile with thy
Although but small, yet heavnly familie,
Untill thine Angell thither came
And counsells Thee to travell home.
Herod was dead, & now y^e^ Jews will give
JESUS, their owne lives fountaine, leave to live.

O blessed Saint, what glorious Conversation
Hadst Thou in that great Infants education,
Who, though the King of Majestie
Deignd to be Subject unto Thee.
Unto astonishment I must submit
When I revolve thy Life in Nazaret.

Surely the Heavnly Quire would gladly come
To make in thy poore House their nobler Home,
And finde their Service full as high
In thy sublime Oeconomie:
Finding no cause for Angels now to scorne
The Carpenters Apprentices to turne.

Heer might they see their Makers blessed eyes,
Which when He was at home with them surprize
With Light intolerable: heer
With safe accesse they might draw neer
His simple Cradle, whose illustrious Throne
Above, they found too bright to look upon.

But how at length, Deare Saint, how couldst Thou dy,
When Life it selfe dwelt in thy Family?
Gave JESUS leave to Love & Joy
Thy overcharged Heart to slay?
Lest if Thou still shouldst live His Death to see,
That One might thousand others heap on Thee.

Goe then, Sweet Soule, in peace & stand a while
Behinde the Curtaine, till thy Lord fulfill
His Tragedie: Then shalt Thou be
Restored to His dear Companie,
And wait upon Him in His glorious Way
Unto His Throne upon Ascension Day.

Natalitium : Martj 13, 1645

TIRE'D with my PSYCHE, (for y^e^ Song
Though wondrous hudled, yet was long,
And near
A year
Consumed in such singing, well may force
A stronger Voice then mine, & make it hoarse.)

2

I took some time to breath, but strait
Curs'd LAZINES which lay in wait,
Did heap
Its sleep
Upon my Heart, & I grew well content
With Ease, ev'n in the midst of active Lent.

3

Lent, & y^e^ Spring, & my great Need
Of being Buisie could not breed
Desires
Brisk fires,
No, nor y^e^ Spark of any Thought w^ch^ might
Me in y^e^ ways of good Imployment light :

4

Till rows'd by this important Day
I started up, & wip'd away

The Mist
Which prest
Upon mine Eys; & now I am awake:
But whoe will say so else that hears me speak!

1

Can any Charitie beleve
That I a fiction doe not weave,
When I shall talk
How I have heer
In this Lifes Walk
Gone Thirtie Year
And yet can nothing shew wherby
This Course of mine it self may justifie,
Unless I use the trick of Travellers, to Lie?

2

He whoe would paint my Life aright
Has nothing but a Blank to write;
Pure Vanitie
Its Arms doth reach
About all my
Fond Life; where such
A plenitude of Emptines
In all its annuall Circles bubling is
That thirtie Cyphers may my Thirtie years express.

3

The more my Shame, You'l say: & so
All blushing guilty I say too.
I shall be yet
More vain, yf I
Did not admit
That Vanitie
Which everie Ey that reads but Me
Doth in that prospect so compleatly see,
That 'tis too late to crave Help of Hypocrisie!

4

'Tis true, our Nations sinfull Score
From patient Heavn hath Vengance bore :
Love, Peace, & Law,
Obedience, Right,
And Safetie, now
Have taken flight,
E'r since our woefull Isle began
Within it self to raise an Ocean,
And Tides of Blood about the desperate Country ran.

5

'Tis true, my Self have felt some share
Of headlong & injurious Warr :
But had my Hart
Been brave & right,
Surely my Part
Had not been sleight ;
But with those faithfull Hero's whoe
Impatient gallantrie bid battell to
All Persecution, I had had the grace to goe.

6

They, noble Soules, long time before
Layd up substantiall Virtue's store,
But heedless I
Had not the Witt
Of Gallantrie
That Stock to gett :
Fond Drone, I playd & wantonized
Untill my sunshine Summer was surprized
With Winter, which all Heavn with clowds & storms disguized.

7

And now, alas, what can I doe
But sitt, & think, & sing my Woe !

I might have been
All pure & white,
As was this clean
Leaf where I write,
But now am farr more spotted, then
Is this unhappie virgin Papyr when
Deflour'd & stained thus, by my adulterate Pen.

8

Yet I can sigh, & wish for Tears
To wash my Thirtie blotted years.
And whoe can say
But languishment
And longing may
Make Heavn relent!
Whoe knows but Jesus will supplie
What wants both in my hardned Hart, & Ey
Out of his own deep Wounds, the Springs w^ch^ ne'r are drie?

9

This is my Hope: else would I not
To Live, on any terms be got.
Life is a thing
Which doth belie
Its Name, & cling
With flatterie
About the Hart it means to slay,
Yf JESUS helpeth not to purge away
The Poison w^ch^ amidst its smiling Looks does play.

10

O onely LORD OF LIFE & LOVE,
Those pretious Names upon Me prove!
I am thy DUST
And ASHES, and
My onely trust
On Thee doth stand:
Since Thou art pleased to repreive

Me still, oh crown the Favour Thou dost give,
And to thy Mercie's Praise & Honor let Me live.

11

I care not what becomes of Me
In this our Warrs Calamitie:
I care not though
All Mischeifs bend
At Me their Bowe,
And everie Friend
Turns Stranger unto my Distress,
So long as I Thy favour may possess,
And duelie answer it with bounden Loyallness.

12

I feel Rebellious Seeds would fain
Amidst my Hart spring up again,
And taint this year
As they have done
All these which are
Allready runn.
Help, help, sweet JESU; rather I
In any deadly Agonie would frie;
Then, whilst in ease I live, of these soft Poisons die.

Anniversarium Baptismi

Martj. 21.

WOE is me, but even now
Proud & fond I studied how
To erect some gallant Vow
On this pretious Mornings Brow,
Whoe to Heavn allready ow
Whatsoe'r I can bestow.

2

From a Childe ingaged I
Stand in all Obligements by
Baptisme's sacred Bonds, which tie
Me so strait, that should I die
For my LORD, I still must crie
Spare thy Debtors Povertie.

3

But how often have I broke
That which then I undertook
And my Masters Wrath awoke!
Well may my Demerits look
For his Judgements heavy stroke
Whome so highly they provoke.

4

Clean He washd Me then, & white,
And with Graces Me bedight;
Which his Favour to requite,
I free promise made to fight
(Helpd by his inspiring Might,)
With all Those whoe Him despight.

5

Yet I foulie falsifie'd
All my Vows, & madly trie'd
How to serve the Hostile Side:
In which Service had I die'd,
What had my rebellious Pride
Gaind, but endless Torments Tide?

6

Would destroying *Satan* save Me?
Would this fadeing World releive Me?
Or could rotten *Flesh* repreive Me?
And (which most of all doth greive Me)
Could my wronged *Lord* forgive Me?
Or his scorned Heavn receive Me?

7

O my Hart, what shall we doe!
What, but with Confession to
Mercie's blessed footstool goe?
Mercie, is our *Master*, whoe
Allways pittieth the Woe
Of his meek repentant Foe.

8

Lend, sweet *JESU*, lend thine ear,
Loe my Hart, & I, am heer,
No ambitious Vow to rear;

But in guiltie woefull fear,
To beseech Thee Us to spare
Whoe our old ones down did bear.

9

Down We bore them all as We
Able were; yet still they be
Fixed sure above with Thee,
Nor could all our Treacherie
Break those Bonds & sett Us free
From our bounden Loyaltie.

10

Help Us then again to take
Up the Yoak We strove to break.
Light it is; Yet thy dear Sake
It by farr will lighter make.
Help Us, Lord, & from our Back
Let no force this Burden shake.

11

O these Worldly Vanities
Whose heap'd Froth upon Us lies,
Cheat our shoulders in that guise,
And prove heavie Miseries:
Yf thy Cross their place supplies,
Sooner We to Heavn shall rise.

A Friend

DEAR Name, & dearer Thing! to Thee
How dull & coarse all Jewells be!
Though I to them can love maintain,
Yet they can not love Me again;
Cold stones are sparkling, They,
But Thou of fire of Life dost make thy Ray.

2

The kindest Gemm w^{ch} me can grace
Must be beholden for a place
Upon my open Ring or Breast,
As being nothing yf suppresst:
But through & through my Hart
Thy hidden Riches Thou canst cleerly dart.

3

To sett Thee off there dost Thou finde
A Foil, alas, more black & blinde
Then any Night which ever yet
On back of pretious Stone was sett;
And though Thou needst it not,
Art riveted into an hideous Blott.

4

All other Blotts farr purer are
Then Snow, yf they with sinn compare:

But Thou art Neer as deerest Heavn
By which Thou unto Earth art given.
Thus other Gemms confess
By their sweet Light, that Phebus them did dress.

5

O could our greedy World but read
The value of a Friend indeed;
No *India's* should be raked more,
No Deeps imbowelled of their Store:
All Voyages should be
Made to no other Port but *Amitie*:

6

The onely Port where We can finde
Safe harbour from that furious Winde
Of treacherous Fortune; She whoe ranges
About y^e^ World with Storms of *Changes*,
And with her sudden shocks
Dashes *Prosperitie* upon *Sorrows* Rocks.

7

Why dost Thou goe y^e^ way about
Vain Man, to finde some Treasure out?
'Tis not at Cittie, nor at Court,
At neighbour or at forrein Port,
Where Thou canst surely finde
Thy Hopes, though long & strong, crownd to thy minde.

8

O take y^e^ nearest Cutt; goe trade
To gain a Friend, & thou hast made
A better merket farr then they
Whoe make returns of glittering Clay,
Which ever was & must
Be subject unto Envie, Theivs, & Rust.

9

Hast Thou a Friend? oh hold him fast
As thine own Soule, & know thou hast
A Prize, which, as most Kings desire,
Few are so blest as to acquire.
Greatnes may Flatterers gain,
But Friends scorn to be drawn by such a Chain.

10

Hast thou a Friend? whate'r thou hast,
Thou hast compleatly double: cast
Up thy account no more for One,
Thy scant Identitie is gone:
Thou art thy Friend, & He
By mutuall Faith transanimates with Thee.

11

That life he leads in Thee, to Him
More pretious then his own doth seem;
His own he freely will resigne
So he may still be sure of thine;
Death onely makes him live
When he, by dying, Life to Thee doth give.

12

Joys loose to Him their Name & Taste
But when with Him thy share Thou hast:
Whenever Thou receiv'st a Wound,
He feels as deep y^e^ strokes rebound,
And claimeth as his right
The moietie of thy disastrous plight.

13

Though all y^e^ World upon Thee frown,
He counts Thee still no less his own:

'Tis not thy Fortune, though as high
As is a Crowns brave Majestie,
But 'tis thy self alone
Which knitts him to thee in Loves Union.

14

Of Virtu's genuine Faithfullnes
True Loves pure Cement tempered is;
A Cement that disdains to feel
Times teeth, which triumph over Steel,
Or suffer any Harme
From angrie Fortune's most outrageous Storm.

15

Parentall Kindenes cold may grow
And Filial Dutie cease to glow;
Ev'n Matrimoniall Fervour may
Be chill & faint & die away;
But Friendship's resolute Heat
In Loyaltie's eternall Pulse doth beat.

16

Tell all things else by thy slight Eye
Thou scornst their glozing Treacherie;
But, next to thy Devotions, spend
Thy holyest Powers upon thy Friend:
None but thy God, & He
Inseparably linked are to Thee.

Temporall Success

FOULE beauteous Witch, whose painted face
Inchanteth everie place,
How many more Admirers wait on Thee
Then upon Virtu's brave integritie!

2

Let adverse Fortunes but conspire
And their shortwinded ire
Blow upon noble *Job*, y^e^ world will swear
The Man's condemned, & Gods breath blew there.

3

With Swains whoe nothing higher know
Then the dull ground they plow,
Ev'n *Eliphaz*, *Bildad*, *Zophar*, men of high
And famous learning, own this Foolerie.

4

Befooled & inchanted, They
Conclude *Job's* Virtu's lay
In's Children, Servants, Cattell; Thus, alas,
Uncertain Goods for certain Goodnes pass.

5

The sage substantiall *Jews* were all
Caught in this sottish Thrall,
And those that sate in Moses's reverend Chair
Amidst their Gravitie thus Childish were.

6

Yf they great JESUS nayled see
To his tormenting Tree,
His Case proclaims his equall guilt, say They,
And strait they vote Him a meer Castaway.

7

Was flourishing *Dives* then (although
His whole estate be now
Not worth one Drop of Water,) so sublime
A Saint, bycause in Fullnes He did swimm?

8

And was poor *Lazarus* a Wight
Plung'd in a cursed plight,
Bycause in's Flesh as rotten as in's Raggs,
And dressed by no Surgeons but the Doggs?

9

Then, Holy *Mahomet*, say I,
Blest in thy Heresie:
Then the Odrysian Moons right heavnly Hornes
The conquerd Crosses Arms most justly scorns.

10

Then at the Alcorans brave feet
Our noble Gospell must submit;
Then are the *Turks* Heavns Darlings, & the Grand
Seignor henceforth for Prince of Saints must stand.

11

Then is y^e^ noble Gold a poor
And contemtible Ore,
Bycause it must be tri'd & torturd by
The Fornace's incensed Tyrannie.

12

But lazie Lead, or glaring Brass,
Bycause they never pass
The trying Rules of such Severitie,
For best of Metalls must admitted be.

13

Then y^e^ fair Roses blushing Hue
Unto it self is due
Being a wretched shamefull Shrub, bycause
The persecuting horn her Body claws.

14

But Heavn & Shame forbid, that They
By such false weights should weigh
Whose *Master* unto generous Virtue chains
Ten thousand Persecutions & Pains.

15

Those temporall Blessings He can well
Betemm on Sonns of Hell;
Blessings which never bless, but when they be
Tam'd & in order kept by Pietie.

16

But He with Diet course & spare
His Champions doth prepare,
That sound & hardie grown, they stoutlier may
His battels fight, & surer win the day.

17

That Day, whose Morning is not drest
In our Aurora's east,
But then shall spring, & shine forever, when
Phebus shall Fall no more to Rise agen.

18

Then, whatsoever Blessings were
Bated to Virtue heer,
JESUS shall with immortall Use repay;
Nor will his Saints think much till then to stay.

Ἡ Ἀγάπη οὐ ζητεῖ τὰ ἑαυτῆς

1 Cor. 13. 5.

'TIS Yee, black Avarice, & Hate,
Whose fell conjunction begat
Those costly Barrs
And wrangling Warrs
Which shed the hartblood of ten thousand Purses
Draind into Lawyers Chests with full as many Curses.

2

'Tis thou, incroaching Pride, whoe first
Into thy Neighbours Bounds did burst;
Thou, who dost by
Extremitie
Of Sin, excuse its Guilt, & paint y^e^ stories
Of thy vast Murders with victorious Valours glories.

3

Love never any Soldiers prest
Anothers Right away to wrest;
And though it knows
What Shafts & Bows
And Battells mean, all its Artillerie
Weapons of Sweetnes & Delicacie be.

4

Love never went to Law, nor knew
What kinde of Trade it was to *sue*;
Love never feed
A Toung to plead,
Nor hir'd y^e^ Judges Conscience, so to make
Justice hirself upon hir throne unjustly speak.

5

O no; Love nothing thinks so farr
Its own, as either by the Warr
Of Sword or Toung
To right its wrong:
And how much less will it a fight maintain
To ravish Goods, & others Propertie to gain?

6

Snatch but Loves Cloke, & that will be
A Pledge of further prey to thee;
For Love will not
Denie its Coat,
Being ashamed more to force Thee to
Restore its clothes, then naked up and down to goe.

7

No Action of Batterie fear
Though Loves right Cheek you beat or tear;
No; Love doth offer
Its left to suffer,
And by the glorie of like patience be
Sister unto the Right, in milde humilitie.

Humane Revenge

WHERE doth that Beutie & that Sweetnes lie
Whereby
Thou charmest generous Spirits, whoe
With might & main thy busines do;
Thy monstrous buisnes, which
All other Witcheries doth farr outwitch.

2

Art Thou not stuffd with Bitterness and Gall?
Is all
Thy Trade not full of gnawing Passions,
Of Discontents, & self-vexations?
Doth not the boiling heat
Of thy fell Bosome, make thy self its meat?

3

O costly sin; what thanks to Heavn We ow,
That Thou
Inevitablie art accurst
Thy self to feel thy furie first!
Thus, in hir bringing forth,
The Vigor's punishd for that hellish birth.

4

What Riddle's this, That Man should pleased be
To see

What Tempests He can raise, & what
Harme He to others can create!
That He his Gains should cast
Up by no Rule, but what his Neighbor lost!

5

The worst of Tigres never on his Prey
Did lay
His irefull Teeth & Paws, that He
Might onely read his Butcherie:
'Twas Hunger wrought the feat,
And He did onelie Tear, that He might Eat.

6

But Thou, foule Hagg, canst doe no more then slay,
Thy Prey:
Thy Barbarisme can for its End
Nothing but Barbarisme intend:
For simple Mischeifs sake
Thou allways thy mischeivous Pains dost take.

7

But stay thine hand, revengefull Gallant, stay,
And say
Whither thy Scores with God be clear;
For yf th' ast any Recknings there,
Learn to be kinde below,
And unto Heavn that gentle Copie show.

8

Doe not by thy seveer Example force
The Course
Of heavnly Furie: doe not stop
The golden gate of Mercie up.
O doe not Thou deny
Forgivenes, whoe without it needs must dy.

9

Trust God to vindicate thy Injurie,
Since He
Monopolizeth Vengance, and
Ties it to His almighty Hand.
Or yf thy Case Thou durst
Not trust with Him, thy self how canst thou trust?

Suspirium ad Amorem

(For a Base & a Treble.)

O LOVE
Come prove
Thy Dart
On Me;
And deigne
To gaine
My Hart
To Thee!
Thy Dart
Can part
A Breast
Of Stone;
O why
Must my
Resist
Alone?
The Flint
That's in't
Will rive
When Thou
Vouchaf'st
A Shaft
To give
The Blow.

'Twill rive
And live
And show
Some spark
To light
My Night
Whoe now
Am dark.
Then I
Shall spy
The door
And Way
To Thee,
And be
No more
Astray.

The Sheepherd

(Sett to *5 pts* for voices & viols . by . R. C.)

WHEN great *Love*
Did remove
From above
Heer to prove
His delicious Art;
He took
A Crook
And in's look
Was as plain
A Swain
In grain,
And did play his part
With as harmlesse genuine Grace
As Sheepherd e'r did trace
Sichems feilds all flowrie face.

2

In a Meed
Where no Weed
E'r did breed,
He did feed
His unspotted sheep:
No meat
So sweet

E'r did greet
Lips which kisst
The Nest
Of best
Dainties which did sleep
On the bedds of Paradise
So rich in sprightfull spice
And inlivening Rareties.

3

For the Fare
His sweet Care
Did prepare,
Was his dear
And allpretious Flesh,
Which He
Made free
Equalitie
To each guest
And drest
The Feast
In a mystik Dish:
Thus his sheep to entertain,
And their poor love to gain,
He himself Heavns Lamb is slain.

4

He is slain
And doth strain
Might & main
Everie vein
To yeild up each drop;
Which flood
Of Blood
Might make good
Heavn & Bliss
To dress
Up his
Lambs abundant Cup:

All about whose noble Brimm
Pure liquid Life doth swimm
Sweetly to eternize Them.

5

Then to keep
These his sheep
Safe asleep
From the deep
Rage of Wolfe & Bear,
Each Hand
Doth stand
Open, and
Feet & Side
Gape wide
To hide
All whoe nestle there:
These five rubie folds alone
Give safe protection
To the Flocks that thither run.

Hope

YET still bear up: No Bark did e'r
By stooping to the storm of fear
Scape that Tempests Wrath which rent
Two into one Element;
Whilst in one
Confusion
The groaning Air, & weeping Water run.

2

Bear up: & those proud Waves w^ch^ dash thee,
Shall but onely fairer wash thee.
Bear up; & Thou at length shall fynd
All these Blusterings are but Winde.
Trust Hope, & be
Assur'd that She
Will fynd thee out an hav'n amidst the Sea.

3

Suspect not any stoney Shelf;
No Rock can splitt Thee, but thy Self.
Hope casts hir Anchor upward, where
No Storm durst ever domineer.
Her Hand kinde Shee
Holds out to Thee,
To bid thee Wellcome to Securitie.

4

O then take her abord, although
All other Wares Thou out dost throw;
Thy Bark will onely lighter be
By Hopes cheerly Companie;
Though She doth farr
Outweigh whate'r
To stopp the Waves wide Mouth's thou threw'st in there.

5

Hope's Ey is fix'd upon a Starr
Above the Polar fire as farr
As Thou art sunk into Dismay:
And She can thither steer thy Way,
Whoe nobly by
Her mystik Ey
Is what She seeth, & in Heavn doth ly.

6

Hope, though slow she be, & late,
Yet outrunns swift Time & Fate;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote Futuritie.
Hope though She dies
Immortal is
And in fruitions fruit doth fairer rise.

7

Hope, is Comfort in Distress:
Hope, is in Misfortune Bliss:
Hope, in Sorrow is Delight:
Hope, is Day in darkest Night.
Nor wonder at
This ridling Knot,
For Hope, is every Thing which She is not.

Idleness

O TEDIOUS Idleness
How irksome is
Thy foolish Nothing! When all day
I strugled through the craggiedst Way
Of knottiest Learning to gett up
To the fair top
Of some deer Knowledge, I did never fynd
My Body half so tir'd, so damp'd my Mynd.

2

So tir'd, & damp'd as now:
For monstrous Thou
Thwart'st ev'n my Essence, & dost choke
My sprightfull Flame in drowsy smoke.
Surely a Soule which dwells among
A quick & strong
Consort of Organs, ne'r was seated there
To lend to *Sloths* dull Pipe her active Ear.

3

Were I to Curse my Foe,
I'd damne Him to
No Hell but Thee; in whose blinde grott
He, though in health, might lie & rott,
And prove Deaths wretched Sacrifice
Before he dies;

Whilst He himself doth to Himself become
Both y^e^ dead Carcase, & the living Tombe.

4

May some Work ever keep
Mine Eyes from Sleep
Whilst they are wakeing! though it be
But some poor Song to throw at Thee
Mischeivous *Sloth*. Alas, I grutch
That I so much
Of this my little Time expend, whilst I
All night seald up in lazie Slumbres lie.

5

The longest Summer Day
Strait posts away.
An honestly imployed Mynd
Doth shriveld-up December fynd
In wide-spred June; & thinks black Night
Crowds out fair Light
As soon when Sol through lofty *Cancer* rides,
As when down to the *Fishes* depth he slides.

The Complaint

MIGHTY *Love*, oh how dost Thou
By not fighting, overthrow;
Come, whilst Thou away art flying;
Grant Petitions, by Denying;
Burn Us, whilst Thou letst Us freize
In our dull Aridities;
Wound, yet never shoot a dart
At the wounded bleeding Hart!
For thy Wound I reigning finde
In my sauciated Minde,
Which is pierced deep by Thee
'Cause Thou hast not pierced Me.
'Cause my stony Hart I feel
By thy Powers unwounded still.
Woe is me whoe thus must by
Want of Wounds, allwounded dy!
Dy I must, yf thus I live;
Life to Me no Life can give;
Wounds & Death bought Life for Me,
Wounds & Death my life must be:
Wounds of present Love; not such
As pierce deep, but never touch
Death which liveth in *Loves* Darts,
Into Life to murder Harts;
Wounds, & Death, which never from
Absence's cold spring did come.
Gentle Love, oh neerer still,
Neerer yet, that I may feel

What thou art, by feeling Thee;
Not by Contrarietie.
Sure ten thousand Worlds could not
Hire me from thy love: yet what
Is this Glowing, but Desire?
Which falls short of generous Fire:
Thy dear Fire, which might to Thee
Make an Holocaust of Me!

The Wound

DEAR *Love*, thou needst not send a Dart
To finde the bottome of my Hart:
Tis found allready by that Spear
Whose barbarous Point thine own did tear.
It tore ope thine;
And therefore mine,
In which Thou, since Thou mad'st & bought'st it, by
That double Title hast more right then I.

2

To thy Hearts woefull Outcry, my
Wounds gapeing Mouth makes its reply:
Thy Clamor streameth in a flood
Of rueful Water & of Blood;
And much like this
My answer is;
For through mine Eys the dutefull Waters gush,
The burning Blood flows in my guilty Blush.

3

My guilty Blush; for I am He
Who helpd to thrust that Spear at Thee:
I helpd to thrust it, & the Blow
Upon my Self reboundeth now.
Yet must I joy
In this Annoy;
For though thy Death be proved by that Wound,
Thy Life is ratified by the Rebound.

The Cheat

SWEET Beguilings,
Cruel Smileings,
Tickling Soules to death;
Tedious Leisures,
Bitter Pleasures,
Smooth yet cragged Path;

2

Heavy lightnes,
Whose sad Sleightnes
Cheers, yet breaks the Bearer;
Dainty Treasons
Whose quaint Reasons
Teach yet fool the Hearer:

3

Glorious Troubles,
Mighty Bubbles,
Horror fairly brimmed,
Bane in Honey,
Brass in Money,
Nothing neatly timmed:

4

Are the Prizes
Life devizes
To warm fond Desires;
Which by growing
Hot, are blowing
Their own funeral Fires.

The Combat

LOVE, though thou great & dreadfull art,
With Boldnes Thou hast fir'd my Hart,
Which trembles not to aim at Thee
Ev'n with that Dart Thou shott'st at Me:
Twas Love Thou shott'st; & that art Thou;
And at thy Self thy Self I throw.
I throw thy Self; but loe my Hart
Still sticking is upon thy Dart.

2. PART

And dost Thou shoot, dear LORD, again
At him whome Thou before hadst slain?
This Deaths Life kills me so, that I
Must shoot again, or else I dy.
I dy, unless I live to see
This Hart & Life quite lost in Thee.
Fair is my Aim, & high my Trust;
Thy Side's wide ope, & shoot I must.
Lo: Bid it welcome unto Thine,
Else can my Hart no more be mine.

The Pretence

VAIN Hart, why wouldst Thou try
The Bag of every Bee that buzzeth by?
With any didst Thou ever meet
Amidst whose Honey was not sett
A Sting to warn thine Hand
The Danger of Delight to understand?

2

Nay, leave thy Preaching: I
Beleve that Pleasure *Lawfull* is, which thy
Fond Tooth, desires to taste. But since
The *Lawfulnes* is thy Pretence,
Come, I will let Thee loose
To *Lawful* things, where Thou mayst noblier choose.

3

First, know, tis *Lawful* to
Abstein from that Thou pantest after so.
'Tis *Lawful* quite to quench the fire
Of any secular Desire:
Tis *Lawful* to refuse
What Law itself alloweth Thee to use.

4

'Tis *Lawful* to deny
Whate'r doth feuel to thy Flame supply.

'Tis *Lawful* to maintain a Warr
Against thy Self, & not to spare
That Body, which unless
Thou mortifie'st it, will thy Life suppress.

5

To Weep, to Fast, to Pray;
To walk the hardy & heroik Way
Of Saints & Martyrs, whoe in fear
Of nothing more then Pleasures were;
To bowe thy venturous back
And any Cross on thy brave Shoulders take;

6

By his deer Blood to trace
The gallant Footstepps of thy *Lord*; to Place
Thy Self above thy Self, & live
In Lifes own Fount, whil'st Thou dost give
All thy Desires to His
Incomparable Will in Sacrifice.

7

All these are *Lawful*; and
Much more then so.—Why dost Thou trembling stand?
That Tremor shakes off from thy face
The Mask in which it sheltred was;
And makes Thee now confess
Thou fearest thine own Weapon, *LAWFULNES.*

The Pilgrim

THANKS, still encreasing Turmoils ; I
Mistook you heertofore :
But now I learn no more
To chide with that Uncertainty
Which hunts Me out in every Place, & tosses
My settling Hopes through new disturbances & crosses.

2

I am content Life should with me
Not play the Hypocrite
By Baits of vain Delight
And treacherous Stabilitie.
Since all the Heavns are restless, why should I
Desire with sordid Earth, in Quiet heer to ly?

3

Had I a fixed Home below,
That stiff Temptation might
My foolish Hart invite
To hanker heer, & study how
To plant my Self right deep & sure ; whoe must
Whither I will or no, alas, fall into Dust.

4

What though my Books & I be parted?
I know all Freinds at last
The parting Cup must taste.

And now to me the World's converted
Into one Library where I may read
The mighty Leavs of Providence wide open spred.

5

Terrestrial Quiet I shall have
More then enough, when I
Sure & fast sealed ly
In my deep silent Grave:
Why should I plott & project how to be
Aforehand buried in earthly Securitie?

6

Why should I wish to be at home,
So long as I'm abroad?
For what's Life but the Road
By journying through which We come
Unto our Fathers house: & happy We,
Yf after all this journe We at home may be!

7

The Birds have Nests, the Foxes holes,
But Heavns great Sonn had neither:
And, tell me, hadst thou rather
Live like the Foxes, & the Foules,
Then like thy God; espetialy when He
By's Providence to this brave Hardship lureth Thee.

8

Born in a borrowd house, & in
A borrowd Cave interred,
He first & last preferred
What lazie Flesh & Blood doth shunn:
He might have for his Palace heer had room,
But scorned any Place but Heavn, to own for Home.

9

Blow then the worst of Blasts, & beat
My Bark about the World;
Still can I not be hurld
Beyond ken of my Hav'n, nor meet
One Place more distant then another, from
The heavnly Port, to which alone I pant to come.

10

I pant to come; for what, what am
I but a Stranger heer
As all my Fathers were?
Nor would I stay to learn & frame
My Toung or Manners to this Countries guise,
Which ne'r will suit with what's in fashion in the Skies.

11

But yf I must be thrown into
Some seeming fixed Seat;
So may I dwell in it,
That it ne'r dwells in Me! O no;
I rather heer would no Possessions have,
Then be Possest by what I needs at length must leave.

Βιοθάνατος

O VILE ingratefull Me,
That I should Live, & not in Thee!
Not to thy
Praise, from whome
All this my
Life doth come!
What Riddle's this, that I should strive
Onely against my Life to Live!

2

Against Thee, gentle LOVE,
Life of my Life, long have I strove,
Still misusing
Thy sweet Grace,
Still refusing
To give place
To mine own Bliss, which Thou with thy
Milde Yoke about my neck wouldst ty.

3

And thus, alas I have
All this wide World but for my grave;
Where the Stone
Which doth ly
Heavy on
Me and my
Earth-hamperd Thoughts, is onely this
Unhappy Hearts Obdurateness.

The Crie

SPEAK, everlasting *WORD*, oh speak,
That I may break
These Bonds of Death, & by
My Resurrection make Reply.

2

Thy potent Voice wak'd that vast Deep
Which lay asleep
In deadly Darknes, and
Rowz'd a World by its stout Command.

3

Thy Prophet Thou didst summon from
His living Tombe,
Where twice-devoured He
Lay drownd both in the Whale, & Sea.

4

What though this Death wherein poor I
Deep-plunged ly,
Be more profound then all
The Sea, more monstrous then the Whale?

5

What though the Worlds dark Wombe was not
So foule a Grott
As this in which I grope?
Yet I am still in ken of Hope.

6

The deepest Deeps are shallow found
When Thou dost sound:
And I shall Rise, deer LORD,
Yf Thou but soundst with thy sweet Word.

Whiteness, or Chastitie

Set to 4 pts. by T. T.

TELL me, where doth *Whiteness* grow,
Not on Bedds of Scythian Snow;
Nor on Alabaster Hills;
Nor in Canaans milkie Rills;
Nor the dainty living Land
Of a young Queen's Breast or Hand;
Nor on Cygnets lovely necks;
Nor in Lap of Virgin Wax;
Nor upon the soft & sleek
Pillows of the Lillies Cheek;
Nor the pretious smileing Heirs
Of the Mornings Perlie tears;
Nor the silver-shaming Grace
Of the Moons unclowded Face:
No; All these Candors
Are but the handsome Slanders
Cast on the Name of genuine *WHITENES*, which
Doth Thee alone, fair CHASTITIE, inrich.

A Morning Hymn

WHAT'S this Morns bright Eye to Me,
Yf I see not thine, & Thee,
Fairer JESU; in whose Face
All my Heavn is spred! Alas
Still I grovel in dead Night,
Whilst I want thy living Light;
Still I sleep, although I wake,
And in this vain Sleep I Talk,
Dreaming with wide open eyes,
Fond fantastik Vanities.
Shine, my onely Daystarr, shine:
So mine Eyes shall wake by Thine;
So the Dreams I grope in now
To clear Visions shall grow;
So my Day shall measured be
By thy Graces Claritie;
So shall I discern the Path
Thy sweet Law prescribed hath;
For thy Wayes cannot be shown
By any Light, but by *thine own.*

An Evening Hymn

NEVER yet could careless Sleep
On LOVES watchfull Eylid creep;
Never yet could gloomy Night
Damp his Ey's immortal Light:
LOVE is his own Day, & sees
Whatsoe'r himself doth please.
LOVE his piercing Look can dart
Through the Shades of my dark Heart,
And read plainer farr then I
All the Spotts which there do lie.
Pardon then what Thou dost see,
Mighty LOVE, in wretched Me.
Let the sweet Wrath of thy Ray
Chide my sinfull Night to Day;
To the blessed Day of Grace
Whose deer East smiles in thy Face.
So no Powers of Darknes shall
In this Night my Soule appall;
So shall I the soundlier Sleep,
Cause my Heart awake I keep,
Meekly waiting upon Thee,
Whilst Thou deignst to watch for Me.

Hymnus ad Christum, proxime cooptandi in S. Presbyteratus Ordinem

SWEET LOVE, loe at thy gentle Feet
My trembling Soule I throw;
Which doth full sadly know
How great
The Sanctitie of this high Function is,
And how extreem my own unworthynes.

2

Were my foule Spotts clean washed out;
Were I refin'd, till I
Could with pure Seraphs vie
In stout
And genuine Rays; still must my Heart complain
'Twere too impure this Office to sustein.

3

This Office, which with Clay & Dust
Doth Heavn it self, & more,
Thee, whom all Heavns adore,
Intrust.
How, how shall most polluted I endure
The mighty burden of a Charge so pure!

4

But though I durst not shutt mine ear
Against this Call, which from
Thy Self doth seem to come;
Yet fear
Of mine own Vilenes, & of glorious Thee,
Spurrs to this bold Request all-quaking Me:

5

Yf Thou foreseest that I shall not
Advance thine Honor by
My climbing up so high;
O putt
Some Barr between, yea though't be Death, that so
I may not Rise to mine own Overthrow.

Paulo post Ordinationem

SINCE then Thou pleased art, deer Lord,
To afford
To most unworthy ME
This sacred Dignitie;
In endless Thanks to Thee, oh may
That Goodnes force my Heart it self to pay.

2

When to thy dreadfull Altar I
Shall draw nigh
To wait on Thee, & thence
Loves wonders to dispense;
Forgive my Sinns, & teach me how
To raise my thoughts above all things below.

3

When I thy Lambs to pasture lead;
Let me feed
Their pretious Soules with sweet
And holy wholesome Meat.
But cheifly let my Pattern teach
Them, what my Toung shall else but faintly preach.

4

When I that Balm to Soules shall deal
Which to heal

Meek wounded Bosomes, Thou
Leftst with thy Church below;
O guide my Hand with holy Skill,
Least rash in others cures, my self I kill.

5

When Life, or Death, when Honors, Pleasures,
Times, & Treasures,
Shall tempt me to betray
My Functions duty, may
Thy Grace my Buckler be, & so
No Powers thy feeble Priest shall overthrow.

Febr. 27.

Natalitium

Martj. 13. 1647.

HEAVN bless mine Eys! What do I see
Behinde me there?
And can this be
A Life! & Mine! where every Year
Is but a Circle fraught
With nought
But frothie Emptines, or what
Is vainer farr then that,
Earth-groveling Thoughts, fond Wishes, foolish Fears,
Foule Sloth, proud Wilfulnes, distrustfull Cares.

2

And what's that sweet & pretious Band
Of heavnly Things
Which by it stand?
What's He who spreads his ready Wings
A downie Shield to be
For Me
And my unworthy Life? Alas
Those are the Powers of Grace;
And this, my everwatchful Guardian, whoe
Strove, not to let me mine own Self undoe.

3

O me! their blessed Sight confounds
My guilty breast,
Bycause those Wounds
Of Love & Life I did resist
By which sweetcruel They
To slay
That sinful Death did strongly strive
Which in my Soule did live.
And now the sweeter are their Looks, the more
Floods of Dismay upon my Heart they poure.

4

And have I liv'd for this, that I
At length should be
Frighted with my
Own Life's strange Looks! O pittie Me
All yee who ever felt
What Guilt
Can do, when all its hideous Dread
In stern array is spred
Before a trembling Soule, which doth perceive
How all her Life long She did never Live.

5

How shall I do to look i' th' face
This dawning Year,
Who careless was
Of those in which Heavns Love did spare
My dareing Impudence.
O whence
Shall I snatch Comfort, who so long
On Patience heaped wrong!
On thy deer Patience, JESU, which hath fought
With all the Sinns vile I against it brought.

6

Whence, but from Thee, sweet King of Grace
Who never yet
Hid'st thy milde Face
From any which Thou sawest wett
With penitent floods? Yf Thou
Wilt now
But with thy Beams of Mercie shine
On this dead Heart of mine,
With holy Vigour 'twill at length revive,
And I again, this year at least, shall live.

7

O give Me leave to think, that thy
Blest Will alone
Did dignify
Me with that mighty Function
In which Thou didst instate
Of late
Thy worthless Worm: And shall thy Priest
Go Sacrifice the rest
Of his (how pretious) Time at any shrine,
O most deserving JESU, but at thine?

8

Forbid it most almighty Lord,
Upon whose great
Authentik Word
All Wonders give attendance! Let
Me either live to Thee;
Or see
No more unprofitable days:
For what, what have the ways
And works of Darknes, & infernal Night
To do with pure & sin-upbrayding Light?

Anniversarium Baptismi

Martj. 21, —47.

STILL, still deer LOVE, must I
In spight of HERESY,
My thanks on this Days Altar heap;
Thy Goodnes still I must adore,
Which washd a poor
And sin-besmeard Thing, in that deep
And spotless Fount of Purity
Which thy
Compassion broachd to clense that fatal Stain
Which from old Adam, o'r all Soules did reign.

2

Let cruel Hearts deny
Thy mighty Courtesy
To infant Soules, & boldly plead
That Baptisms due to none but those
Whome Years dispose
Unto thy Faith to bowe their head:
Let sacrilegious Impudence
Go rinse
And wash away that blessed Washing Thou
Didst on thy tender newborn Lambs bestow.

3

It is enough, (& more;)
Sweet Lord, that I, before
I could desire that Boon of Thee,
Was in Lifes blessed Fountain drownd;
Which cur'd my Wound
Before I felt my Miserie.
Ne'r will I wrong thy Goodnes so
As to
Suspect the Soundnes of that Cure which from
The mighty Saviour of the World did come.

4

But a new wound doth slay
My guilty Heart to Day,
Whilst Recollection tells me how
I have by many a Sinn in grain
Distained again
That Soule which most propitious Thou
Wert pleasd at first to wash so white,
And bright.
O me! my inward Blotts now damp that Grace
And Joy, w^{ch} else would gild this Mornings face.

5

Had not thy Hands, & Side,
And Feet, sett open wide
Another Flood; my squalid Soule
Would prove fitt fuel for those Flames
Whose burning Streams
With everlasting Sulphure roll
Into that purple Sea of thine,
Let mine
Afflicted Vessel launch, that I may scape
The most irreparable Wracks Mishapp.

6

O make my Heart disdain
Henceforth to entertain
The least of Thoughts, which may invite
Me to dissolve that Faith which I
To Thee & thy
Pure Service, on this Day did plight.
What is this Worlds brave Vanitie
To Me;
What are the Devils, & the Fleshe's Charms?
Since I am thrown into thy nobler Arms.

7

Thine & thy Churche's Arms:
O blessed Nest! No Harms
Can reache Me there, unless I be
Conspirator with them, & fight
Against that Might
Which Thou afford'st to shelter Me.
JESU, forbid it then, that I
Should by
Selftreachery be slain, & onely live
An endless Life unto my Death to give.

Submission

OFT has my prostrate Soule to Thee
Great *Lord of Love*, commended this *DESIGNE*
Whose restless importunitie
Burns in this Heart of mine:
And at thy gracious Feet full low
It & my Self, again I throw.

2

Thou se'st how many pretious Houres
Of my short Time it spends: Thou seest how
It reigns in all my Thoughts, & pours
Storms of Disquiet through
My deerest Meditations, which
Fain at thy Heavn & Thee would reach.

3

Most bitter-sweet *DESIGNE* which hants
My Bosome with such Tyrannous Delight,
That though my Hearts Indeavour pants
To flie this tedious Night
Of gloomy & uncertain Hope,
Still in these doubtfull Mists I grope.

4

Oft have I thought, that I had drawn
Neer unto Quiets blessed Shore; but strait
By flattering Fancy I was thrown
Into some new Deceit:
Still-joying to Sail in this Sea
Which shipwrackd all my Joies, & Me.

5

And thus deliciously perplext,
Close in my Breast I huggd my sweet Distress;
Which, though it always knawd & vext
With pleasing Restlesness,
I durst not turn my Foe away
Whoe me so daintily did slay.

6

My Wounds to any tender Ey
I durst not shew, nor gain a Freinds releif:
I durst not mine own Help supply
To cure ev'n mine own Greif:
I unwishd mine own Wishes, and
With one beat down my other Hand.

7

A thousand times my Thoughts I chode,
And then as oft those Chideings did recant:
Against my Self I boldly stood,
And when I firmly ment
This Side should Victor be, the other
Soon trampled down his dareing Brother.

8

Did any Riddle e'r present
So valiant a Coward, as poor I;
Who by the Wings of strange Consent
Pursue ev'n what I fly:

Whoe hate these anxious Thoughts, yet am
So mad to Think none else but them.

9

O mighty LORD of GOODNES, my
Most aenigmatik Greif appeals to Thee:
Use, Use thine own Authority
Both upon it, & Me.
No more will I own this DESIGNE
Unless it may comply with Thine.

10

Pure Sweets dwell in thy Will alone,
But mine, when sweetest, with rank Gall doth flow:
O then, may Thine, may Thine be done,
Though mine it overthrow!
The onely way I have to quiet
My troubled Will, is, to Deny it.

A Preparatory Hymne to the Week of Meditacions upon, & Devout Exercise in the Historie of Christ; composed for my Friend

NO Days, nor Weeks, must I
Account, but by
The Revolutions of LOVE:
LOVE is the Sunn
Whose Flame alone
In My Soules loyal Orb shall move.

2

Rebellious is each Houre
Which doth not poure
The homage of its highest Praise
In a full Stream
On LOVES dear Name;
That Name, w^ch^ Heavn with Bliss arrays.

3

LOVE is my King, & I
Hold onely by
His Grace's royal Charter: He
Right nobly gave
Me all I have;
And, what is more, gave Me to Me.

4

Me! What am I! vile I!
LOVE scorneth by
So poor a Gift, to bound his Grace:
Himself on Me
Illustrious He
By his brave Self bestowed was.

5

And is not my poor Time
All due to Him?
To bounteous Him, who offers Me
The soverain treasures,
And boundless pleasures
Of his supreem Eternitie?

6

Due, more then due it is:
And I by his
Exploits of Grace henceforth will raise
My Soule to frame
A better Name
For all my consecrated Days.

7

No other Gods I'l seek
To fill my Week:
LOVE, nothing else but LOVE alone,
Is of extent
Sufficient
To swell my Weeks dimension.

8

From Morn to Evening I
The History
Of LOVE through all my houres will spread;

That I may prove
My Trade is LOVE,
With LOVE I'l Rise, & Goe to bed.

9

From LOVE'S poor Cratch, my Race
I'l gin, & trace
His noble Acts, untill I see
Him mounted on
His erned Throne
Of Glorie's bright Sublimitie.

10

And when I thus have brought
My Week about;
I'l to his Cratch again, & move
With restless Rest
From East to West
In none but in the Sphear of LOVE.

11

So I in Him, & He
Deliciouslie
Shall move in Me: So shall not I,
Though heer I breathe
On Earth beneath,
Think Heavn above my head doth ly.

A Conclusorie Hymne to the same Week; & for my friend

THUS, thus my Soule perceiveth now
To what my longest Days I ow;
And I recant the Praises I
Have often tun'd so high
To goodly June's most florid Powers,
And lofty Cancers sixteen golden Houres.

2

It is not June, nor Cancer which
The Ev'n so farr from Morn doth stretch,
Charming Heavns Flame to loyter heer
About our hemisphear.
O no! the courteous summer Sun
Which gives the Days true length is LOVE alone.

3

Witness this blessed Week, which, though
The Days now shrinck & shorter grow,
Disdaineth to be measured by
That Moneth or Year, which I
Spun out before, &, having done,
Found my vain Thred was into Nothing run.

4

The further Vanitie doth spread,
The less, & shorter is its Thred;
And Emptines, the more it grows,
Onely the more doth loose.
Such were my Moneths & Years, till I
Began to trade in LOVES deer History.

5

But now my Days so long appear,
That in each Week, I live a Year:
My better Years I reckon by
LOVES Motions; & I
Have found a way each Week to run
Through the whole Circle of my deerest SUN.

6

And yet that dainty Bliss, by which
My Days to such sweet lengths do stretch;
So strangely shrinks them up again,
That in the shriveld reign
Of Capricorn, clung Winter is
Pent up in Days less scant & short than these:

7

Than these, these Summer Days of mine;
In which now LOVE alone doth shine,
His mighty Beam's delicious Tide
Pours out it self so wide,
That every Day would take its flight
To bed too soon, though 'twere an Age to Night.

8

For, what's an Age to those deer Sweets
Whose boundless Ocean duely meets
My Meditations, whersoe'r
My Soule her bark doth steer?

That bark, which though for evermore
It sails, yet cannot reach this Oceans shore.

9

My Days look but like Minutes now,
My Houres like wretched Nothings show:
Whilst yet me thinks I but Begin
The Evening rusheth in;
And over all the world 'tis night
Whilst in my Soule 'tis yet but New daylight.

10

This is LOVES sweet & heavnly sport,
To make my Days so long, & short;
That so they may a Shaddow be
Of his Eternitie,
Which, though beyond all Time it swell,
Yet is an Instant its best Parallel.

11

And straitned in this Vastnes may
I ever be! Let every Day
Less than a Minute seem; yet such
As no Age can outreach:
Whilst my Devotions sweetly rove
In this deer Riddle of divinest LOVE.

12

For, what's this empty World to Me,
Who finde no Fullnes, butt in Thee?
In Thee, great LOVE, who onely art
The Soverain of my Heart:
My Heart, which Thou so strongly by
Thy Sweetnes fir'st, that it must LOVE, or dy.

Content

Philip. 4. 11.

DIVINE Content!
O could the World resent
How much of Bliss doth lie
Wrapp'd up in thy
Delicious Name; & at
How low a Rate
Thou mightst be bought; No Trade would driven be
To purchase any Welth, but onely Thee.

2

Thee, pretious Thee,
Who canst make Povertie
As rich as th' Eastern Shore,
Or Western Ore;
And furnish Job a Seat
More fair & sweet
Upon the Dunghill, than the glistering Throne
Of Glories Darling, pompous Solomon.

3

For He, in all
The whole Worlds mighty Ball,
Which up & down he tost
In's thoughtfull breast,

No solid Sport could finde
To pay his Minde
For his deep studious Pains; being flouted by
Th' affronts of spirit-vexing Vanity.

4

But noble Job,
(Though clad in Torments roab,
And sadly seated on
Shame's wretched Throne;
Having no Sceptre, but
A Potsherd put
Into his woefull Hand, with which he reigns
O'r nought but his rebellious Boils & Pains;)

5

Is pleasd so well,
That he his mouth can fill
With Blessing & with Praise
Of Him who lays
That mighty load of crosses
And matchless Losses
Upon his naked back; & doth persist
Ev'n still, the greatest Man of all the East.

6

And why may I
Not valiantly defie
The face of any Storm
Mischance can arm
Against my Bark? Why may
I not obey
HIS WILL, which, though a Flood of Gall it seems,
Will by Submission, turn to Honey Streams?

7

What will it cost,
When I by Storms am tost,

Not, by repineing, to
Augment my Woe?
Let all the Windes worst Ire
Proudly conspire;
Yet, yf I durst but say, I AM CONTENT;
Those Windes may whistle, for their furie's spent.

8

CONTENT's the Thing
Which makes a Slave a King,
Whilst in all fortunes, still
He has his will:
Nor do his Gives to him
More heavy seem
Bycause of Brass, than yf they were of Gold;
For, his own Slavery he in chains doth hold.

9

CONTENT can laugh
At all Mishapps, and scoff
Ev'n Scoffings and Disgraces.
CONTENT outfaces
All Impudence, ev'n by
Meek Modesty:
And the Carreer of Opposition breaks
Only bycause she no resistance makes.

10

CONTENT can be
Full, & good Companie
In Solitude: CONTENT's
Christmass in Lent;
In Wracks & Losses, Gain;
Sunshine in Rain;
A Cropp of Sonns & Daughters springing from
A single Bed, or Barrennesses Wombe.

11

CONTENT is Peace
Amidst Warr's Miseries,
CONTENT is Rest, although
Sleep flies the brow.
CONTENT, in Plunder's wealth,
In Sicknes Health,
Fruition in Hope, Plenty in Dearth,
In Night Day, Life in Death, & Heaven on Earth.

12

O deer CONTENT
Thou onely Firmament
Where Starrs can fixed shine;
May I in thine
Illustrious Orb, above
All Motions Move!
So shall my panting Heart, with restless Rest
Wherever I am whirld about, be Blest.

The Relapse

WERT Thou not what Thou art,
O Lord of most unbounded LOVE;
This my rebellious Heart
Durst never prove
So bold as to implore
Thy Pardon any more,
Bycause my Boldnes hath so rampant been
Against thy mighty Mercy to my Sinn.

2

For have not I again
Resum'd that odious Vomit, which
Of late I did disdain?
Has not the Itch
Of fond Imaginations,
And fruitless Contemplations
Spred its unquiet Taint's unhappy powers
Over my calm & consecrated houres?

3

Has not my foolish Minde
Foulie misplac'd its Sorrow, and
Been troubled more to finde
Thine angry Hand

Pouring out Vengeance; then
To see my Flood of Sinn,
Whose roaring Waves awak'd thy Wrath, which now
In woefull Streams of Blood about doth flow.

4

Has not my lavish Breast
Embrac'd my pretious Friend too close:
The thoughts of whome possest
Me so, that those
Which I design'd to be
Attending upon Thee
Were often justled out, whilst thus my faint
Devotions, from my God fell to my Saint.

5

O mighty Soverain
Of Pittie, Loe my prostrate Heart
Lies trembling once again
Under thy Dart:
Strike, strike, & pierce it by
LOVES healing cruelty;
That by that blessed Wound my Soule may be
Sett ope, & bleed out every thing but Thee.

Jealousy

STILL, still I finde my Heart too much below:
Which makes me tremble in sad fear
That something heer
Has stoln upon that heart, which now
Pineing in strange Ariditie
Forgets, deer LOVE, to pant, & heave to Thee.

2

Do I not hate this World? Me thinks I do.
For what has rotten Earth that can
The Soule of Man
With any lovely Motions woe?
But in thy Heavn, & fairer Thee,
All glorious Attractions reigning be.

3

And yet I cannot trust this Heart, which hath
So oft deceiv'd unhappy Me.
To Thee, to Thee
I fly, to shew me by what Path
From my Soules Labyrinth I may
Escape into thy fair Commandments Way

4

I care not though that Path be thick besett
With Shame, & Pain, & Wrongs, & Losses,
And thousand Crosses;
Things which will work me less regret,
Than these importunate Thoughts which bait
My restless Heart with fondly-sweet Deceit.

A Dialogue

(Set to be sung to the Viol, by a Base, & a Treble.)

S. Luc. 16.

DIVES

x. 24. O LET thy Pitty, gracious Sire,
Drop down on my tormenting Fire!
Though in profoundest Death I frie,
Alas, I have not leave to die.
Lo how, with my Complaint, the Flame
Forth from my scorched Lipps doth stream:
One Dropp of Water will to me
An Ocean of Comfort be.
Send Lazarus then to Me beneath
To quench my Toung, & cool my Death.

ABRAHAM

x. 25. When Thou & He on earth did dwell,
Thou hadst thy Heavn, & He his Hell:
But changed Bothe, you now do reign,
In Pleasure He, & Thou in Pain.
x. 26. Besides, between our Realm, & yours,
A mighty Gulfe the Way devours,
And frights all Feet from venturing through
From You to Us or Us to You.

DIVES

x. 27. Then let Him warn my Brethren how
28. To scape this Sink of Deaths below:
'Tis Loss more than enough, that thus
Hell has gaind One of Six of Us.

ABRAHAM

x. 29. What other Preachers need They, who
May to the Law & Prophets go?

DIVES

x. 30. Yf One from Death to Life repent,
'Twill make them also Paenitent:
A Dead Toung moves the quickliest, and
No Pulpits can like Graves command.

ABRAHAM

x. 31. When Moyses, & the Prophets can
Not rouse th' impaenitent Heart of Man;
No Resurrection of the Dead
Will Raise Him from his sinfull Bed. } Chorus.

A Dialogue

(For a Base, & two Trebles.)

S. Joh. 11. x. 21. (set by T. T. & R. M.)

MARTHA

DEATH had not venturd to draw neer,
Hadst Thou, great Lord of Life been heer:
But in thine Absence bold He grew,
And Us in our deer Brother slew.

JESUS

x. 23. Thy Brother fell, when He was slain,
But to rebound to Life again.

MARTHA

x. 24. I know that He shall raise his head
Again, when Time is put to bed:
When thy great Trump shall summon forth
The World, & wake up Dust from Earth.

JESUS

x. 25. Already Faith's cleer Ey in Me
May Life & Resurrection see.
Who puts in Me his faithful Trust,
Shall Live ev'n in his Buried Dust:

Nor ever shall Deaths proudest Darts
Feed on Beleeving living Hearts.
Beleev'st Thou this?

MARTHA

x. 27. Sweet Lord, no more:
My Faith doth Thee, as God adore,
Who from thy Father's bosome forth
Didst come, to bring down Heavn to Earth.

MARY

x. 32. Deer Lord, who once vouchaf'st to lett
My Ointment dew thy blessed feet,
O give Me leave that I before
These Altars now my Tears may poure:
That for Thy Burial was; but this
Effusion for my Brother's is:
For He, bycause Thou wert not heer,
Is flown to heavn to seek Thee there.

JESUS

x. 34. Where is He layd?

MARY

Sweet Lord, oh come,
See our Greif's Monument, & His Tombe.

JESUS

x. 39. Remove the Stone.

MARTHA

Corruption now
Has had foure days mature to grow:
Alas what Comfort can We think
Such Graves Mouthes breathe, but deadly Stink!

JESUS

x. 40. Told I not Thee, Thy faithfull Eye
Gods glorious Power should descry?
Alas, thy Faith, (as Thou shalt see,)
More dead & rotten is than He.
LAZARUS COME FORTH.

CHORUS

x. 44. He comes, He comes.
O mighty Word, which can from Tombes'
Fright Death, & Fate; & make Him who
Is ty'd & bound, have power to goe!

Once & Ever

SURE LOVE is nothing less than Love,
Yf it immortal doth not prove:
Yet mighty LOVE to justifie
Himself to be Himself, did dy.
Sweet Mystery, which thus can be
Immortal by Mortalitie!
LOVE dy'd indeed, but by that Art
Struck Death it self through Deaths own heart.
LOVE dy'd; but rose again, to prove
That though LOVE dy's, still LOVE is LOVE.
Thus gains the glorious Phaenix by
His sweet death, Immortality.
O never then let the foule shame
Of *Change*, blott Loves eternal name;
Nor fancy that in love thou wert
With LOVE, yf from his love thou start:
But since LOVE liv'd, & dy'd for Thee,
Learn what thy love to LOVE must be.

Epiphanie Carol

(Set to 3 parts.)

Chor. OUR Starr its pious Task has done,
Now it has brought Us to the Sun;
To Thee, by whose sweet Light may We
The Ways of thy Commandments see.
Thou, who this Stable mak'st thine East,
Wilt stoop to Rise in our foule breast.

1

Vs. 1. Behold
This Gold
Pale at the Splendor
By which thy tender
Eyes its vilenes open sett
Doth crave
Thy leave
To be beholden
For truly golden
Worth, to thy Accepting it.

Cho. This Gold it self will crowned be
Fairest of Kings, by crowning Thee. :||:

2

Vs. 2. And now
See how

Our Incense soreth
Not up, but towreth
Down, to reach the loftier skie;
For since
Heavns Prince
Hath stooped hether,
With Him together
Heer dwells all Sublimity:

Cho. O may thy Feets perfuming Kiss
This Incense teach what Sweetnes is. :||:

3

Vs. 3. Lo heer
This Myrrh
Its spicey duty
T' Attend the Beuty
Of thy humane Nature offers:
In this
Express
To Thee her royal
Soverain, thy loyal
Arabia all her Gardins profers.

Cho. Yf Thou own'st Thou wilt thereby
Her Stile of HAPPY ratifie. :||:

Vs. 1. But to my Offring I did join
My heart. (Vs. 2.) As I. (Vs. 3.) And I did mine.
Vs. 1. No longer mine, but Thine. (Vs. 2.) For He
Has none, who has it not in Thee.
Vs. 3. Yet I am more of mine possest,
Than when 'twas lost in mine own breast.

Cho. And though our Gifts all worthless are,
Accept, sweet Lord, what We preferr.
So in thy debt We more shall be,
Receiving, whilst We give to Thee.

Γενεθλιακόν

Martj. 13. 1648.

WHILST I behinde Me cast my annual Ey,
What do I but my *Sodome* spy!
O lamentable Sight
Which justly might
Not fix Me in a pile of Salt,
But all my guilty Essence melt
Into a Flood of Paenitence, whose Tide
Might drown that which is gone,
And let me safely on
Its back unto the shore of this *Year* ride!

2

Alas! that I must these twelve Moneths discount,
In which my Life did not amount
To more than Death: For though
I made a show
Of breathing, & still walkd about
As yf in Lifes trade I had wrought;
Yet, sure my Paths were but the ways of Sinn,
I did but cheat my Breath,
And wretchedly taught *Death*
Its Victory before its time to win.

3

For is not now my Soule worse by a *year*
Than 'twas before? Am I not heer
Much further from my *God*,
Than when I trode
My two & thirtieth Round? And by
This distance of Impiety
I grovel in a deadly Sink; For though
Fond Men beleve where e'r
They breathe, they Living are,
Yet sure in Heavn alone *true Life* doth grow.

4

Those *Judgements* which now in our Island reign,
Might well have weand me to abstein
From the bewitching Breast
Of *Worldly Rest*;
And rather to Heavns Bottles send
My hearts inflamed Thirst, than spend
My pretious Time to suck that Milk which can
Perhaps right-sweetly mock,
Or delicately choke,
But never nourish the faint Soule of Man.

5

Yet foolish I heer needs would linger still,
To get of Emptines my fill:
As yf Heavns Pleasure must
On my vain Lust
Have danc'd attendance; & I might
Heerafter time enough have light
My lamp of Piety; yea though I knew
Mortalities least blast
Might Deaths sad curtains cast
O'r my Lifes candle, e'r I older grew.

6

Alas, yf any Act appeard in Me
Which might with credit owned be,
I finde no ground to call
It mine; for all
Its beauty flowd from His fair Love
Whose Mercy with my Vilenes strove.
Nor must the stinking Puddle think that she
Is beauteous, 'cause the Sun
By kinde effusion
Makes Her the Glass of his bright Majestie.

7

But sure, too sure, I am that Shame alone
Belongs to all that I have done:
Nor can my Blushes die
So deep & high
My guilty Cheeks, but tinctur'd in
A redder grain I finde my Sin;
A grain so obstinate, that were the Blood
Of JESUS less than what
It is, my woefull Blot
Could not be washd away by any Flood.

8

Yet Heavns (& none but Heavns) allserching Ey
Did this Years mystik Pangs descry,
With which my Heart, alas,
In travel was:
For close I huggd my *sweet Distress*,
And feasted on its bitterness.
I feasted; but my cruel Banquet still
Reveng'd my appetite,
By torturing Delight,
And bred more hunger as it more did fill.

9

That *noble Soule* whose Sweetnes made this Feast,
And deignd to let Me be the Guest,
Though much it knew, yet saw
Not upon how
Seveer & mercyless a Rack
My Thoughts & all my Spirits were broke.
No! Had it known, its generous Love would by
Some speedy Art have found
A way to close that Wound
Which all this tedious *Year* did open ly.

10

Not all the Seas Wealth could with Me prevail
Through such another *Year* to sail,
In which the soule of Gall
Was mixd with all
My dearest Tides of Joy, whilst I
By *Absences* strange cruelty
A thousand *present* Shipwracks felt, & though
I was in ken (& more,)
Of my desired shore,
Yet might (I know not why,) not thether row.

11

How often has my working Minde been tost,
And in *Amasements* billows lost!
Against the insultations
Of mutinous Passions
As often as I pitchd the feild
So often was I forc'd to yeild:
For in my bosomes Arcenal did ly
My pretious *Conqueror*, and
How then could I withstand
Those volleys which from my own heart did fly?

4

She brought Me forth; & I
Was now the Heir
Unto the fair
Inheritance prepar'd on high
For those who study to maintain
That Title They did by their *Baptisme* gain.

5

But has my study bin
Thus provident;
Or rather bent
My own hearts Bliss to undermine?
Like some wilde Heir, spurrd on by Hell
Did I not Heavns Reversion madly sell?

6

Alas, I did: & all
The wretched price
I took, did rise
To nothing but a flood of Gall:
For what can all this World to Me
Afford, but most vexatious Vanitie?

7

O King of my poor Heart,
Whose gratious ear
Delights to hear
A Sinners Crie: O Thou who art
The Same forevermore, though I
Alas, be chang'd into Deformity,

8

Remember thine own Love,
And so forget
How I on it

Have heapd Ingratitude, & strove
To be, what yet I would not be
Were the Worlds total Value offerd Me.

9

O no, sweet Lord, I would
Be Thine, & none
But Thine alone:
And though fond I my Bliss have sold
To Vanity; I will not sell
My Hope, since Thou art my Redeemer still.

10

Baptise Me then again
In Mercies Flood,
Which is thy Blood:
And so no longer shall a *Stain*
My woefull Difinition be,
Nor *Guilt* the onely Clothes which cover Me.

11

So shall thy Glory shine
Afresh in my
New Purity;
So, though the Happines be Mine,
Yet still it shall belong to Thee,
When Thou, not I, sole Owner art of Me.

Easter Dialoge

S. Joh. 20. 13. (Set to *4. pts* by T. T.)

1st Angel. THOSE funeral Tears why dost Thou shed
On *Life's* & *Resurrection's* Bed?

2nd Angel. Why must those lowring Clowds of Sadness
Defloure this *virgin Morn of Gladness*?

Magdalene. What *Morn of Gladnes*, now the *Sun*
Of all my fairest Joyes is gone;
He, whome my Soule did hope to meet
Heer in this West in which He sett?
But oh! That more than deadly Spight
Which robb'd Him of his Life's sweet Light,
Lives heer You see in Death's own Cave,
And plunders Him ev'n of his Grave.
Nor know I where our Foes have put
His Body, & my Soule with it.

Jesus. Woman, to what Loss do thine Eyes
Such full drink-off'rings sacrifice?

Magdalene. Sweet *Gard'ner*, yf thy Hand it were
Which did transplant Him; Tell me where
Thou sett'dst that pretious *Root* on whome
Grow all my Hopes; & I will from
That Soile remove him to a Bed
With Balme & Myrrh & Spices spred,

Where by mine Eyes two Fountains He
For evermore shall waterd be.

Jesus. *Mary.*

Magdal: O *Master!*

Angel. 1st. and 2d. With what sweet
Fury she flies at His deer Feet,
To weep & kiss out what She by
Her Toung could never signify!

CHORUS

O no! the Powers of sweetest Toungs,
Of string-or-pipe-attended Songs,
Can raise no pitch of Joy so high
As *Easters Riseing Majestie.*
O glorious *Resurrection*, which dost Rise
Above the reach of loftiest Ecstasies!

The Surrender

OFT have I calm'd Misfortunes Deep,
And sung my storming Greifs asleep:
But now the Tempests Roar is swelld
Too high to Muse's Voice to yeild:
Or yf it bowes to any Verse,
It must be that w^ch^ shall befriend my Herse.

2

Alas, my Sorrows were no more
Then could be scanned heertofore!
But Measures now & Numbers be
Themselves no longer unto Me;
Nor can their terminated Might
Deal with those Torments which are Infinite.

3

The Soule of this Complaint, to none
Is known, deer Lord, but Thee alone:
Thou seest how lamentable I
In a strange Hell of Sweetness frie:
Thou se'st my Heart & Me all rent
Upon a Rack of Torturing Content.

4

Not all this World could hire Me to
Flie from this delectable Woe.
Yet yf thy Pleasure be to ease
My deer & pretious Miseries;
Do, mighty Lord; thy Will is best:
I yeild, & will endure to be at Rest.

5

I think I yeild: O Jesu trie
The bottome of thy Victory:
O search, & sift this heart, & see
It cheats not Me, nor injur's Thee.
O yf it bends not, break it quite:
That Heart is soundest, w^{ch} is most Contrite.

Upon my Fathers Sudden & Dangerous Sickness

Oct. 11. —49.

THOUGH sad this Lesson be to Me,
Bycause I love the Book wherein 'tis writ;
Yet shall no Greif so potent be
As to forbid my Industrie to get
It thoroughly by heart: For why
Should I my Father loose, although He dy?

2

In mine own Blood, alas, I see
This Lesson painted; & I needs must read:
Neer, wondrous neer of kin to Me
His very Sickness is; nor could I plead
Against my Fate, although I were
Made his Pains Sonn, & his Distempers Heir.

3

What though by all the World before,
Whose Dust & Graves, Deaths Victory confess,
Our Times will take no Warning, nor
Expect what full against them flying is
On every Minutes Wings, but by
Their Lives, their Lives uncertainty deny?

4

I see no ground to fancy how
This Moment can secure the next to Me:
O no! Mortality, wch now
Knocks at my Fathers door, right neighbourlie
To mine gives Warning, & may heer
Enter, for aught I know, as soon as there.

5

And let it enter, JESU, when
Soe'r thy Pleasure is its way to ope;
But first, oh first, do Thou come in,
That by thy gracious Presence Thou mayst stopp
What Thou admittest; for by Thee
Deaths Ev'n shall be the Dawn of Life to Me.

Γενεθλιακόν

March 13. 1649.

TWELVE Moneths agoe, what rate would I too dear
Have thought, to buy me but *another Year*;
In which I Virtues Quarrell might
Revenge with Poenitence's fist,
And stoutly wreak my holy Spight
Upon my most rebellious Breast:
That so the Sight of my own Life might not
Before I dy'd, death through my heart have shott!

2

Yet, though great LOVE hath reined Justice in
From my bold Three-and-thirty Years of Sin;
And giv'n me Mercy's generous leave
This other annual Round to tread:
Alas what use of this Repreive
Has my ingratefull Madnes made,
Who have but raisd my Guilts vast Mountain more
By a Years height than it was swelld before!

3

Though I have seen our wretched Britain made
The Isle of Monsters; though the onely Trade

Our England drives be Frensy, and
Rebellious Desperation; Yet
I finde a more enormous Band
Of Rebells in my Bosome mett:
Rebells, whose furious stomach dares disdain
Not *Britains Monarch*, but *Heavns Soverain.*

4

The lower House, the Commons of my Breast,
My traiterous Passions, speciously drest
In Liberties bewitching cloke;
First trampling down my Will & Reason
As useless Peers, in triumph broke
Into the gulfe of deepest Treason,
And murdered their *royal Lord* again,
Whose guilt was nothing but his Gentle Reign.

5

Afresh thus having JESUS crucifi'd,
In Sinns anarchical carreer they ride:
And I, alas, unhappy I,
In woefull Vassalage enchaind,
A Prey to my own Madnes ly;
That Madnes, which for me hath gaind
A decent Vengance on my proud Offence,
A Rout of Tyrants for one gracious Prince.

6

With what sore Taxes did they pill & poll
The holy Score of my once thriveing Soule!
How has their Fury stormd me from
My own Free Hold, not leaving Me
So much to dwell in, as the Home
Of my own Self! how cruelie
Have they by Sequestration seized even
On that Reversion which I had of Heaven!

7

A King, a King, again, say I; & none
But Him who is our rightfull King alone!
JESU, oh JESU, lend thine ear,
Thine ever-gracious ear to Me,
Whose broken Soule desires to bear
No Yoke, no King, but thine & Thee!
I have this cheating Liberty, & fain
In thy deer Service would be free again.

8

For yf I be not; Why, why should I be
At all! Or what is this New Year to Me,
But a New Orb of Woe, upon
Whose wheel I must be rackd again,
And through Lifes *longer Torments* run
To *longest Deaths* more heavy Pain?
The thought of further Life slay's Me with Dread,
Yf living still, must make me *ever Dead.*

9

O never never let my Vessell steer
Through such another treason-foaming Year!
My Passions no such Armies have,
Nor Navies, to maintain their Pride;
But Thou into Destructions Grave
Canst easily tread their strongest Tide.
Why shouldst not Thou, sweet Lord of Power & Love,
Who art *MOST HIGH*, be every where *above*?

10

O JESU be above, & Reign in Me:
So shall these Rebells melt to Loyaltie:
So shall that *other Perturbation*
Which all this Year hath toss'd my Breast
And wov'n mysterious Vexation
Into my deerest Joyes, molest
My Soule no more with strange Anxietie,
Nor tear it farr farr from it self, & Thee.

11

Thine Ey alone is privie to the Smart
Of those long Pangs which revelld in my heart;
When my Desires from That were shutt
From Which they could not severd be;
When I was most where I was not;
When onely Absence dwelt with me;
When every houre hurri'd & flung me to
Those pretious Sweets to which I might not go;

12

When I could scorn all Danger, Toil, & Pain,
That most inestimable *Gemm* to gain,
Yet by poor slender *Nothings* saw
My way quite intercepted; and
In spight of Loves allconquering Law,
Ev'n brave *Ascension* at a stand;
When the resolved Flame still wider spread,
Yet on its noble Feuel might not feed:

13

When I, though on the brink of fulltide *Joy*,
Liv'd in the squalid Desert of *Dismay*;
When *Unity* it self might not
Be one; When *Times* learnd to controll
Beyond their Sphear, & bridle what
Was now *eternal* in my Soule;
When I might not free Owner be of that
Whereof I had intire possession gott.

14

Just reason of a guilty Blush could I
In that my vehement Designe descry,
An hecatombe of Thanks & Praise
I at that Fortunes foot would lay
Which barracado'd all the ways
That led to my desired Joy:
But since my aim was pure, oh why must I
So long obstructed be, *I know not Why*?

15

I know not Why: unless the *Worth* of that
Invaluable Gemm, a barr did putt
Against my *Worthlessnes*: & then
Jesu, I yeild, & must confess
I have no further plea, nor can
Pretend desert of *That* which is
So sweetly pretious: No, I know I must
Miss my too-loftie Aim, yf Thou beest *Just.*

16

Yet since thy Justice-conquering Goodnes now
Incourageth my *Hopes* afresh to grow;
O never let them fade again,
Nor sown into sad Intermission,
But their mature Success obtain
And flourish into sweet *Fruition*!
O let them flourish! Or quite root them up.
Dispair is better farr, than *fruitless Hope.*

Anniversarium Baptismi

Mar: 21. 1649.

O DEER & memorable *Day* to Me,
From which I count my Christianitie!
Eight Days I breath'd, but did not live,
Bycause I onely was what I was Born;
But Thou a blessed check didst give
To my sad Fate, & me with Life adorn.

2

That mighty *Deluge* which its fury hurld
Beyond all Shores, & wrack'd the anchient World,
Bury'd not Mortals in so deep
A Death, but the *Baptismal Flood* in more
Assured Life their Soules doth steep,
And roll them to Eternities high Shore.

3

Thus at this truelyest-living Fountains Head
I into holy Life was Buryed:
And had I kept that Purity
Which in that liquid Sepulchre I found,
Not Death it self could make me dy
Who was Eternal by thus being Drownd.

4

But foolish I would needs be padling in
The lazie filthly Lakes of nasty Sin;
Till I had staind my careless Heart
With poisnous Spotts, which like Plague-tokens seald
Me for my Grave: Nor could the Art
Of Man or Angel cure or comfort yeild.

5

O no! a *LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME*, was
The onely Charm in that infected case:
And so is still; for nothing but
The soverain Power of *MERCY* can asswage
Sinns strong Contagion, & put
Eases soft chains on my Diseases rage.

Γενεθλιακόν

March. 13. 1650.

THIS Morning five & thirty years
Which op'd mine Eyes, did broach my tears:
When, though I wept I knew not why,
Each tear distilld a Prophecy;
Liquid & clear were they,
But these in darknes lay,
Where, like all others, they this Maxime held,
Not to be understood untill fullfilld.

2

For what Diviners piercing Ey,
Though help'd with those of heavn, in my
Then-newborn-soule could read, That She
Would foulest of all Monsters be:
And, by mad venturing in
The desperate Trade of Sin,
Gain so much Loss, that these poor Eyes of mine
Should need aforehand to acquaint with Brine?

3

Say, treacherous Heart, say with what reason
Thou darest still abhorr that Treason
Whose uncontrolld Contagion reigns
In miserable Britains veins?

Has it yet tutord Thee
Into thy Loyaltie?
Or has this new-past Year had power to bring
Thee to Allegiance to thy heavnly King?

4

Where are those Promises which thy
Sad-seeming Tongue did heap so high!
Ask these Twelve Months yf ever Thou
Didst keep with God thy Word or Vow.
Why start'st Thou now away?
Say, shameless Trayter, say,
Could'st Thou indure thy Slave should break his Word
So oft with Thee, as Thou hast with thy God?

5

Yet this Allmighty Lord of thine
Still reins his long-due Vengance in:
His Love with longer Time He baits,
And strangely thus thy Leisure waits:
Thy Death He doth command
At distance yet to stand;
And by this other Year he tempteth Thee
Into the arms of sweet Eternitie.

6

And can the Flesh, the World, or He
Who vaunts him self its Prince to be,
Bid fairer for thee, or invite
With richer arguments thy sight?
Feel then, & weigh, & see
What thus inamours thee:
Alas thy Prize beguiles thy touch, & all
Thy Bliss, to empty Vanity doth fall.

7

Fool! wilt thou mock thy God? oh know
The longer He doth draw his Bow,
He shoots the surer, & his Arrow
Feirce Speed ev'n from Delay doth borrow.
He at this Seige in vain
Long long enough hath layn:
Compell Him not to storm thee now, 'cause He
Woo's thy Surrender with such Suavitie.

8

O do but yeild, & thine shall be
The truer happier Victorie:
Yeild, yeild, & win a Kingdom; even
The Realm of Joy of Life of Heavn.
To what can thy Desire
More happily aspire,
Than unto that, which not to reach, will be
Calamities profound extremitie!

9

Nor canst Thou plead, That all thy Bliss
A great way off suspended is,
And totaly eclipsed by
Lying in dark Futurity:
What was that Heavn which thou
Alone desirdst below?
Is it not now into thy bosome thrown,
Makeing most happy Thee double thine own?

10

How wert Thou torn the other Year
Upon the rack of Hope & Fear!
How did thy Tears dropp through thy Quill
And so into thy Verses steal;
Whilst every Line prov'd true
To their Inks mourning hue;
And every Syllable sigh'd Sorrows tone,
Each Word did weep, & every Rime did grone!

11

But now that Night of thy Dismay
Is broke up into Comforts Day:
The Harvest of thy panting Hope
Is ripe & reap'd & gatherd up:
Thy dear Ambition now
Wears on its crowned brow
That most invaluable Jewell which
Can robb both Indies of the name of RICH.

12

And what, what wouldst thou more than so,
Thee into Virtues Schole to woo!
View but the beauties of that Gemm
By the pure light of its own beam:
Read read, & study there,
And then confess yf e'r
Thy bookish eyes in any leaves such sweet
And lively fruits of pious Worth did meet.

13

What though Ascensions lofty pitch
Surmounted thy unworthy reach!
Yet may'st thou in a lower sphear
Due motion keep, & bright appear.
Move then, oh Move, & Shine,
Whilst yet thy Time is thine:
Take heed thine idle self thou dost not cheat,
By plotting then to Rise, when thou must sett.

14

Rise, rise my Soule, & sleep no more
In sluggish sin, as heertofore.
All Heavn stands ope, & willt thou miss
A mark so full & fair as this?
Fear not its height, allthough
Thou crawlst a Worm below:
'Twill meet thy reaching Arms, & draw thee up,
Unless thy Bliss thou willfully dost stopp.

Anniversarium Baptismi

Marti 21. 1650.

LOVE, I am thine: for yf I be
Not so; Self is not Self to me.
No Title to my Self have I,
But in thy deer Propriety;
For this most memorable Day
Polluted Me washd clean away,
And I, who was before a dead
And still-born Thing, was quickened
Into a nobler Essence than
Springs from the rotten loyns of Man:
I of my mortal Parents wretched Sonn
To be thy blessed Childe to Day begun.

2

O truest Father, how did thy
Bounty inrich my Poverty!
How large a Portion didst Thou
On me, a younger Sonn, bestow!
A Portion of Strength & Health,
Of Arts & Natures usefull wealth,
Of gratious Motions, holy Heats,
Heart-cheering Joyes, spiritual Sweets,
Of high & noble Things, which none
But such a Sire could give a Sonn:

A Portion upon whose ample Store
I might have bravely liv'd for evermore!

3

I might have liv'd; had foolish I
To deadly Prodigality
Not sold my self, & turned Slave
Before I dy'd, unto my grave:
Had I that fair Estate not spent
Fond Lusts & Passions to content;
Nor on the score with Vengance run,
To be the surer twise undone.
O! should my Creditors awake
Their indignation, & take
Due course of Law against me, What would bayl
Me from the bottom of Hells deepest Jayl!

4

Meanwhile, alas, all that I finde
To feed my justly-starved Minde,
Are sappless skinns of Vanitie,
Husks drie & starv'd as well as She:
A Diet fitt enough for Swine
And Me; since both of us combine
With feet profane in dirt to tread
Those Perles which would adorn our head,
Or purchase nobler Cates which might
Our palates court with pure delight.
Ah cheating World, how hast thou mockd my taste,
Obtruding onely Famin for a Feast!

5

But Thou, great Lord of endless love,
Hast raised thy Patience farr above
The mountain of my Guilt: & I
Onely from that thy Victory
Pluck hopes of giving this my great
Unhappiness a sure defeat.

Behold thy pined Prodigall
Doth at thy lowest footstool fall,
Where I the prey of Pity ly;
Quarter, oh, quarter, or I dy!
I dy; for all my Living's spent & gone;
And none can raise the Dead but Thou alone.

6

I envy not thine Heirs, who be
Sonns of devout Frugalitie;
Nor reach I at a place in their
Felicities exalted Sphear:
Bold bold enough is my ambition,
Into thy Pay to begg admission,
And have my Name inroll'd & blest
Ev'n in thy meanest Hirelings list.
Alas 'tis not for famishd Me
To article with mighty Thee,
For 'tis to Mercy I surrender now:
O may I but be Thine, I care not how!

Γενεθλιακόν

Marti 13. 1651.

AS when a beauteous Morn brings forth
An answerably-splendid birth,
And Titan with a smileing face
Gets up & gins his golden race;
Sereen & cheerly Houres attend
His wheels which up Noons mount ascend,
Suffring no envious Clowd
To crowd
Into the glorious throne of Day
Which now through all heavn doth her realm display.

2

Yet when faint & decrepit grown
Into the West she stumbles down;
Some treacherous Windes have taken arms
And musterd up rebellious Storms
To damp her peace's gorgeous grace
And tear her monarchies bright face;
Whilst the defeated Sun
Doth run
From his fair colours, & is wett
Before he can into th' Atlantik gett.

3

How true that Day paints out to me
This Years sweet-soure repugnancie!
A Year in which my Joyes grew up
Into the blade of cheerly Hope:
But blasted then, did onely yeild
A Crop of Greif from Comforts Feild:
A Year which taught me how
To grow
Into a sad beleif that heer
Delight's bright Perl's but a mistaken Tear.

4

Fair dawnd this Year, when I & I,
(All Turtles know this mystery,)
Incouraged by pleasant health,
Vie'd loves, & multiply'd the Wealth
Of that most pretious Union, which
Denies that gold or gemms are rich:
Nor did his progress fail
To seal
Upon our hopes fresh Joyes, when we
Saw in that Spring nuptial Fertilitie.

5

How large a promise did he give
That I should more than double live,
Whilst in my pregnant Deerest I
Seem'd rooted to posterity.
How honestly at length he made
Shew of performing what he had
So fairly promis'd me,
When he
Payd me the pretious Daughter from
The lovely Mother-perl's ingaged wombe!

6

How blooming now did I appear,
Grown young & fresh again in Her!
Especaly when happy She
Corrected her nativitie,
And by a second birth became
God's childe as well as mine: Her Name
Was allso now no less
Express
An echo of her Mother, than
Were those sweet lines which through her feature ran.

7

Thus this Eliza deerer was
By being that Eliza's Glass.
In this epitomie I read
(Yet not at all diminished)
The Mothers Sweets; in that full book
Th' expansion of the Daughters Look.
Thus did I feast my Joy,
And lay
My heart to take her deer repose
Now on the Bud, now on the full blown Rose.

8

But ah! the flattering treacherous Year
Which rose & shin'd till now so cleer;
With sudden frowns plough'd up his brow,
And violently study'd how
To mock my Joy's precocitie
By levelling his storm at me.
For by an envious stroke
He broke
My dainty Bud, which in that gust
Was quite blown down & buried in the dust.

9

Yet why do I accuse the Year,
Which taught me (though by a seveer
And nature-tearing lesson) not
To build my hopes & joys on what
The easy gaine & prize can be
Of tottering Mortalitie.
This Lesson & hard Art
By heart
O may I get, & run to thee
Sweet JESU for true Rest's Stabilitie.

Annivers : Baptismi

Mart. 21.

COURAGE my Soule! what though thy foes combine
Their might & spight to undermine
Thy Peaces fort, & throw
That Safety low
Which thou
Hast long in building been, & fain
That Fabrik's, & thy Wishes, topp, wouldst gain?

2

Courage! This very Day must Item Thee
Into an holy Braverie:
This happy Day, wherein
Thou didst begin
To win
A place in Valour's Army, and
Under the LORD of HOSTS didst listed stand.

3

Thou knowst what Colours mighty He doth give
And what fair badge thou didst receive:
His bloody Crosse's Sighn
Whose shape divine
On thine
Initiated face was sett,
To valiant Patience consecrated it.

4

He, though arm'd with Omnipotence, did choose
By Suffring to subdue his Foes:
That Thou, who couldst not reach
His Powers pitch
Mightst stretch
Thy hardy patient arms (for this,
Weaknes may do,) to pull down Bayes and Bliss.

5

O cross not then that Cross, which marks thee out
For meekly patiently stout.
Wear not God's Badge in vain,
But bravely strain
To gain
Those Palmes thou canst not loose, yf thou
Wilt but endure a Conquerour to grow.

The Journè

May 17. 1652

MY Parents deer to see to day
My Duty summons me away:
Yt must my heart first wait on Thee
Great Father both of them & me.
To guide my journè that I may
Remember still *Thou art my Way!*
Thou art my Way, & yf of Thee I miss,
My playnest path will prove a Precipice.

2

To crave my Parents Blessing I
This journè take: yet first to thy
Dear Benediction must I sue
To bless their Blessing into true
And full effect: least in the breath
Which gives it life, it findes its death.
Great King of Bliss! in that sweet soveraintie
Of thine, O may poor I a Subject be.

3

So shall I gain brave strength to stretch
Through that laborious journè, which
I going am; (& needs must go)
Ev'n whilst I stay at home; for to
The unknown Land of Death am I
Hurried by Sinn & Destiny.
Vain hopes of Rest, adieu: my birth I scorn
To cross, since I a Traveller am born.

The Winter-Spring

May 18.

O HOW the Worlds Amazement now doth stare
Upon this contradiction of the Year;
Whilst frowning Januaries frost
Doth smileing Maja's beauties blast;
Whilst Winter his chaste bounds forgets
And on the virgin Spring a rape committs.

2

Poor ravishd Spring! how every Leaf confesses
The violence done to her goodly tresses!
Her woefull head how sadly She
Hangs down in every floure! No tree,
No feild, no gardin, where she went
But doth her piteous injury lament.

3

Mark well, my Heart, too plainly painted heer
An embleme of thy self in this sad Year:
The raies of Righteousnesses Sun
By gracious neerness had begun.
With vernal beauties thee to grace,
And heavns sweet dew had washd & cheerd thy face.

4

But blasted now by Indevotions cold
Thy yeauthfull Spring turns withered & old;
The bedds where thy fair floures did grow,
Alas are but their death-bedds now:
Nipp'd in their budd thy firstfruits are;
And thou canst onely say, Such Sweets grew heer.

5

And has some sudden anger snatchd away
My courteous Sun? O no, thyself didst stray
From thine own Bliss: He, constant He
Desires not retrograde to be.
It is not this, but th' other Sunn
Who of himself doth back to Winter run.

The Gentle Check

May 19.

ONE half of me was up & drest,
The other still in lazy rest;
For yet my prayers I had not sayd;
When I close at her Mattens heard
A dainty-tongued Bird,
Who little thought how she did me upbrayd.

2

But Guilt caught hold of every Note,
And through my breast the anthem shott:
My breast heard more than did my ear,
For now the tune grew sharp & chode
Me into thoughts of God,
To whome most due my earlyer Accents were.

3

How shall I blush enough to see
Poor Birds prevent my praise to thee!
Dear Lord my Muse for pardon pants,
And every Tardy guilty Tone
Doth languish to a Grone:
Alas to day she sings not, but recants.

4

Forgive, forgive my lazie Rhyme
Which in its musik keeps not time.
Yf thy sweet Patience lets me borrow
Another Morn of Life, I give
My promise heer to strive
Before the Lark to be at heavn to morrow.

The Sentinel

To my Friend.

May 20.

THANKS sweetest friend, who deckest me
In shewing me mine own Deformitie.
Alas, the eys ev'n of my Minde
Though plac'd within, to things within are blinde;
And, like those of my Body, on
Externals spend their gazing selvs alone.
Ay me, who thus become
Abroad quicksighted, but stark blinde at home.

2

My faithfull eyes are those whereby
The darkest bottom of my self I spy.
What fools were Poets, who could finde
No way but to conclude that Love is blinde!
He who himself would right discover,
The eys must borrow of a trusty Lover;
Eys whence indeed those darts
Of piercing fire flash forth which serch through hearts.

3

Dear Spie of me, thanks thanks again
For this discovery; now me thinks 'tis plain

How ougly I did muffled go
In Melancholies veil. I know no Foe
Whom more I hate than that black Witch,
Yet much I love her too: Alas in such
A snarled maze I move
That heer I love my hate, & hate my love.

4

Inestimable Sentinel,
Upon thy loving guard oh stand thou still:
Give the alarm whenever thou
These clowds discoverest gathering on my brow;
And help me in the charge, that I
May conquer by thy cheerfull bravery.
This way, my better Heart,
Be thou my Second, though my Self thou art.

The Farm

May 21.

TENANT at will indeed I am; & yet
Wish for no Lease of this my life, since I
Under so good a Lord do live, & sitt
At rent allmost as low as He is high:
The greatest summ that He expects from me
Is that which nothing costs, Humilitie.

2

Humility, with Homage, Fealty, and
Some *easy* Services; for mighty He,
Least I should shrink, lays to his own kinde hand
And helps me to obey himself. oh free
And gentle Lord, who to his Tenant gives,
Aforehand, all the Rent that he receives!

3

As for the Farms increase, though I improve
It to a thousand fold, yet still I pay
No more to Him, but only more of love:
And what gains heavns great King, yf Dust & Clay
Heap his affections on him! Thus, in fine
The Farm's Rent's his, but all the Profits mine.

4

Besides, to keep my house in good repair,
With all Materials He doth me supply.
Yf to decay it falleth, I must bear
The blame alone: yea when Mortality
Shall tumble't into dust, that Ruine from
My Fall & first offence, at last, will come.

5

But now to leave so good a Farm, can I
Contented be? oh yes I can, whene'r
My Lord shall please to turn me out, since by
His boundless Love eternal Mansions are
Prepar'd above. of short-termd Tenants heer
Who would not chuse to be Freeholders there?

News

May 22.

WHAT haste, fond Jock! Nay thou shalt longer stay,
Bycause thou thirstest thus to snatch
The first buzz of the News, & catch
Thou knowst not what: The Story may
Be sad, & punish greedy thee;
What harm then in deferring Miserie!

2

Stay but a while, & thou the News shalt see
Come, uninvited, to thy door,
And honester that 'twas before:
That Paint & lying Braverie
Which makes her young wilde face so gay,
Will by truth-cleering Time be washt away.

3

Fear not Delay; the News, though tardy, yet
Can be her self to Thee, one day,
Or twenty hence: That which doth slay
Her slight life, is not Absence, but
Presence alone: the News is new
When first she comes (though then she dyes) in view.

4

But hark, my Heart, the happiest News to thee
Will be to finde it truely in
Thy self: Is that old Man of Sin
Banishd & gone, & canst thou see
New holy youth bud in thy breast?
This is the only News can make thee blest.

5

If after other News thou lingerest still,
Look out, & see where thou canst spy
Devotion, Meeknes, Loyalty,
Peace, Justice, & sinceer good-will:
Judge truly, & thou canst not chuse
But grant these old things are the greatest News.

The Duell

May 23.

SAD fruit of misapplyed Valour! Here
Lies Shandoys wounded, & there Compton slayn.
O goodly gain
Of gallant Duells! are
Not Wounds & Death fine things, when they are bought
Humor and private Grudge to garnish out?

2

Surely there is another kinde of Duell
As hardy, smart & generously brave,
Though not so cruel:
A Duell which will save
One of the Champions from the miseries
Of Wounds & Death, though in the fight he dies.

3

Yea & so lawfull 'tis, that never Laws
Were kept, but by this Duells good success.
Nor is it less
Strange in the Lists it draws,
For though this fight through all the world be fought,
The feild is pitcht within & not without.

4

The Duellers are none but onely I
Or onely You; for I & You, alone
Are more than One.
In every heart do ly
Two active Parties, Flesh & Spirit, whose
Immortal hate makes them most mortal foes.

5

How strangely solemne's this Incounter! where
God, Men, & Angels, all Spectators be;
Where Victorie
Doth no less prize conferr
Than Heavn or Hell: Where the fights consummation
On this side's Death, on that Mortification.

6

Since then no Quarter heer can given be,
Courage, my Spirit, as thou lovst thy life.
On this short strife
Depends eternitie
Of rest & peace, & how how canst thou merit
Yf thou in courage faylst, thy name of Spirit?

The World

May 24.

NAY now I'm sure my judgement's sound,
Since ripe experience is its ground.
Why, I my self have felt & seen
Thy tedious Vanity;
Fond shameless World, & canst thou ween
I will for thee ev'n common sense deny?

2

Thou wear'st a beauteous skin, I grant;
And do the deadly Serpents want
Those dangerous hypocrisies?
Or is the Poisons soule
Less its curs'd self, bycause it lies
In the brave ambush of a golden boule?

3

When Israels, & Wisdomes, King
Did stoutly to the touchstone bring
Thy fairest Peeces, did not they
Prove base-bred counterfets;
Whose stamp though neat, & colour gay,
Their purest ore was but refined Cheats.

4

And oh that I had been content
To rest on his Experiment!
But since I at the cost have been
By thee deceivd to be,
'Tis not another World could win
My heart to dote: or trust on empty thee.

5

Go fawn on those whose frothy minde
Can solace in a bubble finde,
And Juno in a Clowd imbrace;
Who by the lying Paint
Which smiles upon their Idols face
Doubt not to count the beauties of their Saint.

6

And yet thy Paint's so silly too,
It can no warey Lover woo.
Indeed good Shaddows sprucely show;
But where the Picture is
Nothing besides, (and such art thou)
It proves but artificial Ouglines.

The Servant

May 25.

NOW on my Conscience thou art right
My Heart, who tellst me, I
This morning full as justly might
Have let my anger fly
At my forgetfull sinfull self, as at
My Servant who my strait Command forgot.

2

I have a Master too: nor is
My Servant bound to my
Commands, so much as I to His
In whose great family
Were I not entertained I could not live;
'Tis He, who to myself myself doth give.

3

Ah patient Master of bold Me,
How oft hast thou renued
Thy soft Commands, & ernestlie
My fugitive heart persued;
Yea, and (what I could hardly stoop to do)
Vouchaf'd thy Slaves obedience to woo!

4

How gross in my Injustice, who
Could not this fault digest
From mine own Servant, yet can so
Gentle a Lord resist!
And now could I for shame expect that he
When I disloyal am, should faithfull be!

5

O teach me holy policie,
Great Lord, & never let
Me copies of disloyaltie
To my own Servants set.
Subdue my stubborn Will, for then I shall
Best have it, when I have it not at all.

Game

May 26.

NOT from the stern
Portch did I lern
This Lesson, but from civil Reasons Temple:
Nor can thy fine example
Outbrave my sober grounds, or prove that I
A Heretik am in Gentility.

2

I needs must tell
Thee, Gallant, still
Thy hounds & hawks I never yet could see
Catch such delight to me,
As oft is caught by these two fingers when
After a flea in hott persute they runn.

3

Dost thou not know
It is not Thou
That hawk'st & huntest, but thy hound & hawk?
And dost not blush to talk
Of generous Sport, when thou their Lord, at least
Art the Attendant on thy Bird and Beast!

4

Nay more than so,
Their Vassal too
Thou art, & whether thorough fair or foule
Thy most inslaved Soule
Is glad to thrust thee, yf they lead the way:
Are these the paths to manly noble Joy?

5

The Griffen, or
The Tygre, farr
Outvie such Joys, when they without the aid
Of hawk or hound have preyd
Upon their game, & needed not, like thee,
For their wilde pastimes borrowers to be.

6

Is it not fine
Delight to win
This rare applause when thou in weary sweat
Dost from thy sport retreat:
Behold, the Man, & hawks & hounds are come
Ev'n with a conquerd hare or partridge home.

7

Then, yf you will,
Bate the mad hell
Of oathes which haunts this trade: yet can I not
Be charmd to toile in what
Pretendeth not to yeild me other gains
Then onely this, My Labour for my Pains.

8

That Sport is known
Best to thine own
Huntsmen & falkners; yet will never they
Unless by ample Pay

Be charmd to follow it : 'tis not the Game,
No, 'tis thy Money which delighteth them.

9

But noblest things,
Princes & Kings
Are of these Games the granted Soverains too :
And what yf I have no
Ambition to play like them ? though they
Perhaps seek nothing less in Sports than Play.

10

Yet please thy will
And play thy fill ;
But tie not me to this thy Loosnes, who
Perchance know what to do.
What yf I rather list to hunt, as high
As Nimrod in the feilds of History ?

11

What yf I take
Delight to make
My Contemplations resolute wings outstretch
Thy hawks sublimest reach ?
On, on, for me : yf I above it am,
Let me alone, I shall not spoil thy game.

Ascension

May 27.

A FEAST, & yet the very Day
Our Bridegrome bear our Joys away?
Besides, the Comforter, who might
Supply us with Delight,
Is ten days off, & may not we
Now fast by sad authority?

2

O no! this happy day must be
The holy Feast of Sympathie:
'Tis to his Coronation
Our head to day is gone;
Our reign commenceth heer, & we
Begin this morning Kings to be.

3

Heavns Kingdome now is open sett:
And yf we will not frustrate it,
Our Heads is our Ascension too;
And though wee'r left below,
In Him to Us is truely given
Livery & seisin of all heaven.

4

Then take we state upon us now,
Disdaining all that is below
Our royaltie: our sphears above
And there, there let us move.
For what have they to do, who dwell
In heavn with earth, much more with hell!

Friends

May 28.

THY *Friends*! Nay spare the plural there;
Such things as Friends are singular:
Thou of thy Phoenixes as well
Mayst tell
Thy tale, & be belev'd as soon
That thou hast many of what scarce is one.

2

Shines thy Sun fair? that gorgeous light
To shew a Freind is too too bright:
The day with gloomy shades opprest
Will best
Discover Him, whose Worth by none
But its own glorious rays is seen alone.

3

Alas thy fawning Courtiers be
Friends of thy Fortune, not of Thee:
Let her but frown, & they will do
So too.
Be warey then, & just as farr
Rely on Them, as Thou canst trust to Her.

4

But hast thou met a faithfull Heart?
In spight of Fortune blest thou art.
Write others down *Acquaintance*, but yet
Admit
Sole him into thy *Friends* dear Roll;
Them in thine arms imbrace, Him in thy Soule.

5

For who is thy souls Spouse but He?
O then with him contented be.
Let chastity thy love commend
And lend
No ear to wanton Syrens, who
Would thee to breach of Friendships wedlock woo.

The Bankrupt

May 29.

DESPISE him not, though he
A Bankrupt be:
To peeces broke he is indeed,
Yet not to nothing. Do not tread
Those fragments into dust, with which
He hopes a Composition to reach.

2

Thy Break is greater farr
Than his, nor are
Thy means sufficient to Compound
With thy great Creditor: look round
About thy Nothing now, & say
What thou hast left thy debts to God to pay.

3

Wouldst thou thy Body yeild
To prison? build
No hopes on that sad plott; alas
The law on thee must further pass:
Thy Soul is allso forfeit, and
Th' eternal Jayl for both doth open stand.

4

Cheat not thyself, nor say
I'l run away.
What world from Gods arrest can hide
His vainly-fugitive Worm? beside,
No friend on earth can ever be
A Surety or sufficient Bayl for thee.

5

No way away to run
Hast thou but one:
FORGIVING'S thy sole way to woo
Thy Creditor the like to do.
Nay He'l outdo thee heer, for He
For pardning part, will all remitt to thee.

Detraction

May 30.

THINKST thou to scape this Monsters teeth?
Then hope to fly the jaws of Death:
Nay, things whose pitch
Is farr above the reach
Of any Death, are yet assaulted by
Detractions most unbounded Cruelty.

2

How oft has Blasphemies black Tongue
At God him self her venome flung?
And wouldst thou fare
Better than things which are
The Best of all? faint fool, that cannot be
Wherein thy God's a Sharer, Miserie.

3

'Tis rank Repugnancy at which
Thy fond ambition doth reach:
Canst thou tell how
Like every one to grow?
Unless thou canst, thou must contented be
To let those things which differ, disagree.

4

To win the Proud Mans praise, canst thou
Plant insolence on thine own brow;
Yet still, to reap
Fame with the Sordid, creep
Beneath fair Ingenuity? oh no!
What creature e'r was Worm & Eagle too?

5

Since then Detraction must at thee
Be snarling, on necessitie;
In the compleat
Armour of Virtue meet
Thy peevish Foe, who then, the more she bite,
The more she'l break her teeth, & knaw her spight.

Virtue

May 31.

VIRTUE! why first she brings not in
Such gains, as gallant Sin.
Has not his squeamish conscience quite
Beggerd your Loyal Wight?
Whilst the brave Rebell reigns upon
Your royal Martyrs throne.

2

And then, she's not gentile. pray shew
Me in the list of new
Sheer Fashions so much as but
The name of Virtue put.
And must we plod in the plain rode
Of our stale Grandsires Mode?

3

Besides, She's baseborn, & below
A Gentleman: for how
Can she pretend to Gallantry
Who cannot be, yf high?
What Exc'llance can in her be seen,
Whose essence is the Mean?

4

Lastly, wherever she doth come
She's viley troublesome;
Putting her deerest Friends to great
Expence of pains & sweat.
Troth let her go for me: a guest
Like her, when gone is best.

5

Thus dreams the Fool what pleases him,
And thus talks in his dream.
And let him talk: deer Virtue, he
By blaming praiseth thee.
Wise eyes would strait suspect thy rays
Should Fools thy Lustre praise.

Thrift

June 1. 1652.

SAY not, Tis base to spare,
Unless thou knew'st what spare-
ing were.
Hadst that been thy forefather's minde
More reason thou wouldst finde
To rayle on Spending: but thy scorn thou now
On thine own Prides Foundation doth throw.

2

Is't base? bold Prodigal,
Know'st thou whom heer thou dost miscall?
Dares thy contemptuous Censure fling
Basenes on Bounties King?
He, noblest He, his own miraculous Gift
Was not ashamed to seal up with Thrift.

3

When he had thousands fed,
He set on every bit of bread
His saving care: Let nothing be
Squanderd & lost, sayd He,
But up with every crumb: yea though his word
To all the World a banquet could afford.

4

Will thy estate hold out
As well as his, that thou shouldst flout
The thought of Sparing? or wouldst thou
More generousnes show
Than God himself? Ah fool, yf thou wouldst be
Noble indeed, thy Copy must be He.

5

'Tis thine who findst the fault
With Thrift; for Thrift is Bounties Salt,
Which from corrupting keeps it free,
And makst it lasting be.
Belev't, he best knows how to spend (whate'r
Thy fancy weens,) who best knows how to spare.

Avarice

June 2.

AND truly yesterday
I did suspect as much: away
Foule misgotten Elf,
Thou cheat'st thy silly self
In thinking I had any drift
To favor thee by praising Thrift.

2

Hence odious Avarice,
Thou mad & self-revenging Vice,
Who dost no toyl refuse
For that thou dar'st not use.
Thrift onely gathers, Thou dost scrape,
She to injoy, Thou but to keep.

3

Thou Jayler art, but She
The Steward of her gold: with thee
It rusts, with her it shines:
Nor do its deepest Mines
Smother & lock it up so fast
As the vast gulph of thy dark chest.

4

For that dark chest of thine
No pioner must hope to mine,
Since thy Necessitie
Cannot sufficient be
To digg thy treasure thence; so deep
Thou, to thy loss, thy gains dost keep.

5

Less doth the Thunders crack
Than news of petty Charges, wake
Thy wretched fears; & though
All thy religion's how
The best of money to possess,
Thy Money never current is.

6

Some Beast or other is
The embleme of each other Vice:
But never Brute was yet
So brutish as to get
The world a copie of foule Thee:
Midst Monsters, thou must Monster be.

Honor

June 3.

AMBITIOUS Sir, take heed;
For thou on Glass dost tread.
No Glass more beautifull & cleer
Than all the paths of Honor are;
No Glass more slippery can be
Or brittle, than deceitfull She.

2

Ambitious Sir take heed,
Thou trustest to a Reed.
No Reed's more tost & scorned by
All Windes, than Honors bravery:
No Reed will wound more deeply Thee
Who leanst on it, than treacherous She.

3

Ambitious Sir take heed;
Thou rid'st a dangerous Steed.
No Steed his crest doth more advance,
Or proudlyer than Honor prance:
No Steed did e'r so desperatlie
Stumble, as most uncertain She.

4

Ambitious Sir, take heed;
Thou dost on Poison feed.
No Poison in a goodlyer cup
Than that of Honor's served up:
No Poison e'r made drinker be
More swollen, than doth banefull She.

5

Ambitious Sir take heed;
And in brave Haman read
A wholesome Lesson: who but He
Honor's own Darling was! Yet see
His ruines monstrous mockery,
Who fell full fifty cubits high.

Physik

June 4. 1652.

STRAIT for y^e^ Doctor send:
That's thy first word, & hastiest
care;
When some Disease, or but y^e^ fear
Of it, hath made thee sick. And I commend
Thy diligence, provided thou
What thou allow'st thy self wilt but thyself allow.

2

Thy Minde's as much & more
Thyself, than is thy Body: be
Impartial then, & equalie
At least dispense thy providences store;
Especaly since thou mayst finde
More than a Spittle of Diseases in thy Minde.

3

The Aigue of cold Fear
Doth nip thee up; or Lusts dogdays
A burning Fever in the rayse.
The Boulimie of Avarice doth tear
Thy restless ever-hungry heart,
Or thou in Prodagalities Consumption art.

4

Pride's dangerous Tympanie
Thee to a monstrous bulk doth swell;
Or Drunkenesses Dropsie fill
But not suffice thee: Curiositie
With a wilde Itch doth hant thee, or
The Gout of Lazines make thee unfitt to stirr.

5

Ah most diseased thing!
And darst thou still forbear to fly
To Physiks Sanctuary? Why,
Since Fear of Dying thee so deep doth sting,
Drawst thou securely thy short breath,
Who ly'st just at the point of everlasting Death?

Selflove

June 5.

TO Love thy neighbour as thy self, will prove
The Summ of Virtue; yet Selflove
The total is of Vice.
Unhappy riddle this,
That thine own Rule should perfect be
To all the World besides, but not to thee.

2

When self-conceited Lucifer so high
Did soar on wings of Philauty,
The foolish Gallant fell
As low as lowest hell.
Corrupted Good's the worst of Evil:
As God is Love himself, Selflove's a Devil.

3

No Hate's so dangerous as Selflove, by which
We ask our own selvs to death bewitch.
Ask but Narcissus what
Inchanted him to that
Dainty, but deadly fate, & He
Will answer, 'Twas Selflove which drowned Me.

4

Do's not thy sober indignation rise
Against false-hearted Flatteries
Which only tickle thee
Into a Fallacie?
How dar'st thou then take such delight
In being thine own constant Parasite?

5

Would'st love thyself indeed? come then & throw
Thy hate at what thou lovest now.
'Tis not thy Self, but thy
Passions & Lusts which ly
In thy loves arms; all other Foes
God bids thee love, I grant, but never those.

6

Thy Soule's thy Self, & what thy God did make;
Not what thy Sinns: Mend that Mistake,
And then Selflove will be
Ev'n Virtues self to thee.
Thy riddle then will cease, and thou
By Self-loves rule mayst charity bestow.

Pentecost

June 6.

O SEASONABLE Feast!
Never had We
More need of Thee:
So low these woefull Times had prest
Our heavy hearts, none but the Comforter
Himself, could our dark clowds of Sorrow cleer.

2

'Tis well he comes from heaven:
For our poor earth
Cannot put forth
One sprout or bud of Comfort; even
Our Joys lament, whilst a new Sea doth now
(Woes stormy Sea) about our Britain flow.

3

How sudden & how strange
A Legion We
Of Spirits see,
Which all about securely range!
How desperately are wretched we possest:
And who but thou can be our Exorcist?

4

Thou, mighty Spirit, who
Confusion from
The Worlds first wombe
Didst sweetly chase: Our Waves of Woe
Now crave thy ayd; oh gently move on them,
And Britains Chaos into order tame!

Witt

June 7.

BUT who has Witt enough to tell
Me what it is?
Thou mayst as well
Hope Proteus's visage to express
As her wilde face, since dubious she
Truly to be herself, any thing els must be.

2

Now old, now young again; now low,
And now as high;
Now corsive, now
Gratious with tickling Lenity;
Proud Spanish now, now smug & sleek
French, portly Roman now, now most delicious Greek.

3

Sometimes her looser garb is Prose,
Sometimes in verse
Straitlac'd she goes;
Now she as low as hell doth curse,
Now swear as high as heavn: her paint
Shews her sometimes a Devil, & few times a Saint.

4

Well is she tutord how to rant,
Drink, drab, & play
And fear no want
Though more then all she casts away.
Me thinks tis worth the while to see
Whether she would not prove too chargable for me.

5

Why she may easly spend a Man
His soule & all.
Sure yf I can
I'l save that charge: Let the World call
Me as they list: whats that to me?
Tis best, and I had rather Wise than Witty be.

Entertainment

'June 8.

WOULDST know what entertainment I expect?
Why, nothing but *Good cheer.*
But, prithee let not this reflect
Thy hospitable care
Upon thy Cellar or thy Kitchin; I
By cupps & dishes count not jollity.

2

Not from thy Cook or Butler, but from thee
I for my wellcome look:
Which will be best, yf thou wilt be
Butler thyself & Cook:
Let mine eys drink thy cheerfull countnance, ne'r
Shall I for bright & brisque *Canary* care.

3

A Mess of Smiles gentiley garnishd out
With spruce Discourse, will be
A daintyer Feast then ever ought
Its quaint nativitie
To the most learned kitchin; specaly
When hearty Symptomes bear it company.

4

Into the bargain would thy courtesy
Content the Belly too ;
Be sure, for what's but by the by
Thou mak'st not most adoe.
In thine own Sweetnes I the banquet place ;
As for thy Meat, I shall but count it Sauce.

Riches

June 9.

O HAD I but ten thousand pounds a year!
Fool, thou hast more,
Had'st thou that Wish, thy Wealth would make thee swear
That thou wert poor;
And so thou art not now, who hast
Enough to spend: wouldst have enough to waste?

2

Alas thou canst not; had thou all the Ore
Both Indies breed
Twould quite starve Prodagalitie; No store
Knows how to feed
The gulf of that strange Monster, whose
Vast stomach by abundance greater grows.

3

My Lord, with his ten thousand pounds a year
Doth cleerly want
Full twice ten thousand Things which thou canst spare:
His means is scant,
But ample thine, for 'tis confest
That he the richest is, who needeth least.

4

Besides, thou knowest not the charge of such
A large estate:
'Twill spend thee all thy Rest, & cost so much
Of Quiet, that
No honest Beggar thou wilt finde
So needy in Content, as thy poor Minde.

5

Thou must be put to finde so many Men
And Horses for
The service of that proud Estate; and then
Maintain the Warr
At thine own charge; that Warr whereby
Thou must defend & keep thy Credit high.

6

Selfcheated Slave, the more thy Servants are
The more hast thou
Thyself to serve: less costly is the care
Which they bestow
Than thine; their Services sure end
Is erning, thine doth only make thee spend.

S. Barnabie

June 11.

MISTAKEN Priest
Thou mightily disparagest,
With those thy Oxen & thy Garlands, Him
Whom thou to deifie dost seem:
Thy calculation's still too low, for He
Is not thy Jupiter, but Barnabie.

2

Yet though above
Thy stupidly-adored Jove,
(That Jove who having been a famous Bull
Himself, for kindreds sake might well
Be to his cousen Oxen kinder than
To have them sacrific'd,) he's still a Man:

3

A Man like thee
In passionate infirmitie.
Which though thou doubtest now, thoud'st grant too true
Shouldst thou that Paraxysme view
Whose storm will their calm Union overbear
And Paul & Barnabie in sunder tear.

4

Pluck courage then
From hence: since Saints themselves are Men,
Men may be Saints, & humane Passions be
Cohabitants with Sanctity.
Prate not, proud Stoik, that the onely high
Way to heavns Gate through Zeno's Portch doth ly.

The Gardin

June 12.

THE Gardins quit with me: as yesterday
I walked in that, to day that walks in me;
Through all my memorie
It sweetly wanders, & has found a way
To make me honestly possess
What still Anothers is.

2

Yet this Gains dainty sence doth gall my Minde
With the remembrance of a bitter Loss.
Alas, how odd & cross
Are earths Delights, in which the Soule can finde
No Honey, but withall some Sting
To check the pleasing thing!

3

For now I'm hanted with the thought of that
Heavn-planted Gardin, where felicitie
Flourishd on every Tree.
Lost, lost it is; for at the guarded gate
A flaming Sword forbiddeth Sin
(That's I,) to enter in.

4

O Paradise! when I was turned out
Hadst thou but kept the Serpent still within,
My banishment had been
Less sad & dangerous: but round about
This wide world runneth rageing He
To banish me from me:

5

I feel that through my soule he death hath shott;
And thou, alas, hast locked up Lifes Tree.
O Miserable Me,
What help were left, had JESUS'S Pity not
Shewd me another Tree, which can
Enliven dying Man.

6

That Tree, made Fertile by his own dear blood;
And by his Death with quickning virtue fraught.
I now dread not the thought
Of barracado'd Eden, since as good
A Paradise I planted see
On open Calvarie.

Palmestrie

June 13.

ART sure th'ast given so much to the Poor?
Was't not thy meaning to bestow
Part on thine own Vain-glory? Never score
Up that on Gods account, which thou
Spendst on the Devil; nor make Charitie
Hell purveyor, who should Heavns steward be.

2

I'l not inquire thorough what trumpets throat
Thou spak'st the prologue to thy Gift;
Nor in what carefull pomp thou gav'st thy groat;
Nor what a hard & piteous shift
Thou mad'st to let Spectators know that thou
Didst three weeks since another groat bestow.

3

Indeed no such intelligence; for I
By Palmestrie can read it plain:
Thy right hand to thy left did it descry,
And now thy left tells tales again.
What canst thou answer, who dost guilty stand
By the cleer evidence of thine own hand?

NOTES

P. 1. SUSPIRIUM. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.

P. 2, st. 4. Changed by Gee to read :

Sometimes I feel my pregnant eyes
Oftimes with streams of sorrow rise.

P. 3, st. 4, line 2. *But*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 4. REASONABLE MELANCHOLY. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition with omission of stanzas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10.

P. 5, last line. *Dittie*, changed by Gee to *subject.*

P. 6, line 3. *tempting*, changed by Gee to *gallant.*

P. 6, line 5. *time*, capitalized by Beaumont in marginal correction.

P. 7, line 23. *Jesu's*, changed by Gee to *that bright.*

P. 7, last line. *skie*, corrected by Gee from *skies*, an obvious slip.

P. 8. DEATH. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition with omission of stanzas 5, 6, 7, 9. Stanza 3 marked for omission by Gee, later *insert* written in margin.

P. 8, st. 2, line 7.

Or Sin more horrid then both they. Sure none.

Changed by Gee to read :

Or sin then both more horrid. Surely none.

P. 9, st. 5, line 1. *And*, changed by Gee to *But.*

P. 9, st. 5, line 3. *that*, changed by Gee to *one.*

P. 14, bottom. The reading of the MS. is apparently *ye hand*, but the meaning seems to require *yt hand.*

P. 16, title. *Maria*, *sic* in MS.

P. 18. DAVIDS ELEGIE UPON JONATHAN. Published in 1749 edition.

P. 19. CANTIC. CHAP. 2. Published in 1749 edition.

P. 20. THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS. Published in 1749 edition.

P. 20, 2nd chorus, line 1. *soveraine*, changed by Gee to *fragrant.*

P. 26, line 3. *was*, emended by Beaumont from *is.*

P. 27, st. 3, line 1. *Is it not faire*, etc., changed by Gee to *Is't not enough*, etc.

P. 29, st. 1, line 2. *my*, emended by Beaumont from *the.*

P. 34, st. 2, line 2. Second *I* emended by Beaumont from &.

P. 38. THE WATERS OF H. BAPTISME. st. 3, last line. *Were clean*, etc., emended by Beaumont from *would cleanse*, etc.

P. 39, st. 1, line 3. *Streams*, an obvious slip, corrected by Gee to *Stream.*

P. 43, last st., line 2. *I'm*, emended by Beaumont from *Who am*.
P. 44, line 1. Original reading:
If so, then in these Copies read:
then crossed out by Beaumont.
P. 44, line 2. *salve*, emended by Beaumont from *physick*.
P. 47, st. 1, last line. *clothe*, emended by Beaumont from *close*.
P. 49. THE LITTLE ONES GREATNES. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 49, line 1. *Brave*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 49, line 4. *Ample*, emended by Beaumont from *Vast*.
P. 49, st. 3, line 1. *needeth*, emended by Beaumont from *needs*.
P. 49, st. 5, line 1. *all*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 49, st. 5, line 2. *this*, changed by Gee to *their*.
P. 50, last line. *Soft*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 60. HOUSE & HOME. Published in 1749 edition with title HOME.
P. 60, line 16. *to fight*, changed by Gee to *and might*.
P. 61, line 8. *Dwell in it*, emended by Beaumont from *Inhabit there*.
P. 61, line 9. Original reading:
Heer be content to make abode.
Emended to present reading by Beaumont; later, changed by Gee to:
Heer content make thy abode.
P. 61, line 14.
The Universes Fabrick fall.
Emended by Beaumont from:
The Fabrick of y^e^ World should fall.
P. 61, line 17. Original reading:
Let all war, let spight, let plunder come.
P. 61, line 20. Original reading:
Who to thy selfe an House canst be.
P. 61, line 22. *Lodging*, emended by Beaumont from *Dwelling*.
P. 61, line 24. Original reading:
Shall to an House removed be.
P. 61, line 25. *eternall*, emended by Beaumont from *everlasting*.
P. 61, line 28. *Gallantly*, emended by Beaumont from *Restored &c.*
P. 61, line 29. *Mortall Starrs*: original reading, *These Mortall Starrs*.
P. 61, line 30. Original reading: *In that new Heavn*, etc.
P. 62. THE CANDLE. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 62, line 2. *wax*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 62, st. 2, line 2. *Is Kindled each Mans*, etc.: original reading, *Kindled is Mans*, etc.
P. 62, st. 3, line 2.
How tender is its twinckling Morne.
Original reading:
O how tender is its Morne.
P. 62, st. 3, line 3. *When*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 62, st. 4, line 2. *More boistrous*, emended by Beaumont from *Greater*.
P. 62, st. 4, lines 4, 5. Original reading:
Doth begin
From within.

P. 62, st. 4, last line. *slie*, emended by Beaumont from *foule*.
P. 63, line 1. *But yet*, emended by Beaumont from *And*.
P. 63, line 2. Original reading:
And y^e^ most pernicious Theefe.
P. 63, st. 2, line 2. *sharp*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 63, st. 2, line 6. *Right*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 63, st. 5, line 4. *False*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 63, st. 6, line 2. Original reading:
Faithfully it must restore.
P. 63, st. 6, lines 4, 5. Original reading:
What it was
Nothing alas.
P. 63, st. 6, line 6. *And sallow*, emended by Beaumont from *But a few*.
P. 64, st. 1, line 2. *That*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 64, st. 2, line 1. *Yet*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 64, last line. *Converts*, emended by Beaumont from *Turnes*.
P. 68. MELANCHOLIE. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 68, st. 4. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 68, last st., line 1. *foule*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 76, st. 3, line 3. *young*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 77, st. 1, line 1. *twelve*, inserted by Beaumont.
P. 78, st. 5, line 2. Original reading:
Not behold their Miserie . . .
P. 78, st. 6, line 5. Original reading:
What might Pittie,
might, an evident slip, corrected by Gee to *mighty*.
P. 79, st. 1, line 1. *sad*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 79, st. 3, line 1. *Wild*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 79, st. 5, line 2. *Canno wayes*, etc. Original reading:
Cannot her own owner be.
P. 81, st. 1. From this point onward marked by Gee for omission.
P. 81, st. 1, line 2. *Whose beams*, changed by Gee to *Which*.
P. 88. THE FASHION. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 88, line 2. Colon inserted after *see* by Gee.
P. 88, st. 2, line 1. *But*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 88, st. 2, line 2. Original reading:
In an antik Taylors dreame.
P. 88, st. 4, line 2. *Is Nothing else*, etc. Original reading:
Nothing is but Variation.
P. 89, st. 2, line 2. *All*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 89, st. 3, line 2. *Thus*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 89, st. 4. Marked by Gee for omission.
P. 89, st. 4, line 1. Original reading retained though emended by Beaumont to: *Yt We could*, etc.
P. 89, st. 5, line 2. *But*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 90, st. 2, line 2. *everie*, emended by Beaumont from *y^e^*.
P. 92, bottom. *Wound*, MS. reading *Wounds*, an evident slip.
P. 94, line 4. *alone*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 103, st. 5, line 2. In the MS. there is a comma after *y^e^*.

P. 111, st. 4, line 4. In the MS. there is a period after *content.*
P. 122, st. 2, line 1. Original reading: *Surely this is a capital Treason*, etc.
P. 123, st. 4, line 2. In the MS. there is a semicolon after *I.*
P. 124, st. 3, line 5. In the MS. there is an apostrophe after *Penitence.*
P. 127. WISHES. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 127, lines 13, 14. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 128, lines 19, 20. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 128, lines 29-36. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 129, line 11. From this point to the end marked for omission by Gee.
P. 133. S. JOHAN. AD PORT. LATIN. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 133, st. 2, line 2. Changed by Gee to: *Who then anoin'st*, etc.
P. 134. SS. INNOCENTS DAY. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 135. EPIPHANIE OBLATION. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 136, line 10. *true*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 136, line 11. *streams*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 136, line 14. *Up*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 136, line 19. *All*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 136, line 20. *Most*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 137, line 7. *There*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 137, line 17. *black*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 137, line 20.

That none but this Authoritie.

Original reading:

That y^e^ same Authoritie.

P. 137, line 28. *Poor*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 138, line 24. *Strict*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 138, line 35. *both*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 138, line 36. *that Priests*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 138, line 38. *Both*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 138, line 40. Original reading:

Then y^e^ full Meridian Ray.

P. 139, line 16. Original reading: *Of y^e^ Heart*, etc.
P. 139, line 20. *soft*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 139, lines 32, 33. *Out of*, emended by Beaumont from *From.*
P. 139, line 36. *milde*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 140, line 6. *farr*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 140, line 10. *blessd*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 140, line 18. *any*, emended by Beaumont from *a.*
P. 140, line 24. Original reading:

Ever was more meek & tame.

P. 140. line 26. *entertain*, emended by Beaumont from *receive.*
P. 141, line 20. *great*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 141, line 30.

And so for ever glitter there.

Original reading:

And for ever glittering there.

First emended by Beaumont to:

And glittering be for ever there.

P. 142. CHRISTMASSE DAY. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.

P. 143, st. 1, 2, 3. Marked by Gee for omission.

P. 149, st. 4, line 1. *And*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 149, st. 4, line 2. Original reading: *Who will traffique*, etc.

P. 151, st. 1, line 6. *For*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 151, st. 2, line 1. *And*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 151, st. 2, line 6. *high*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 152, st. 1, line 3. *own*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 152, st. 1, line 6. *all*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 155, st. 1, line 2. *more ample*, emended by Beaumont from *double*.

P. 155, st. 1, line 3. *its*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 155, st. 1, line 4. *now*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 155, st. 2, line 4. *whole*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 155, st. 2, line 5. *now*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 155, st. 3, line 5. *a well*, emended by Beaumont from *an*.

P. 155, st. 4, line 3. *Onely*, emended by Beaumont from *But*.

P. 157. NEWYEAR DAY. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition; in the margin is written *Vid Page* 19 (20 here).

P. 157, st. 2, line 1. *cause*, changed by Gee in margin to *raise*, and *sic* in 1749 edition.

P. 157, st. 2 and 4. Marked for omission by Gee.

P. 160, line 5. Original reading:

What shall y^e^ Gate of Day Adorne.

P. 160, line 8. Original reading:

Let in a Sun of Majestie.

First emended by Beaumont to: *Shew a Sun*, etc.

P. 160, line 10. *th'*, emended by Beaumont from *ye*.

P. 161. PURIFICATION OF Y^E^ B. VIRGIN. Poem crossed out by Beaumont.

P. 163, st. 1, line 2. *doth*, emended by Beaumont from *doe*.

P. 163, st. 2, line 4.

Where Traytors all have fitting room.

Original reading:

Where all Traytors have their room.

P. 163, st. 2, line 5. *But still below*, etc. Original reading: *But all below*, etc.

P. 165. ASHWEDNESDAY. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.

P. 165, line 2.

Smiles never did so sweetly play.

Original reading:

Ne'r did smiles so sweetly play.

First emended to: *Never did smiles*, etc.

P. 166, st. 5. *A Feast, where we may feed*, etc., marked by Gee for omission.

P. 166, st. 5, line 2. *up*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 168, st. 1, line 3. Original reading :
News most strange, & yet as true.
P. 169, st. 5, line 6. Original reading :
And a Virgin shall be joynd.
P. 170, st. 1, line 3. *y^e*, emended by Beaumont from *a*.
P. 175. EASTER. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 175, st. 1, line 3. *Long since awake*, etc. : original reading, *Has betimes*, etc.
P. 175, st. 1, line 7. *Betimes*, emended by Beaumont from *Long since*.
P. 175, st. 2, line 1. *quite*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 176, st. 2. From here to end marked for omission by Gee.
P. 179, st. 2, line 1. *Two*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 179, st. 2, line 2. Original reading : *Mirth, w^ch cheers*, etc.
P. 179, st. 3, line 2. *now*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 179, st. 3, last line. *Onely*, emended by Beaumont from *But*.
P. 180, st. 1, line 1. *For*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 180, st. 1, line 2. *But*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 180, st. 2, line 1. *Great*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 181, line 6. *Loud*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 181, line 8. *thence*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 181, line 9. *rare*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 181, line 12. *delicate*, emended by Beaumont from *y^e pure*.
P. 181, line 20. *Fast*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 181, line 26. *his*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 182, line 10. *Farr*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 182, line 18. *there*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 182, line 20. *all*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 182, line 26. *Ev'n*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 182, line 32. *new*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 183, line 4. Original reading :
Full as good a Dietie.
P. 183, line 6. *upstart*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 183, line 7. *Contempt*, emended by Beaumont from *Scornes*.
P. 183, line 22. *brave*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 183, line 26. *Loud*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 183, line 32. *bright*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 186, line 32. No punctuation after *Day* in MS.
P. 189. ASCENSION. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 189, line 10. *this*, changed by Gee to *the*.
P. 189, line 12. From here on marked for omission by Gee, but included in 1749 edition, with omission of first *Hallelujah* (line 11).
P. 192, st. 3, last line. *bright*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 194. WHITSUNDAY. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 195, last line. *Halalujah*, crossed out by Gee.
P. 196. WHITSUNDAY. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition, with title *ON THE SAME*.
P. 197. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition, with title *ON THE SAME*.

P. 198, st. 1, last line. *Seing*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 198, st. 2, line 5. Period inserted by editor.
P. 204, st. 1, line 4. *Thou*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 204, st. 1, line 6. Original reading:

And y^e^ humbler yeild to Thee.

P. 204, st. 3, line 4. *conquering*, emended by Beaumont from *great.*
P. 205, st. 1, line 1. *they*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 205, st. 2, line 3. *By*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 205, st. 3, line 4. *everlasting*, emended by Beaumont from *eternall.*
P. 205, st. 3, line 6.

That could be forg'd and hatch'd in Hell.

Original reading:

That could be contriv'd in Hell.

P. 206, st. 2, line 4. *Ev'n*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 206, st. 4, line 2. *unto*, emended by Beaumont from *to.*
P. 206, st. 4, line 5. *thus*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 206, st. 4, line 6. *hard*, emended by Beaumont from *heard.*
P. 207, last line. *Great*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 208, st. 1, line 4.

No longer dares its Enemie be.

Original reading:

Dares no more its Enemie be.

P. 208, st. 2, line 4. *for*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 209, line 18. *all*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 209, last line. *Forthwith*, emended by Beaumont from *Strait.*
P. 210, line 12. *Our*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 210, line 16. Period inserted by editor.
P. 210, line 17. *For*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 210, line 26. *Great*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 210, line 37.

As onely God &^c^ greater far.

Original reading:

As A God more great by far.

P. 211, line 14. *Ev'n*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 211, line 15. *Thus*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 211, line 17. *Forth*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 211, line 18. *That*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 212, line 2. *still*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 212, line 9.

But quick Aurora sweetly faire.

Original reading:

But Aurora sweet &^c^ faire.

P. 212, line 10. *in*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 213, st. 3, line 3. *Fair*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 214, st. 2, line 2. *blessed*, emended by Beaumont from *great.*
P. 214, st. 3, line 9. *Can conquerd be*, etc. Original reading: *Can be taught*, etc.
P. 215, st. 1, line 2. *all-glorious*, emended by Beaumont from *glorious.*
P. 215, st. 1, line 4. *Good*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.

P. 215, st. 2, line 2. *that*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 216, st. 2, line 3. *strait*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 216, st. 3, line 10. *most*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 217, st. 1, line 2. *Which did release*, etc. Original reading: *Which released*, etc.
P. 217, st. 3, line 4. *Old*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 217, st. 3, line 9. *come*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 218, st. 3, line 2. *That*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 219, st. 1, line 5. *so*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 219, st. 2, line 2. *yet*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 219, st. 2, line 3. *soft*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 219, st. 2, line 4. *Your*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 219, st. 2, line 9.

As viands too too delicate.

Original reading:

As from Meats too delicate.

P. 220, st. 2, line 4.

Did thick & Foule obstructions lay.

Original reading:

Foule obstructions did lay.

P. 220, last line. Period inserted by editor.
P. 221, st. 2, line 3. *fair*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 221, st. 2, line 4. *All*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 222, st. 1, line 1. *No, none of these*, etc. Original reading: *I'm none of these*, etc.
P. 222, st. 1, line 10. *Ev'n*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 222, st. 2, line 2. *Immediately*, emended by Beaumont from *By and by*.
P. 222, st. 3, line 2. *great*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 224, st. 1, line 2. *The fullnes of y^e world*, etc. Original reading: *Almost all y^e world*, etc.
P. 224, st. 1, line 10. *that*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 224, st. 3, line 4. *Sanctitie*, emended by Beaumont from *repute*.
P. 224, st. 3, line 10. *Unto*, emended by Beaumont from *To*.
P. 225, st. 2, line 2. Period inserted by editor.
P. 225, st. 2, line 3. *as if now*. Original reading: *if as now*.
P. 225, st. 2, line 10. *his*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 225, st. 3, line 10. *all*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 226, st. 3, lines 3, 4.

That she as well as all y^e rest
Might with her Mother goe & feast.

Original reading:

That as well as all y^e rest
She & her Mother might goe feast.

First emended to: *That now as well as all y^e rest*, etc.
P. 226, st. 3, line 10. *poor*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 227, st. 1, line 2. *How He might put on*, etc. Original reading: *How to put on*, etc.
P. 227, st. 3, line 9. *Farr*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 228, st. 1, line 4. *Bearing*, emended by Beaumont from *with*.

P. 233. S. JAMES Y^E APOSTLE. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 233, line 24. Period inserted by editor.
P. 235, st. 1, last line. Interrogation point inserted by editor.
P. 235, st. 2, last line. Period inserted by editor.
P. 250, st. 5, line 1. Period inserted by editor.
P. 251, st. 1, line 4. *her did move.* Original reading: *did her move.*
P. 252, last line. *holy*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 252, last line. Period inserted by editor.
P. 264, st. 3, line 10. *more*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 268, st. 2, line 10. *Duer*, such is apparently the reading of the MS.
P. 271, st. 1, line 12. *er*, inserted by Beaumont in correction.
P. 272, last line. *emulous.* The reading of the MS. is apparently *amulous*, but the sense seems to require the present reading.
P. 272, last line. Period inserted by editor.
P. 282, st. 7, line 2. *think*, emended by Beaumont from *weep.*
P. 283, st. 8, line 9. *are*, emended by Beaumont from *doe.*
P. 288, st. 1, line 5. *They*, 1749 edition, *gay.*
P. 289, st. 7, line 1. Original reading given, though emended by Beaumont to.

Why dost Thou go in y^e way about.

Changed by Gee to read:

Why dost Thou go much way about.

P. 289, st. 7, line 6. *long*, 1749 edition, *firm.*
P. 289, st. 8, line 1. *Cutt*, 1749 edition, *way.*
P. 292, st. 2, last line. Period inserted by editor.
P. 296, st. 1, line 5. Comma after *Purses* crossed out by Beaumont.
P. 298. HUMANE REVENGE. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 305, st. 5, line 9.

Feet & Side.

Original reading:

His dear Side.

P. 305, st. 5, line 13. *five*, emended by Beaumont from *three.*
P. 306. HOPE. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 307, st. 5. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 308. IDLENESS. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 310, line 22. In the MS. there is a period after *touch*, an evident slip.
P. 324. WHITENESS, OR CHASTITIE. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 325. A MORNING HYMN. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 325, lines 7, 8. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 325, line 14. Changed by Gee to read:

To clear Visions all shall grow.

P. 326. AN EVENING HYMN. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 326, line 16. *deer*, emended by Beaumont from *roseal.*
P. 326, line 19. *soundlier*, changed by Gee to *sounder.*
P. 334, st. 2, line 3. *plead*, emended by Beaumont from *preach.*

P. 341, st. 7, last line.
To swell my Weeks dimension.
Original reading:
To swell up its dimension.
P. 345, st. 9, line 2. *show*, emended by Beaumont from *grow*.
P. 346. CONTENT. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition with omission of stanzas 3, 4, 5.
P. 353, st. 5, line 7. *that*, emended by Beaumont from *my*.
P. 356. A DIALOGUE. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 359, line 24. *Remove the Stone.* Period inserted by editor.
P. 362, line 11. *open sett*, emended by Beaumont from *do display*.
P. 362, line 15. *truly*, emended by Beaumont from *true*.
P. 362, line 16. Original reading:
Worth, to glorious Thee to day.
P. 362-3, st. 2, 3. Original reading:

No more
My store
Of Incense soreth
Upward, but towreth
Down, to reach the loftiest skie;
For now
Below
In this mean Manger
Its God's a Stranger,
In this mean Manger
Dwelleth all Sublimitie:
Cho. *Yet durst not think it self is sweet,*
Till kissed & blessed by thy deer feet.

3

Lo heer
This Myrrh
Its meekest duty
To that bright Beuty
Of thy humane Nature brings
By which
Our rich
Arabia sendeth
And recommendeth
Th' ernest of its sweetest Things
Cho. *Which Sweets, yf they thy favour gain*
Shall Paradise it self disdain.

P. 363, line 2. First emended to *Aloft, but towreth.*
P. 363, line 3. First emended to:
Down to reach the higher skie.
P. 368, st. 12, line 7. Original reading:
My own Soules Loss: oh rather in the Sea.
P. 369, line 1. Original reading:
How much more worse than vain.

P. 369, line 6. *true*, emended by Beaumont from *best*.
P. 372. EASTER DIALOGE. Published in 1749 edition.
P. 393, st. 3, line 3. *Joyes*, emended by Beaumont from *Hopes*.
P. 393, st. 3, line 3. *up*, emended by Beaumont from *high*.
P. 398. THE JOURNÈ. Original title: THE VISIT. Marked P, but only the first stanza published in 1749 edition.
P. 399. THE WINTER-SPRING. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 399, st. 3, line 1. *painted*, emended by Beaumont from *written*.
P. 400, st. 5, line 2. *didst*, emended by Beaumont from *dost*.
P. 403, line 1. *deckest*, emended by Beaumont from *trimest*.
P. 409, line 5. *Wounds & Death*, emended by Beaumont from *Death & Wounds*.
P. 411, st. 2, line 2. *deadly*, emended by Beaumont from *wretched*.
P. 420. FRIENDS. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 421, st. 5. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 424, st. 3, line 1. *Repugnancy*, emended by Beaumont from *impossibility*.
P. 426, st. 3, line 5.

What Exc'llance can in her be seen.

Original reading:

What excellance in her be seen.

P. 428, st. 2, line 1. *bold*, emended by Beaumont from *fond*.
P. 431, st. 6, line 3. *Brute*, emended by Beaumont from *Beast*.
P. 432. HONOR. Marked P, and published in 1749 edition.
P. 432, st. 3, line 2. *dangerous*, emended by Beaumont from *headstrong*.
P. 433, st. 5. Marked for omission by Gee.
P. 434, st. 3, line 3. *the*, *sic* in MS.
P. 436. SELFLOVE. Marked P, but not published in 1749 edition.
P. 440, st. 3, line 1. *looser*, emended by Beaumont from *antik*.
P. 442, st. 1, line 6. *jollity*, emended by Beaumont from *amity*.

THE END

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